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is the time to go into unintelligible words and passages, but if you expect much in the way of elucidation from him you will be disappointed, for he is always very ignorant and often very stupid to boot, having learnt his task purely by rote, with at best but a traditional knowledge of the meaning of obsolete words. I have found by experience that the surest way to solve a knotty point is to trust to strict philology and a literal translation of the words, never however neglecting the bard's traditional rendering if there be one, for after all he may be right. Now it is clear that the above procedure involves a very tedious process and would inevitably take up much time, would fully occupy indeed such leisure as a busy Indian official like myself can never hope to have. I had therefore to vary it, and as a matter of fact I carefully trained *munshis* of my own to the work of recording, in itself by no means an easy task, for the Indian *literati* have an immense contempt for the language of the vulgar and will never acknowledge it on paper if they can help it. Indeed the itch they possess for 'improving' the language of the bards is so great, that it requires much patience on the master's part to see that they successfully resist it, and added to this difficulty is the inbred mental langour of the ordinary native that makes him slur over everything difficult. At first, of course, I had to see everything done under my own eye, but when I became satisfied that the *munshis* could be trusted to record accurately, the procedure finally adopted, and that now in use is to have the recitation taken down roughly as related, then carefully copied out in a clear Persian hand, and corrected and explained by the bard, his explanations being marginally noted. I then transcribe the whole into Roman characters myself, and translate it. The Roman transliteration and the translation is then gone over by the *munshî* who heard the song sung, and both are revised by myself finally in consultation with him.

In case it may be thought that the above savours too much of mere egotism, I would point out that the contents of this work purport to be based on *facts that cannot be verified*, and therefore those that do me the honour to read these pages are

entitled to be expressly told on what grounds my claim to accuracy rests. As to the relation of my method of procuring legends and stories, I have been so often asked by others desirous of labouring in the same field, how I set to work, that I have thought it advisable now to state my procedure at length at the risk of the charge of egotism.

This is no place for a dissertation on the historical bearings of the Legends, even if the time had arrived for their adequate discussion, nor in the absence of proper libraries—a standing want in India—can an enquiry into the relation of the stories to general folklore be satisfactorily taken in hand. All that will therefore be attempted here will be to show that the legends are *bonâ fide* Indian folklore of the ordinary modern sort, and for this purpose they will be compared with the four chief collections of folktales of the present day, viz., *Old Deccan Days*, *Indian Fairy Tales*, *Folktales of Bengal* and *Wide-Awake Stories*.* These four books cover nearly the whole area of the Indian Aryan population, and contain between them over 120 tales, so that they serve the purposes of comparison very fairly. It should be remarked here that owing to the necessities of the case, no systematic order has been observed in recording the Legends. No. I., ‘The Adventures of Rajâ Râsâlû,’ No. IX., ‘Princess Adhik Anûp Daî,’ and No. X., ‘Sîlâ Daî,’ belong to the heroic class, and to what may be safely styled the Rasâlû cycle. To the same class belong No. XV., ‘The Legend of Safîdon’ and No. XVI., ‘Princess Niwal Daî,’ but these must be included in the cycle represented by the *Mahûbhârata* in the classics, and which may be styled the Pândava cycle. No. VI., ‘Legend of Gurû Guggâ,’ is of the same nature as the above, but occupies a place as it were between the heroic and the hagiological classes of legends. Nos. II., III., IV., V., VII., VIII. and XVII. are pure hagiology, but of these No. II., ‘Sakhî Sarwar’ and ‘Dâni,’ No. IV., ‘Three Fragments about Sakhî Sarwar,’ Nos. VII. and VIII., ‘The Ballad of Îsâ,’ belong to a set now so numerous as to form

* Mr. Swynnerton’s *Rajâ Rasâlû* was advertised, but not procurable when this was written.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PUNJAB.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJAB.^A

BY

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FOREWORD

Sir Richards Temple is a name too familiar to the Indian scholars and students of Literature in general and Punjabi writers and critics in particular. The renowned European Scholar has made substantial contributions to the Punjabi folk lore and has a monumental work entitled 'Legends of the Punjab' to his credit. The book has gone down in the history of Indian Literature as a classic in itself and its study is largely coveted by almost all research scholars and students.

But to the utmost despair of these scholars, the book has, for the last so many years run out of stock and is not to be seen any where in the market. Its popularity is, however, assuming enormous proportions with the lapse of time and is being considered as one of the rarest books. The Department had consistently been receiving pressing demands for the book. It was, therefore, considered essential to have book reprinted & included in the programme of publications under our Development of Modern Indian Languages Scheme.

We are glad we have succeeded in this errand and are to-day in a position to present to the literary world a reproduction of the above rare and valuable work, which we are sure, would fulfil a longstanding need of the Punjabi scholars & students. We do hope the work would prove quite useful for the scholars & writers in prosecution of their research & studies and they would derive the fullest benefit therefrom.

We would feel too glad and duly rewarded if the book finds its well deserved place in the shelves of the libraries of the lovers of Indian Languages and literature, since we are sure it would go a long way to add to the richness & profundity of the Punjabi Language and Literature.

Jit Singh Sital (Dr.)
Director, Punjabi Deptt.,
Punjab, Patiala.
27th February, 1962.

Lal Singh
Director General of
Languages, Punjab.

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PREFACE TO VOLUME I.

It has been said that old wives' tales are but memories of the recitations of bards, and that in countries where the bardic element has died out, they contain in a form of simple narrative, suited to rustic ears, the poetic effusions of earlier times. If this idea be a correct one—as I believe it to be—then it follows that where the folktale and the bard's poem exist side by side, as in the Panjâb, the latter is the older and the more valuable form of the same growth, though, of course, the influence of the folktale will react on the poem. It follows again that it is even more important, from the point of view of the folklorist—to use an Americanism which seems to be steadily gaining ground all the world over—to gather and record accurately the poems than the tales. Hence the task I have set myself in this work.

There is another point about a folk-poem that renders it more valuable than a folktale as a true reflex of popular notions. Neither are ever recorded on paper by those who preserve them, and both the old wife and the bard almost invariably trust to memory, with the inevitable result that their individuality comes into play and no two reciters narrate alike. The rhythm of the verses—and where the poem is rhymed the rhyme more especially—limits the vagaries of the bards to a wholesome extent, whereas there is nothing but the poverty of the rustic imagination,—which is very much greater than is generally thought,—to limit the variations of the village story teller. It may be fairly stated that half a dozen bards singing the same story in the same metre to the same accompaniment will sing it in the same way, occasional verbal variations excepted; but any one who has experience of collecting folktales knows, that the only satisfactory way of getting down a story is from the mouths of many persons and recording that form which is mostly in vogue. Now I hope to show here abundantly that the bardic poem and

the folktale are constructed on precisely the same lines as far as the pure story goes, even where the former is fastened on to really historical characters and mixed up with the narrative of *bonâ fide* historical facts. The folktale is very often in fact a mere scene, or jumble of scenes, to be found in the poem, where only the marvellous story has been remembered, while the names and surroundings of the actors to whom it was attributed has been forgotten. Hence, again, I would urge the importance of accurately and comprehensively collecting popular poems wherever found.

In some ways it is an easier matter to collect versified legends than folktales, for, having caught your bard, all you have to do is to take down what he says, whereas it is only from the lips of many witnesses, and after the exercise of infinite patience, that you get your folktale. But it is not nearly such interesting work, and hence, perhaps, the reason that the latter has found so many more votaries. The folktale is always quaint, interesting and pretty, for that is why it has been remembered, and did it not possess these qualities, children and rustics would rapidly cease to retain it, whereas the bard's poem is remembered and appreciated for quite other reasons. He sings at stated festivals, on great occasions of conventional enjoyment, and for remuneration, being often paid according to the amount he knows and the time it takes him to get through his repertory. Consequently his recitations are prosy, long drawn out and full of irritating and uninteresting repetitions, but they are valuable in so far as the inflexible nature of their matrix, as it were, has obliged generation after generation to reiterate the same stories in much the same words. How closely the modern legend repeats in form that of the classics on the same subject may be seen by a comparison of the stories of Nala and Damayanti (Râjâ Nal) and of Bhatrîhari (Râjâ Gopî Chand) and of the Holocaust of Snakes (Princess Niwal Daî) as found in these volumes and in the classical authorities.

In a country like the Panjâb the process of the bardic legend breaking down into the ordinary folktale is constantly

met with. The first story of all in this collection is a case in point. The 'Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû' is a discursive aggregate of tales fastened on to that great legendary hero and told in prose interspersed with frequent verses. Later on in the work are given at length versified legends relating the details of these stories, and there can be little doubt to the careful reader of both that the story in prose arose out of the story in verse. Again, in these "Adventures" it is to be observed that many of the verses are unnecessary as it were, not being introduced, as is usual, to point a moral or to raise a laugh, or for reasons of style: and much that is in verse might just as well have been in prose—in fact ought to have been in prose, unless we concede that the narrator recorded as many of the verses of the original poem as he could remember, and told the rest of the story in everyday language. By far the best parts of the story are the portions recorded in verse, and it is to be observed that the couplets are all in the same metre and in the same language, *viz.*, the rough local dialect, which is always that of your true bard, whereas the prose is the ordinary current Urdû of the day.

(In the Panjâb the folktale is abundant everywhere. It lives in every village and hamlet, in every nursery and zenana, and wherever the women and children congregate. At the same time the folk-poem is still very far from dead, but that the wandering bard is beginning to die out is becoming clear in many ways. Already he has begun to leave the towns, and confine his peregrinations to the villages. In Patiâlâ, the headquarters of the Native State of that name, I could find no bards at all, although they were specially searched for. In former days they were honoured visitors and often pensioners of the native chiefs and nobles, and now I find that these people are rather ashamed to own that they have any about them. But if you only know how to recognize them when you see them, and to catch them when you have lighted on them, you will find the bards still wandering over the country by the score, so the harvest still to be gathered is a very large one.

There are several kinds of bards. There is the bard proper, kept at the courts of native grandees who sings, *inter alia*, national legends and warlike feats, and is the depositary of the genealogy and family history of the local chief, which alas! he shifts and changes to suit the exigencies of the hour, till a mushroom family develops a lineage adequate to its present position. He is not always a very reputable personage, and is a fair representative of the lower classes that hang about an Indian chief's palace. Then there is the priestly depositary of the sacred legends of the Hindus, who with his company sings *swāngs*, those curious semi-religious metrical plays that are partly acted and partly recited, and are of such unconscionable length. He is called in—on payment always—to perform at the various stated festivals—at the *Holî* (in Spring) and at the *Dasahrâ* (in Autumn) especially. Of the same description is the wandering devotee who attaches himself to some saint—Hindû or Musalmân—and sings laudatory legends at the festivals peculiar to his hero. He frequently makes it his business to collect alms for the benefit of his patron's shrine, often situated at a great distance from the scene of his labours, which alms are faithfully collected and clubbed with those of others similarly engaged, and then divided between themselves and the shrine. There is also the professional ballad singer or *mîrâsî*, who accompanies dancing girls, and sings for hire at the various joyous ceremonies connected with marriages and the like. He will sing any kind of song, from a fine national legend to the filthiest dirt imaginable, and he is invariably a most disreputable rascal. Quite another kind of being is he who performs, as one of themselves, at the feasts and festivals of the low 'out-castes' of India—in imitation of the Brahman reciter of the true *swāng*. With a prodigious memory and some notion of verse and metre he will drone away in language suited to himself and his humble audience through hundreds of lines of legend, sometimes a story picked up from the regular professional singers, and sometimes a tale connected with the object of worship peculiar to his class or sect, and always valuable. And lastly, there is the rough villager—especially in the hills—with a turn for poetry and

recitation, who relates stories strictly local in their scope to an admiring crowd of his friends and neighbours, in language that is at once the joy of the philologist and the plague of the folklore collector.

This is hardly the place to enter into details of the personal appearance of these people, as no amount of description would be equal to a practical acquaintance with them, and no one who reads these pages would benefit by it except those who meant to follow up the same line of research, and these hardly need it, for they would necessarily have an extensive acquaintance with the native of India in his myriad varieties. Suffice it to say that my methods of proceeding to catch my bards have been as follows:—I have attended at festivals and fairs and feasts and marriages and *swāngs* and shrines, in fact at all places and times where it was likely that a bard would turn up, and made successful overtures to the performers to play for my private benefit. I have had cases before me which turned on disputes arising out of such occasions and have succeeded in unearthing the singer who officiated, and inducing him to sing to me, and sometimes, in the case of a literate performer of *swāngs*, to send me his private MS. copy of his plays. I have met—only in the hot weather by the way—the wandering *jogī*, the *mīrāsī*, the *bharāin*, and such folk in the streets and roads, and stopped them, and in due time made them divulge all they knew. It has often been my lot to receive and converse with the agents and emissaries of native chiefs and nobles—a class of persons always ready to do anything to ingratiate themselves,—and a hint to that effect has produced more than one legend for me. And lastly, personal interviews and correspondence with all kinds of people, black and white, likely to help, has procured me much, and I take this opportunity to acknowledge gratefully the courtesy and kindness with which my appeals have always been received.

But as in the old English cookery days the cook had first to catch his hare and then to make his soup, your labours have hardly begun when you have caught your bard. The next thing is to induce him to sing. He performs, of course,

for payment, but, many as the vices and faults of these people are, avarice is not one of them. The *bhât*, the *mîrásî*, the *bharâîn*, the *joyî*, the *faqîr* and all of that ilk are in truth but a sorry set of drunkards as a rule—tobacco, opium, and a little food sufficing for their daily wants, and I have found that a small payment, say one or two rupees for each separate song, and their keep in food and an abundance of their favourite drugs while employed, has amply satisfied them, and in some cases has been inducement sufficient to send other of their brethren to me. One man, whose stories are duly recorded in the pages of this book, would recite nothing until he had imbibed enough opium to kill an ordinary human being. In the case of the more respectable people, as the Brâhman *swâng* singers and the priests of the low castes—a small payment and a *chit*—that letter of commendation in which every native seems to have such an extraordinary fanatical faith—is all that is necessary. Sometimes the latter only suffices, and when the performer is the paid retainer of a chief it is a necessary adjunct to any payment that may have been made.

We now come to the actual recording. By far the largest portion of the Legends have been recorded under my own superintendence, but several have been communicated through the kindness of others duly acknowledged in the proper place. All these last have been sent me in vernacular MSS. taken down by a native, and I have reason to believe them to be accurate. My own procedure is this:—when once the bard has begun there is nothing for it but to let him go straight through his poem and write down after him whatever he says, sense or nonsense. To stop him in order to make him explain himself is fatal. He becomes thrown out and confused, and is apt to lose his head and forget the verses. In any case he would have to hark back before he could go on again, and much time would be lost over each interruption. A bard will go through about 300 to 400 lines at a time and then have a rest, and this, by the way, is as much as an ordinary man can with-comfort write at a sitting. The recitation done, the MS. is carefully read over to him, and then

what may be styled the Sakhî Sarwar cycle, while No. III., 'Dhannâ the Bhagat,' No. V., 'The Marriage of Ghâzî Sâlâr,' and No. XVII., 'The Genealogies of Lâl Beg,' relate stories of miscellaneous saints. Nos. XI. to XIV., inclusive, the stories of 'Râjâ Mahî Parkâsh of Sarmor,' of 'Syâmâ Lord of Sohînî,' of 'Negî Bahâdur' and 'Madanâ the Brave Lord of Chaurâ,' belong to the class of local heroic legends.

In examining these legends with a view to extracting the folklore the first subject to attack is the actor. We find that these include the hero and his companions, ogres or giants, serpents (Nâgs), saints, *faqîrs* or religious mendicants, and witches or wise women, much in the same way as do all the sorts and varieties of folktales in India. Thus Râjâ Rasâlû in the first legend starts off with three companions, two human and one non-human, to seek his fortunes, just as in the *Bengal Folktales*, the sons of the prime minister, of the chief constable, and of the richest merchant of the place, go off together, and in *Wide-Awake Stories*, the hero and his three friends, the Knife-grinder, the Blacksmith and the Carpenter, start in company. In Râjâ Rasâlû's case it is a Goldsmith, a Carpenter and a Parrot that accompany him, and it is the Parrot that is faithful to the end. In all folklore the companionship of animals with human beings is based on the supposition that they can talk, and accordingly, all through these Legends, wherever the non-human animal creation appear in this capacity, they always talk. Later on in the same story of Râjâ Rasâlû's Adventures we find that he leaves a parrot and a *mainâ* as guardians over his faithless queen as *her* friends. The *mainâ* plays the part of the foolish friend, and openly remonstrates with her, and is killed for her pains, but the parrot by a trick escapes from the queen and flies off to Rasâlû and informs him of her proceedings. Again, in *Old Deccan Days*, the companion of the hero is born on the same day and in the same hour as himself, and agreeably to this notion we now find that Râjâ Rasâlû's favourite horse and constant friend was born in the same place and at the same time. This same horse, when the Râjâ gets into hopeless difficulties in his gambling match with his enemy, shows

him the way out of his troubles: but this is going into the question of the *deus ex machinâ*—which I take to be the ‘miraculous deliverer’—to be treated later on. One of Râjâ Rasâlû’s great adventures is his victory over the *râkshasas*, the proper rendering of which is ogres or giants. The ogre of these Legends is the ordinary ogre of Indian folklore in appearance, attributes and doings. The tale told here, too, is but a variant, and that a slight one, of those told in *Wide-Awake Stories*, *Bengal Folktales* and *Indian Fairy Tales*. The main story is that the ogre eats up one inhabitant of a city in turn daily, together with a cake and a goat, varied as a basket of bread and a buffalo. It comes to an old woman’s turn to go, so the hero offers himself in her place and thus fights and kills the ogre. And there is one chief variant of this tale which turns on an ogress swallowing one of seven companions every night while on their road to fortune, till she comes to the hero who conquers her. This is essentially the story told of Râjâ Rasâlû. His adventures open with a variant of the old old tale of Potiphar’s wife, common enough in India, though not to be found in the other collections under review, because these are told for children, and not because it does not exist. Here the tale is that the hero’s father’s young wife falls in love with him and detracts him when rebuffed. Not so unlikely a tale in Indian as in European life, because Râjâs were always marrying as long as they lived for many reasons—mostly political—and the wives were always young girls who had no sort of interest in their husbands, and hence troubles with the younger members of their husbands’ families. These stepmothers appear in most collections of tales, and generally as the enemies of the hero and heroine. Sometimes they are surviving co-wives and sometimes successors to deceased wives, and I fear that in some at least of these latter cases the Christian notions of the translators have been brought into play. The serpent is common enough in Indian folklore, and obviously must be so if it be considered how large a part the ancient serpent races played in early Aryan History in India, the totem probably being confused with the race. Here they appear in the stories of

Rājā Rasālā, of Gurū Guggā and of Niwal Daī, and always with the same characteristics, having power to kill and restore to life, with power of metamorphosis, of flying through the air, and of scorching with their breath. The humanity of the 'serpent race' very clearly comes out in the tradition alluded to in the Legend of Safidon, which attributes the leprosy still found in the Panjāb to the effects of the sacrilegious acts of Rājā Bāsak, the King of the Serpents. (A large proportion of the legends of the East is taken up with hagiology. Saints and holy men are still a living power in the India of to-day, and miracles are worked all round us as a matter of daily occurrence and of not much wonder. I have conversed with a man who fully believed that his *father* had been raised from the dead (see page 68) as an ascertained fact of general notoriety. Miracle-workers must therefore be of constant occurrence in the folklore of the period, and we accordingly find them in all the collections under review. They perform any and every miracle that man can conceive or want done for him, from raising his dear ones to life to giving him a lump of sugar for his breakfast. Of celebrated miracles recorded in these Legends may be mentioned restoring a dead child to life and also a dead horse, curing a camel's broken leg, restoring a blind man to sight, a eunuch to full manhood, and a leper to health, all performed by Sakhī Sarwar; speaking from his mother's womb by Gurū Guggā; restoring a dead calf to life by Nāmdev; and vivifying an idol by Dhannā the Bhagat.) There is yet another class of actor to be dealt with, the witches. In Indian story the use of the witch is almost always to capture the heroine for her enemy, though she sometimes acts as the wicked stepmother and the supplanter of the calumniated wife, but always as the enemy of the hero or heroine. She sets about her work in the usual diabolical ways, can perform wonders of a malicious sort, and has unlimited powers of metamorphosis. She can find anything on earth, can open the sky and patch it up, can restore to life, set water on fire, turn stone into wax, and so on. Her appearance is very various, an old woman, a beautiful girl, a white hind, and any kind of animal she chooses to

become. She compasses her object by any foul means in her power, especially by mean and dirty tricks, and nearly always succeeds. Here she turns up in the story of *Sîlâ Daî* as the go-between sent to the heroine by her enemy to tempt her, but is eminently unsuccessful after plying her usual arts.

(Having got your characters wherewith to start the tale, the next thing is to set it going. A very common *motif* is seeking fortune. For many and various reasons, but always merely preliminary circumstances unconnected with the movement of the real tale, the hero or heroine starts off to seek fortune in folklore all the world over,—sometimes alone and sometimes with the companions above described. *Râjâ Rasâlû*, starting off in an aimless way with his Carpenter, his Goldsmith and his Parrot, is a case in point, and it is only by this device that his many adventures, really a miscellany of unconnected stories, are held together. Another common device is a dream, and for this purpose there are warning dreams and prophetic dreams. Thus in the Legend of ‘Princess *Adhik Anûp Daî*’ the hero, *Râjâ Rasâlû*, dreams of his future bride, and the story is fairly started, for she, of course, has to be found. The effects of a dream often also form the *motif* of a tale, or an important incident, and usually thus: the hero has a dream and follows it up religiously, bringing himself into dreadful trouble, out of which he is eventually rescued. This is very frequent in *Old Deccan Days*, and comes into play in the story of *Niwal Daî* here.) Another universal device is to summon the absent, which is done by many different means, but these may be summed up as follows: enchanted articles, as a fan, a bell, a flower, a pin in a bird’s beak, a drum, a horse, flowers floating on the water, a flute, or a ring; crying in the streets and proclaiming feats, as that hero or heroine will play at dice with anybody, is a great physician, is selling wonderful plums or wood at fabulous prices, varied as answering a proclamation to do an impossible task; requesting the performance of an unintelligible request, as the finding of ‘*sabr*,’ of the ‘sunjewel box,’ or of ‘*Râm*’; and lastly miscellaneous devices. In his adventures *Râjâ Rasâlû* takes up *Râjâ Sirkap*’s challenge to play at *chaupur* with him for his head, and wins,

and the serpent Tatig, after killing the heroine by poison in the Gurû Guggâ Legend, proclaims himself a physician that can heal her, and does so. A very important item also in the construction of folktales is the notion of temporary death, for based on this are the innumerable tales involving the death of the hero or actors, and their restoration to life and the means taken both to slay and make alive. The persons most affected by this notion are the hero and heroine, and the sleeping beauty wherever she occurs; sleep being eminently the twin brother of death in her case. The methods of restoration to life are various and frequent in these Legends. They are usually restoration by effigy,*—the ashes or bones of the dead being collected and made into an image into which life is breathed,—occurring in *Indian Fairy Tales*, *Wide-Awake Stories* and *Bengal Folktales*: by granting extension of life after death, in *Indian Fairy Tales*: by causing the slayer to restore to life, serpents being made to do so, both in *Wide-Awake Stories* and in *Panjab Legends* (Râjâ Rasâlû and Niwal Daî): by miraculous cures generally, of which examples abound in this book in the stories of Saints. A curious rider to this idea is the healing and revivifying powers of blood, of the little finger for choice, which runs through the whole of Indian folklore and crops up here in the story of Sîlâ Daî. A corollary also to the idea of temporary death is the notion of the life index, which may be defined as an object very difficult of access existing outside the life of every human being which faithfully indicates his fortunes and the restoration of which, when injured, to its pristine condition, restores to life. It may be anything, a bird which droops when the connected life is in danger, loses a wing to an arm, a leg to a leg, feathers to skin, and so on, and dies when the life dies; or a sword which rusts when the life is diseased and falls to pieces when the life dies, but when it is put together the life comes back and when polished up the life is again healthy. This idea runs through all the collections, but in the *Panjab Legends*

* Of which burning in effigy still practised in civilized Europe is no doubt a survival.

it peeps out only as a survival in a very interesting custom (page 50). When Râjâ Rasâlû has won a bride from Râjâ Sirkap, he is given a new-born infant and a young mango-tree which is to flower in twelve years, and when it flowers the girl is to be his wife. Here the tree is obviously intended to be her life index. Lastly, the calumniated wife is a world-wide incident, and in India she turns up in all sorts of shapes, for subjection to calumny, as a *motif* for the tales in the collections now being examined, is extended to the hero and heroine, a wife, a nurse, a sister-in-law, co-wives, and a husband, the cause being always jealousy. The victims in the *Panjâb Legends* are the hero's elder brother in Râjâ Rasâlû and the hero's mother in Gurû Guggâ.

(We now pass on to matters affecting the progress of a story. All stories are worked on the same principles. You collect your actors, start them in life, and then get them into difficulties and out again; 'no mess no story' is an unconscious law that guides story-tellers all over the world from the successful novelist of the day to the old crone by the fireside. The Indian tellers have their own methods of both getting their characters into their troubles and out of them, and chief among these is the *deus ex machinâ*. He is sometimes a god, as his name implies, but not often. In these Legends in the story of Silâ Daî a god only comes in once as the direct extricator from difficulty, and then it is a most stupendous one that has to be surmounted; both the heroes and the heroine are all dead together and must be brought to life if the story is to end happily, as it ought in all propriety to do, so Mahâdeva is introduced for this purpose. The gods appear again in the Legend of Niwal Daî, but it is more as ordinary actors in the tale than in any marvellous capacity.) Oftenest the *deus ex machinâ* is a talking animal, showing the way to fortune, warning of danger, explaining the situation, aiding the actors in reward for services rendered, and performing other feats necessary to the onward flow of the tale. In these Legends the parrot is largely employed in this capacity by Râjâ Rasâlû, but so also is a serpent, a hedgehog and a cricket! In the other collections every conceivable animal is

brought under contribution, tigers, parrots, crocodiles, peacocks, jackals, camels, rats, cats, and snakes and all sorts. Failing a talking animal a talking plant will do just as well. Accordingly we find mangoes, plantains, *pépals*, and what not, stepping in at the nick of time, to say nothing of the bed's legs in the *Indian Fairy Tales* and a river and a fire in *Wide-Awake Stories*. An important form of the *deus ex machinâ* is 'hair,' human for choice, but any kind will do; an idea based obviously on the old world notion of the natural virtue of hair which is seen in the Biblical story of Samson and Delilah. The usual form is a hair given to the hero to be burnt when he is in danger. In *Wide-Awake Stories* it is a hair of the mannikin's beard that is so used; in the *Legends* it is a cricket's feeler. But hair performs many other miracles in these collections, it cuts down trees, burns up forests and enemies, and leads the heroine into her enemy's clutches on more than one occasion. Lastly, sometimes the *deus ex machinâ* is a ship that carries off the hero at the right moment. Tricks are a very common device for helping on the tale, and of course occur in the *Panjâb Legends* frequently. They are difficult to classify or to notice with the brevity necessary here, so suffice it to say that we have specimens of most sorts, humorous, malicious and cheating, even to the lie direct in the story of *Silâ Daî*; this last being ascribed to the heroine, who is held up to posterity even in her very name (The Lady of Virtue) as the embodiment of all the virtues! The characters of Indian folktales are enabled to go about their business in three ways—in a miraculous vehicle, by metamorphosis, and by disguises. Anything acts as a vehicle, whatever its nature, being endowed for the nonce with power to do what is wanted for the moment, *viz.*, to get immediately from here to there. Accordingly, in the animal creation a golden deer, an eaglet, a parrot, a snake, a fish, an alligator, a camel, and a horse, with and without wings, are all employed. So too are a paper boat, a bed, a palanquin, a balloon, a club, a rope and a box of ointment! The memory of all which wonderful things still survives in our own witch's broom-stick. Sometimes, however, the vehicle is dispensed with and the

actors simply fly through the air, as in the case of Gurû Gorakhnâth going to help his friends in the story of Silâ Daî. Metamorphosis plays a large and important part in Indian story, as it inevitably must where half the population believe that the proper and natural course for the human soul to take after death is to go into some other animal, and that this process with regard to their own individual souls has been going on for an indefinite period. Accordingly we find in the folktales metamorphosis of the most startling kind constantly called into requisition. There is metamorphosis of the dead into the living; metamorphosis of the dead into inanimate objects; of the deities into animate objects (*avatâra* or incarnation) and into inanimate objects; so also of superhuman personages, as ogres, angels, jinns, vampires, mannikins, fairies and ghosts; of living things one into another and into inanimate things with the most wonderful results; and of inanimate things into each other. Lastly, we have a variant of the temporary death notion in the temporary form of metamorphosis or change of skin. Metamorphosis is very common in the *Panjâb Legends*, especially in the stories of Gurû Guggâ and Niwal Daî, and its general prevalence in Indian folklore, even in the most grotesque shapes, has been noticed by Mr. Ralston in his introduction to *Indian Fairy Tales*. Disguise for folktale purposes may be described as metamorphosis with the marvellous left out, and though a careful survey of disguises shows that they are apt to run in grooves as it were, the same disguise constantly occurring in different tales, yet they are not of sufficient importance to deserve more than a passing mention here. They are constantly employed. Enchanted beings and things are a very useful ingredient in the composition of a folktale, and occur in every collection, but, owing to the great diversity of these and of their qualities, I cannot do more now than notice that the invariable object of their introduction is to help on the hero or the tale. There is one other essential to the progress of a story which is found in the *Panjâb Legends*, the identification of the hero. It is clear that, after having been killed and

brought to life, lost, metamorphosed and disguised, it must be sometimes difficult for his friends and relatives to recognize him, and so proofs of identity become indispensable. These are such as might be looked for, rings of sorts, wounds, scars, necklaces, kerchiefs, bracelets, caps, &c., and also occasionally the correct recollection of former life and surroundings. The idea is varied into signs of the coming hero which the actual hero of the tales fulfils, as in the case of Râjâ Rasâlû whose heel-ropes tie up and whose sword kills the ogres unbidden, whose arrows pierce seven frying-pans and seven ogres placed one behind the other, and shoot the golden cup off the challenge standard, and into whose skirt fall the enchanted mangoes : all of which marvels are signs prophesied of the true Rasâlû.

We have now done with the essentials of the stories and have only some of the more important incidental matters to discuss. Of these we cannot pass over ordeals. (Though not common in the collections under discussion they are only too common in folklore generally, especially in that unhappy and cruel form of it,—the finding and punishment of witches. In the Legends Sîla Daî passes through two ordeals to prove her chastity, the ordinary one of fire by bathing in boiling oil, and a curious one of throwing a certain total with dice previously fixed on. Under her other name of Chândnî, or Moonlight, in the Rasâlû Legend, she performs a sheer impossibility with the same object, by drawing water from a well in a pitcher of unburnt clay by a rope of a single strand. Marriages, of course, occur in every tale, and sometimes considerable trouble is taken, as in the Niwal Daî Legend, to show that, although the bride was carried away by force, she was still regularly married in the orthodox way ; nevertheless they are oftener irregular. The sleeping beauty who probably, in Indian folklore at any rate, represents the raped bride, or at best a stolen girl of the superior sort, is nearly always married to the hero without any ceremony, and sometimes it is stated that the marriage meant merely an exchange of garlands, recalling the *gândharva-vivâha*, or marriage by mutual consent peculiar to the military class in the classical days. In all modern folktales there is another survival of a by-gone custom

in the public choice of a husband by the heroine, seen here in the Legend of Princess Adhik Anûp Daî. This is nothing but the *swayamvara* of the classics, though generally it has degenerated into the princess having sworn she will only marry him who can perform certain absurd impossibilities. These often take the form of riddles, as in the Rasâlû and Adhik Anûp Daî Legends, or, like Râjâ Rasâlû, the hero has to do something more or less obviously impossible, *e.g.*, to separate the minute seeds of millet from sand, to kill demons, to beat a drum in heaven, to cut down a tree with a wax hatchet, to tame a vicious horse, to find the silver tree with leaves of gold and flowers of pearl that grows under the waters, *et hoc genus omne*. Another common incident that recalls well-known classics is the common story of gambling extraordinary. Râjâ Rasâlû plays Râjâ Sirkap at *chaupur*, first game his arms, second his horse, third his head. The whole game is played in a miraculous kind of way by both sides, and ends in Rasâlû's winning Sirkap's head. The same notion occurs twice in *Bengal Folktales*, where in one instance it is the heroine, oddly enough, that is the successful gambler. The dropping of jewels involuntarily when speaking is a curious and persistent notion, occurring in every collection. Adhik Anûp Daî fills a basket with flowers when she laughs and a platter with pearls when she weeps. Heroes, too, drop rubies when they laugh and pearls when they weep, and heroines drop pearls and precious stones when they walk or speak, constantly in Indian tales. Has not figurative language here usurped the place of exact description, and the abstract become the concrete? As every hero and heroine has an enemy, it is due to poetical justice that he shall be punished, and it is curious to note the forms that vengeance takes in folklore. Vindictiveness comes painfully to the front here. The unfortunate enemies are cut to pieces, buried in the desert, burnt to death and the ashes sent to their mothers, buried up to the neck in the earth and shot to death with arrows, buried alive with thorns, buried alive and the grave ploughed up, buried alive with scorpions and snakes and the grave walked over by the hero and heroine. In the Rasâlû Legend

unchastity is punished by making the wife eat her lover's heart, and suspected unchastity in Sílâ Daf by flogging and dressing her up as a menial and setting her to scare crows. Lastly, an incidental circumstance of constant occurrence and some importance must be noticed here, especially as it takes us back to the Purânic period of Indian literature. Every Hindu, for the sake of future salvation, must have a son somehow or other, so endless nostrums are tried by barren women with this object to the present day, not the least serious of which is burning down their neighbour's huts ! The idea occurs frequently of course in the *Panjâb Legends*. The form is nearly always the same now as in the story related in the *Harivanśa* of the birth of Viśvâmitra, whose mother was given a certain dish to eat as a nostrum for procuring an extraordinary son. This tale no doubt faithfully reflects the folklore of the middle ages. In modern days it is a pomegranate flower, a mango, a drug, a *lichí*, a barleycorn, a grain of rice, or a flower, that is given to the would-be mother.

One more point, and I have done. Numbers in folklore are always interesting, and those occurring in the *Legends* will be briefly touched on. The numbers found in *Panjâb Legends* run in the same grooves as do those of the other collections. *One* occurs chiefly in the numerous only sons and daughters that are heroes and heroines. *Two*, its double *four*, its quadruple *eight*, and its octuple *sixteen*, seen in the modern currency and measures, occasionally occur. *Three* is very common, so is *seven*, and *twelve* is commonest of all. *Six*, *eighteen*, *twenty-four*, *thirty-six*, and *forty-eight* occur, connected more or less consciously with twelve as multiples and divisor. So does *nine* appear to be used consciously as a multiple of three. There are indications also of the conscious employment of *five*, an important numeral, as the remainder, as it were, between twelve and seven and between seven and two. Its aliquot parts, *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*, are in constant requisition, and are besides often to be seen in the conventional family subdivisions of several Indian tribes. In the same way *one and a half* seems to be used consciously as the half of three. At the same

time miscellaneous numbers are not disregarded, and thirteen, fourteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one and twenty-two all occur more than once. Of the larger numbers, we have the universal one hundred and one and one thousand and one, and as large multiples of twelve, sixty and three hundred and sixty, and curiously one hundred and sixty. Seventy also occurs, and of course the old Indian magic number eighty-four.

Sketchy and incomplete as is this analysis of the chief folklore points in the pages of this book, it is the result of considerable research, and has become possible only owing to the elaborate enquiry into these matters prepared for *Wide-Awake Stories* and now in course of publication, but I think enough has been said to prove, *primâ facie* at any rate, that the theory with which I started—*viz.*, that the bard's recitation is merely the folktale in its poetical phase, and that the latter is the outcome of the former—is correct.

I have now to turn to the pleasant task of gratefully acknowledging much help kindly and ungrudgingly given. To my coadjutrix in other labours, Mrs. F. A. Steel, I owe many a legend, some of which have been published in this volume; to Mr. J. G. Delmerick I owe the valuable story of Râjâ Rasâlâ's adventures, and to Messrs. Ibbetson and Macauliffe, of the Civil Service, stories I hope to publish later on. I am also indebted in the same way for materials for future volumes to Sirdar Atar Singh of Bhadaur, to Ghulâm Hussain Khân of Kasûr, to Lâlâ Ganeshî Lâl of Ambâlâ, to Maulvî Sayyid 'Abdu'llah of Simla, to Sarfarâz Hussain of Ambâlâ, to Mr. Manuel of Dharmsâlâ, and to Mâyâ Dâs of Firozpur. I also take this opportunity to acknowledge with many thanks the patient labours of Chainâ Mall and his assistants in recording the originals of many of the Legends and in checking my translations of all that have appeared. Some, who have not directly helped me, have sent me bards from whom legends have been extracted. Among these I have to thank Col. Boyle of the XIth Bengal Lancers, Mr. Rivaz of the Civil Service, and Mr. Delmerick.

In explanation of the form in which the book has been printed, I would say that it is frequently urged that the reader has too often to trust his author in original works on folklore in matters requiring accuracy. One reads a racy translation, but who knows if it is correct, or how much of himself the author has imported into his text? How often one sees complaints in reviews of a particular folklore work that it is suspiciously free in its renderings? To avoid this reproach at any cost I have given in nearly all the Legends both text and rendering, so that experts can see for themselves how far my translations are accurate, and those that have to take them on trust can go to experts for help in this respect if they think they require it. The texts have another value, in that they faithfully record the dialects of the various bards, and therefore of various parts of the country, and will show at least that the rules for terminations and grammatical forms are not nearly so hard and fast as the *literati* and conventional examiners in languages would have us believe. There is many a passage in this volume that would 'spin' the reciter in an ordinary government examination in the languages, as conducted in India, but they teach us their lesson for all that, and so are worth recording for themselves. I have also endeavoured to show the instability of form that many words have by strictly adhering to what the man said in preference to what he ought to have said, and so it has occurred that the same words have sometimes been spelt differently in different parts of the same poem by the same reciter of 'malice prepense.' Some of the ballads, especially from the Himâlayas, are, I venture to think, valuable as additions to our very limited stock of knowledge of those dialects, and I have thought it expedient to add vocabularies in some cases. For purposes of typographical and general convenience the texts have been given in Roman characters, the transliteration adopted being that long in use in the *Indian Antiquary* and similar works, and so needing no further comment here. In the few cases, where the text was in the ordinary literary language of the day, understood by all who read, write, or speak Hindustânî, I have not thought it worth while to give the original, but

these are the only instances in which I have allowed myself such license. The preliminary notes and footnotes have been purposely made very short, and are expressed in tentative language for these reasons :—Most of the subjects they touch on are hardly yet ripe for decisive and detailed annotation, and in making them I have practically had to look to my personal knowledge and research, which I naturally distrust, and to my own limited library.

It will be as well also to explain that in this collection so much prominence has been given to the stories of saints and holy personages, because it is really by a careful study of such things that we can hope to grasp the religious and superstitious ideas that dominate the bulk of the Indian populations. If once the student of Indian religions, as practised, properly understands the full significance of such a production as the *Marriage of Sakhî Sarwar*, he will have learnt more than volumes of lucubrations by scholars in Europe can teach him, when based, as they often are, upon researches into the glorified imaginations of philosophic recluses and self-interested priests.

I may be forgiven if I make an appeal here to others able and willing to do so, to help on the good work of recording the bardic effusions of Aryan India. (The Panjâb is by no means the only part of the country where the bards flourish, nor is it even the best field for researches into their songs. All along our frontiers, wherever the Balochkî and the Pushto languages are spoken, the bard has a natural home, and in Sindh he has become a proverb.) In Kachh and Kâthîâwâr and in Râjasthân he is to be found at the Court of each of the innumerable 'kings' that hold sway over those vast tracts of country, and again further east we find him flourishing in full vigour in Orissa, and once more we find him cherished and carefully tended along the whole line of the Hill States from Kashmîr to Kumâun. The conditions of his existence in the Panjâb proper are practically those under which he flourishes throughout the North-West Provinces and Awadh. Vast then is the field and unrivalled the opportunities. Those of

my readers who are acquainted with the books about the Slavonic nations of Europe, will probably have been surprised to find how closely, allowing for difference of religion and climate, the manners and customs of the peasants resemble those to be seen every day in Aryan India, and how very similar the functions of the bards of the two peoples are. But within the last 50 years,—*i.e.*, since the time that Tod wrote his still standard work on Rājasthân—the songs and folklore of the Slavonians have been copiously recorded by writer after writer, the Russians, the Poles, the White Croats, the Servians, the Moravians, the Wends, the Ruthenians and others having been fully dealt with. In India, however, where the ruling race prides itself on its superior intelligence, the high education of those sent to represent it and the lofty aims of its Government, the work can hardly be said to have commenced.

In conclusion, I must add that I am painfully aware of the many signs of haste apparent in these pages, and that there are more mistakes in them than there should be, but in extenuation I would urge that this book is not the production of a man of leisure, but is the result of working in spare hours, when most men play or rest, by a hard-worked official who has no ready access to any public library.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ambala, May 1884.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJAB.

No. I.

THE ADVENTURES OF RĀJĀ RASĀLU, AS TOLD IN THE RĀWAL-PĪNDĪ DISTRICT.

[Taken down by a *paṭwārī* in 1869 for J. G. Delmerick, Esq., Panjāb Commission. The prose portion of this tale, as recorded by the *paṭwārī*, is of no linguistic value, and has therefore not been printed in original. Every verse, however, has been given exactly as found in the MS., even where the wording shows that the transcriber has probably not exactly followed what the narrator said.]

[This Legend of Rasālū, the son of Sālivāhan of Siālkoṭ, is of unusual value both for its historical and its folklore bearings. It gives a hint of the true history of that Indo-Scythian hero, who may yet be identified with Sri Syālapati Deva, whose coins are still found in such abundance all over the Panjāb, and who must have flourished between the first Arab invasions of Sindh and Kābul and the rise of the Ghaznavide Dynasty. It also contains in places the most remarkable analogies to the almost universal stories of the *Seven Wise Men*, the germs of which are to be found in the *Sukasaptati* and *Panchatantra* in India, and in the *Story of Sindibād* in Europe and Asia, repeated in Arabic in the *Alif Laila*, in Persian in the *Sindibād-nāma* and the *Tātīnāma*, in Greek and Syriac in the *Story of Syntipas*, in the Hebrew *Mishlḥ Sandabar* and in Spanish in the *Libro de los Engaños de las Mujeres*, besides many modern versions in most of the languages of Europe and in the *bāzār* books of modern India. The best book to consult on the subject is Prof. Comparetti's *Ricerche intorno al Libro di Sindibād*, of which an admirable translation by Mr. Coote has been published in vol. IX. of the *Folklore Society's Publications*, 1882, in which volume also appears a rendering by Mr. Coote of the valuable Spanish work, *Libro de los Engaños et los Asayamientos de las Mujeres* (Book of the Tricks and Deceits of Women). Mr. Clouston's *Bakhtyār Nāma* is another good book for the purpose.]

IN the year of Christ 80, or 1,789 years ago, there was a Rājā, called Sālbāhan, who lived at Siālkoṭ. He had two queens named Achhrān and Lonān, and the Rānī Achhrān had a son, called Pūran, who afterwards became a celebrated saint, and was called Pūran Bhagat. When Pūran was still a young man the Rānī Lonān fell in love with him and called him into

her palace to commit sin with him, but he being a holy and God-fearing man, would not agree to her request, and ran away from the palace. After this Rânî Lonâi fell into such a state of mind, that, without counting the cost, she complained to the Râjâ, and made him believe by her persuasive ways that Pûran had forced her to commit sin with him. The Râjâ, believing her, had Pûran's hands and feet cut off and had him thrown into a well, which remains to this day on the high road between Siâlkoṭ and Kallowâl. And by reason of the holiness of this well the women of those parts believe that if one of them bathe at it she will become fruitful and bear children.

For a long time Pûran dwelt in the well, but after a while good fortune befell him, for Gurû Gorakhnâth* chanced to wander by it and halted there. Finding a poor wretch living in the well he had him taken out, and knowing by his miraculous knowledge that Pûran Bhagat was innocent of the charge laid against him he prayed to God to restore him his hands and feet, and God did so. Then Gurû Gorakhnâth bored his ears and made a disciple of him.

Soon after this the Gurû gave Pûran Bhagat leave to visit his parents at Siâlkoṭ, so Pûran journeyed there, and lived in the garden in which he had been brought up as a child. It had been so long neglected that it had become quite dry, but Pûran prayed to God to make it green once more, and sprinkled water over it in the name of God and immediately every tree in the garden became green. When the people of the city saw what had happened they believed in Pûran, and the name of Pûran Bhagat became renowned throughout the land, but he did not make himself known to his parents. By degrees the news of the dry garden having been made green by the *faqîr* reached the ears of Râjâ Sâlbâhan, and so he set out to see it with his two Rânîs.

Now the Rânî Achhrân had become blind from weeping over her son Pûran, and went to the *faqîr* to be cured of her blindness. Pûran recognised her as his mother, but said nothing to

* Gurû Gorakhnâth was the Brahmanical opponent of the mediæval Indian Reformers, and seems to have flourished about 1,400 A.D.

her about it. When he saw her he prayed to God to restore her sight, and God did so, and she saw as before. After this miracle Râjâ Sâlbâhan and Rânî Lonân came together and asked for a son. Then said the *faqîr*, speaking from his miraculous knowledge—

“Râjâ Sâlbâhan has already had a son, where is he now? Tell me the truth about him, and I will pray to God to make the Rânî fruitful.”

Then the Rânî having a great desire for a son told the whole truth to the *faqîr* how she had fallen in love with Pûran and had caused her husband to cut off his hands and feet. And this too in the presence of Râjâ Sâlbâhan. The *faqîr* was very pleased that she told the truth and said to her—

“Behold in me that same Pûran.”

And he gave Lonân, his stepmother, a grain of rice to eat, and told her that after a long while she would bear a son, who would be learned and brave and holy, but that he would not remain with her, and that she would weep as she made Rânî Achhrân to weep.

After this Pûran Bhagat took leave of his parents and went to his Gurû, Gorakhnâth. In due course Rânî Lonân became pregnant by Râjâ Sâlbâhan, and shortly before the child was to be born three *jogîs* came to beg at her gate. She filled a plate with pearls, and giving it to the *jogîs*, asked if her child would be a boy or a girl.

Then answered the youngest of them : “Your child is a boy, and was conceived on a Sunday, and will be born on next Tuesday, and will be a great man. But if either his father or his mother see him for 12 years after he is born they will die at once. So you must shut him up in a cellar for 12 years, and then he must bathe in the river, put on a new dress, and come to visit his parents. And his name shall be Râjâ Rasâlû.”

When Râjâ Sâlbâhan heard of this he did not believe it, but sent for the *jogîs* and set before them a she-goat heavy with young and said—

“Tell me whether she has a male or female kid inside her.”

And they told him correctly. After this he believed, and rewarding them greatly he sent them away.

On the following Tuesday Râni Lonân brought forth a beautiful boy, and sent news of it by a slave to Râjâ Sâlbâhan to his court. And the slave said—

*Wich Kachahrî baithiâ, ghar âe jujmân !
Awwal ghiû gur mangade, phir do bakre alwân.
Na alwânûn pasliân, na majmânûn dand !
Yeh bujhârat bûjhke, ghar âo jalâ chalbând !*

O sitting in Court, your successor has come home !
First they ask for *ghî* and sugar, next for two female kids.
Neither have the goats ribs, nor has the guest teeth !
Understand this riddle and come home quickly.

Answered Râjâ Sâlbâhan—

*Rang bagge, mûnh sânwale, jamman pâr sarîr.
Yeh bujhârat bûjh lai, jâkar do khand te khîr.*

Fair of colour, black of mouth, bursting the body they are born.
Understanding this riddle, go and give her rice and milk.

After this the Râjâ sent for his wise Wazîr and said : “ Send the child that is just born a wet-nurse, some clothes, arms and a colt which has been born to-day. Also a parrot and every thing necessary for his comfort, and put him into a cellar and keep him there for 12 years. - And tell the nurses to teach him each in her appointed hours all matters of learning and skill.” The Wazîr did as he was bidden, but after 11 years Râjâ Rasâlû said to his nurses : “ I want to see who they are whose voices I hear outside.”

“ You must stay here one year more,” said they.

“ I stay no longer,” said he, and though the nurses tried very hard to prevent him, he armed himself, and having had his horse saddled, which had been born the same day as himself, he went away.

“ Child,” said his nurses, “ go first to the river side and bathe yourself, and then wash your clothes yourself and then return here. And before these things are done mind you speak to no one.”

And the bards also sing thus, that on the day Rājā Rasālū was shut up in the cellar the daughter of a certain Rājā resolved in her mind to marry him. So she built a house on the road side between the cellar and the river, and waited for the coming of Rājā Rasālū. And she made a vow not to leave that place for 12 years until the Rājā should come out for his bath. When the Rājā came out, the nurse showed him the right road, and so he passed the building in which the princess sat on the look out for him. When she saw the Rājā coming she said to him—

Jis din dā tūn jamiā, main baiḥī dhawlar pā :
Je tūn rājput haiṅ, tūn main nūn mūnh dikhā.

The day thou wast born I built this palace and lived in it :
 If thou be the prince, then show me thy face.

The Rājā said nothing, and went on to the river side. Now the princess had the power of turning into what she chose, so she became a kite, and flying into the air shaded Rājā Rasālū from the sun with her wings. Then said the Rājā to her :

Illo, gagan bhaundie, baneḥ ādam leḥ :
Tarkash kudhān main kāniān, nikālūn terā peḥ.
Tūn āwen meriān pairiān de heḥ.

O kite, flying in the heaven, a man lies under thee :
 Taking arrows from my quiver I will tear out thy entrails,
 And thou wilt come under my feet.

Then answered the princess—

Taman mārūn ḥāmā, shāh parān de aswār.
Itniān rājān na māriā ; tūn kyūnkar māranhār ?

Good shots strike the standard : kings ride on fairies :
 So many kings have missed me : why shouldst thou hit me ?

Presently the Rājā arrived at the river side, where, too, the princess, taking her own form again, sat down, and as soon as she saw him, she said to him—

Dhobī kapre dhondiā, dhōn dhotī, jāmā, pag :
Chichī angulī pānā main bharān, tū mere gal lag.

O Dhobī washing clothes, wash loin-cloth and coat and turban.

For thee I have drawn water with my little finger* so fall thou on my neck.

For seeing him washing his own clothes she called him a *dhobi*. And the Râjâ answered her—

Joh parâî, bhûm oprî, aur tûn begânî dhî :
Main pârdesî nân wal paave, to kaun chhurâwe jî ?

The pasture is another's, the land is a stranger's, and thou art a stranger's child :

If I be ensnared in a strange land, who will save my life ?

Answered the princess—

Chanlan chârân, Râjîâ, chikhâ banâwân, jâg nân lâwân ag.
Je tû pârdesî nân wal paave, to sar marân tere lag.

For thee, Râjâ, I will split the sandal wood, and build a pyre and set fire to the whole world.†

If thou fall into a snare in a strange land, I will be burnt and die with thee.

When the Râjâ had finished washing his clothes he asked her the way to the city, and she said—

Bânîh ulârân tan dise, mûnîh bolân te danî.
Woh jo rukh disde, ohî mûnwân de pinî.

Raising my arm I show my breasts, opening my mouth I show my teeth :

The trees which you see there are at thy mother's home.

So Râjâ Rasâlû followed her directions and reached Siâlkot, and found the women of the city drawing water from the well which is near the entrance of it, and he began throwing stones at their earthen pitchers and broke them all. The women went to Râjâ Sâlbâhan to complain against Râjâ Rasâlû. "He is my son," said Râjâ Sâlbâhan, "and I love him greatly. So take you pitchers of iron and brass. Those who have them not may get them from the treasury."

So the women went with iron pitchers, and the poor got theirs from the treasury. But when they went to draw water from the well Râjâ Rasâlû made holes in all the pitchers with

* *i.e.* Set my heart on thee : slaved for thee.

† Idiom for "I will renounce the whole world."

his iron-headed arrows. Then the women went to Rājā Sālbāhan again to complain, and he in his fear that Rājā Rasālū would come into his house, ordered a broom-stick and some wooden shoes to be placed by the gate, so that Rājā Rasālū might know he was not to come inside.* He did this thinking to keep Rājā Rasālū away for one year more.

Meanwhile Rājā Rasālū came to the palace and saw the broom-stick and the wooden shoes and came away, and went into the hall of audience where Rājā Sālbāhan was sitting in state and saluted him. But Rājā Sālbāhan turned his back on him, and Rājā Rasālū said—

Main āyā thā salām nūn, tūn baiṭhā piṭh maroṛ !

Main nahūn terā rāj waṇḍānundā ; main nūn nahūn rāj te loṛ.

I came to salute thee, and thou hast turned thy back on me !
I have no wish to share thy kingdom : I have no desire for empire.

Rājā Sālbāhan fearing the word of the *jogīs* answered nothing, as the twelve years were not yet passed. So Rājā Rasālū left the hall of audience and passed under the palace where Rānī Lonān was sitting, and said to her—

Mahlān de wich baiṭhāc, tūn ro ro na sunā !

Je tūn merā mātā haiṅ, koī mat ballā !

O sitting in the palace, let me not hear thee weeping !
If thou be my mother give me some advice.

Then Rānī Lonān answered—

Matte denilī hai mūn tain nūn, putar : gin gin jholī ghat !

Chāre khūṅṭān tūn rāj kare, par chāngā rakhīn sat !

Thy mother doth advise thee, son ; stow it carefully away
in thy wallet !

Thou wilt reign in the four Quarters, but keep thyself good
and pure.

Then Rājā Rasālū took leave of his mother and made ready for his journey, taking with him a goldsmith's lad, a carpenter lad, and his parrot, which had been brought up with him in

* A common custom signifying "Not at home."

the cellar. As he was starting on his journey his mother saw him and said to him—

Thorâ thorâ, beṭâ, tûn distî, aur bahotî distî dhûr :
*Putr jinân de ṭur chale, aur mâwân chiknâ chûr.**

It is little I see of thee, my son, but I see much dust.
The mother whose son goes away on a journey becomes as a powder.

Journeying at their ease Râjâ Rasâlû and his companions reached an uninhabited *jangal* and halted there. And the three of them, Râjâ Rasâlû, the goldsmith lad, and the carpenter lad, divided the night into three watches. The first watch the carpenter kept while the others slept. As they were going off to sleep said the goldsmith to Râjâ Rasâlû—

Aggê sowen lef nihâlâûn, ajj sutâ suthrâ ghâs !
Sukh wasse yeh des, jahân âe ajj ðê râṭ.

Before thou didst sleep on quilts, to-day thou hast slept on clean grass !
Mayst thou live happy in this land whither thou hast come this night.

Then the Râjâ and the goldsmith went to sleep, and the carpenter kept watch. Presently a serpent† came out of the *jangal* and went towards Râjâ Rasâlû as he lay asleep.

“ Who are you ? ” said the carpenter, “ and why have you come here ? ”

“ I have destroyed every thing within 12 miles round,” said the serpent, “ and who are you that have dared to come here ? ”

Then they began to fight, and the carpenter killed him and hid him under his shield.

Presently it came to Râjâ Rasâlû's turn to keep watch, and the carpenter went to sleep without saying anything about the serpent. While Râjâ Rasâlû was on guard a great horror‡ appeared, and he went up to it and said to the horror, “ who are you ? ”

* Reduced to great misery.

† Most probably by this is meant a man of the “ Serpent ” Races : a Nâga, or Taka, or Takshak.

‡ *Āfat* is the word used throughout.

“I have destroyed everything within 48 miles round,” said the horror, “and who are you that have dared to come here?”

Whereon Rājā Rasālū struck the horror with an arrow and it ran away, but the Rājā followed it into a cave, and they had a great fight there. After a while the Rājā killed it there and came back.

In the morning the Rājā woke his companions, and the carpenter showed them the serpent he had killed, and told the whole story about it. When the Rājā saw the serpent, he said, “this is only a small snake, come and see what I killed in the cave.”

So the goldsmith and the carpenter went into the cave and saw what Rājā Rasālū had killed. Then they became very frightened and said to him, “you are a prince and a Rājā and can fight such horrors, we are only ordinary people, and are afraid that some day we may be killed if we follow you,” and they begged and prayed to be let go home again, and so the Rājā gave them leave.

So they went home, and Rājā Rasālū said—

Sadā na phūlan toriān, nafrā : sadā na Sāwan hoe :

Salā na joban thir rake : sadā na jīwe koe :

Salā na rājiān hākimī : sadā na rājiān des :

*Sadā na howe ghar apnā, nafrā : bhāḥ piā pardes.**

Tori† do not always flower, my servant : it is not always the rainy season.

Youth does not always last : no one lives for ever :

Kings are not always rulers : kings have not always lands :

They have not always homes, my servant ; they fall into great troubles in strange lands.

Saying this Rājā Rasālū went on and came upon a sandal wood tree, which was burning, and he asked his parrot why it was : and it turned out that a serpent had bitten the tree and caused it to burn ! And there flew a young swan out of the tree which came before the Rājā, and the Rājā said to it—

“You are a bird, why do you destroy your life in the fire ? why don't you fly away ?”

* See Fallon, *New Hin. Dict. s. v. thir.* † A kind of mustard plant.

And the cygnet answered—

Mitṭhā mewā khālā, ṭhande pānī chhān :
Je bane sir us de saṭke kihhar jān ?

I have eaten sweet fruit and drank cool water :
How shall he save his life on whom evil falls ?

Then said the Rājā—

Mitṭhā khālā ī mewā, hamsā, ṭhandī rahī chhān :
Baldī agg bujhī wekhīn, jo liabb sune merī bān.

I, too, have eaten sweet fruit, O swan, and the shade was cool :

You will see the burning fire put out, if God hear my prayer.

And then by the miraculous power of the Rājā the tree became green again, and he went to sleep in the shade of it. As soon as the tree had become green again the young swan flew into it and said to the Rājā—

Ike bhaure paliṅ Rājā, pharēre hoke soṅ :
Ike tū jāṭī-saṭī mard : ike Haqqānī pīr.

O Rājā brought up at your ease, sleep by thyself :

For thou art a holy and virtuous man and a saint of God.

When he heard this the Rājā got up and journeyed four kos. He then came upon a serpent, whose eyes were full of sand blown into them by a violent storm, and as soon as the serpent heard the sound of the horse's hoofs which the Rājā was riding he called out—

Rāh-padhāṅ jāndiā, bhojan sādā pāh !
Akhion kankar kadḍh ! Jū dharmī lagen bharā !
Sūhe chole Bāsak-nāgnī kharī dekhdi rāh.

O traveller going along, eat of my food !

Take the sand from my eyes, and become as my brother !

My wife stands looking for me in her red gown !

And then the Rājā asked his parrot's advice—

“This serpent is the enemy of all mankind, Hindū and Muḥamadan alike, how shall I treat him ?”

And the parrot answered—

“The result of goodness is always good.”

So the Râjâ took the parrot's advice, and getting off his horse took the sand out of the serpent's eyes with his kerchief. And then he mounted again, but the serpent stood in his way and prevented him from going on.

"Is this the way you reward my kind treatment?" said the Râjâ.

But the serpent bowed down his head and said—

"Be pleased to stay in my humble house to-night and go on your way to-morrow."

And so the Râjâ went with him to his cave, and when they were near it the serpent stopped the Râjâ outside, while he went in to speak to his wife, the Bâsaknâgnî. In a short time the serpent came out again and took the Râjâ into the cave. And that night the Râjâ slept in the same bed as the serpent. In the morning the Râjâ got up and asked to be shown the road. So the serpent came out of the cave and said, "O Protector of the world, your road lies *that* way, mine lies *this* way."

Then said the Râjâ, "I have been banished from my country, and that is why I wander about from country to country, but tell me why your road lies *this* way."

"I cannot get any thing to eat here," said the serpent, "and so I go *this* way and bite a man and then I eat his flesh."

And saying this he slid away into the grass. But the Râjâ said to himself, "now that he is gone I will go and see what his wife is like." So he went into the cave and found her asleep on a golden bed, which was placed on a stone dais. Close to her was lying a large lizard, and presently they began to play and jump about. When the Râjâ saw this he became very jealous and angry that such a mean thing as a lizard should play with this beautiful Nâgnî, and he determined to kill him. He got out his sword and struck at the lizard, but the Nâgnî protected it with her tail, which got badly cut. Then the Râjâ was very grieved, for said he, "I struck at the lizard with a good object, but evil has resulted instead of good."

And getting on Bhaur 'Irâqî,* his horse, he said to him, "Gallop as fast as you can." And away galloped the horse,

* ? Should be Bhaurî Râkhi.

but after 12 *kos* the Rájá became very tired, and dismounting under a *shúsham** tree he fell asleep. Meanwhile the serpent returned home to his cave, and when his wife heard his hissing she stood before her husband and made this complaint—

Ráh musáfir jánde, ghar wich derá dená cháhe :
Dere únke antre : mangan lage sej :
Sej na ditti manjwîn : merí dâm chalái tegh.

A traveller passing on the road wished to halt at my house :
 His staying was wicked, wanting to come to my bed :
 I gave not my bed for his asking, he struck my tail with his
 sword.

When the serpent had heard his wife's complaint he asked her at what time the traveller had come to her, and she answered, "In the middle of the night."

Then said the serpent, "What you have said is not true at all, for he slept beside me the whole night, and I know he is a truly holy man."

But the Nāgní insisted on her tale, and the serpent went after the Rájá. In a moment he arrived at the *shúsham* tree where the Rájá was sleeping, and found the Rájá's parrot sitting on the horse's saddle. Out of respect for the Rájá the serpent did not then and there go and bite him, but went into one of his shoes, and said to himself, "When the Rájá gets up he will put on his shoe and then I will bite him, and find out if what my wife says is true or not? If he tells the truth I will keep my poison back, but if he tells a lie I will bite him a second time and kill him." Shortly afterwards the Rájá got up and went up to his shoe, but the parrot called out—

Dûron úid chalke, jore waríá úe !
Jhárke mauzá tîn páîn : an-jhâre bará gunáh !

Coming from afar he has entered thy shoe !
 Shake thy shoe and put it on : not to shake it will be a
 great mistake.

* The *Dalbergia Sissoo*.

When the serpent heard the parrot say this he came out of the shoe and said—

“O Râjâ, you treated me very well, but how have you treated my wife?”

“I have done you no wrong,” said the Râjâ, “you may kill me now, or after you have heard what I have to say, just as you please.”

But the serpent said, “If I had intended to kill you I could have killed you while you were asleep. Tell me the real truth.”

Then the Râjâ said, “I went into the cave and found a lizard jumping about and playing with your wife, and this made me very angry. So I struck at him with my sword, but your wife put her tail over him and saved him. She lost her tail in saving her friend, and this vexed me, and so I came away here.”

“But why didn't you strike another blow to kill the lizard?” said the serpent.

“I did,” replied the Râjâ, “but he got away into his hole, and my sword only struck his buttocks: and then I came away.”

“I consider” said the serpent, “that no offence is proved against you.” He had seen the lizard playing with his wife himself.

After this the Râjâ went on and came to a *jângal* of nothing but *chachrâ** trees, in which a buck and a doe were playing and galloping about, and the Râjâ wished to shoot them. But the parrot said, “O Râjâ this is a strange land, and perhaps they belong to some prince of these parts. Don't shoot them, but throw away your bow and arrow, and watch them.” And the Râjâ did as he was bidden, and throwing away his bow and arrow began to watch them.

Presently he saw a hunter, disguised by some *chachrâ* leaves, come stalking up behind the deer, so that they did not know he was a human being, but thought him to be a bundle of

* *Dhâk*, the *butea frondosa*.

chachrá leaves. The buck stopped to look at him, and the doe began walking round him. Then the hunter began playing on a reed-pipe, and the buck, when he heard it, began to weep bitterly. Whenever the doe had her face towards the hunter he stood still; but when she had her back to him he advanced two or three paces. This went on for two hours, and at last the doe found out that he was a hunter and her enemy, and she said to the buck—

Jangal jamá, ban palá, te ban wich merá wás :
'Ajab tumáshá wekhiá, je pairín chalan palás !

Born in the *jangal*, bred in the forest am I, and my home is in the forest :

I have seen a wonderful thing when the *palás** tree goes on feet.

But the buck replied—

Jangal jamá, ban palá, te ban wich terá wás :
Diṭṭhe bájh na hilsán : toren síkhán charhan kabáb !

Born in the *jangal*, bred in the forest wert thou, and thy home is in the forest :

Without seeing I will not move, though they break me up into roast meat and put me on the spits !

Meanwhile the hunter, putting his reed-pipe between his teeth, shot an arrow which struck the buck with such force that he was hurled back seven paces. As soon as this happened the doe bounded off and saved herself. The hunter then went up to the buck and took out his knife to cut his throat, but the buck, finding himself wounded, said to the hunter—

Tirkhí chhurí chalándiá Rájá, khundi chhurí chalá !
Jablag sáns karang men, tablag bñ bajá !

O Rájá cutting my throat with a sharp knife, cut with a blunt knife !

While the breath is in my body play on thy pipe !
 So the hunter killed the buck and laid his knife in the grass,

* Another name for the *dhák* as above.

but it happened that the knife went into the belly of a serpent that chanced to be underneath it, and at that moment the hunter was looking towards the buck. As soon as the serpent felt the pain of the knife it bit the hunter, and so it happened that all three began rolling on the ground: the deer from his wounds, the hunter from the bite of the serpent, and the serpent from the knife-wound. On seeing this the Râjâ said to the parrot—

“I think we had better go on.”

But the parrot said, “O Protector of the world, wait on and you will see another sight. You saw how faithful the doe was to her husband in his life, you will now see how faithful she will be in death.”

While he was speaking the doe ran up, and rushing on to the horns of her husband died at once.

Then said the Râjâ, “Let us go on now.”

“Not so, my great master,” said the parrot, “look at those jackals.”

A male and female jackal had come up to the dead bodies and began talking as to the best way of eating them, when the male said to his wife—

“Perhaps they are not dead bodies but goatherds sleeping, and perhaps one of us will be hurt by them. I may escape, but you may be caught.”

At last he gave in to his wife and came up to the hunter, and as he did so the wind moved the *chachrâ* leaves with which the hunter had covered himself. This frightened the jackal, but his wife called out—

“O coward! what are you running away for?”

So the jackal said he would try again and went close up to the hunter. He spied the bow, and saying to himself that crooked things are the root of all evil, he determined first to remove it out of the way. With this very proper idea he took it up by the string and took it to his wife and said—

“You eat off the leather from the bow and then I will go back.”

“But it is very hard and tough,” she said, “I can’t manage it. You take one end and I will take the other.”

“Never mind,” said the jackal, “I’ll break it up myself.”

So he took the bow and put one end under a large stone, and put his own head at the other and broke it in two. But when the bow broke the end under the stone stuck fast and went into the jackal’s brain. His wife saw the bow break and was rejoiced to think the broken end had not gone into his belly as she had expected. But when she went up to him and looked carefully she saw that he was dead, and in her great grief she threw herself on to the other end of the bow and died.

“Now,” said the Râjâ, “six of them are dead; let us go on.” So they went on and came to a city. In the *bâzâr* they heard the sound of something jingling, and the Râjâ asked his parrot what it was, as there appeared to be no one but themselves in the city.

Meanwhile they came upon a beautiful woman and a butcher’s shop. The woman went into the butcher’s shop and said—

“My husband has been away hunting for the last two or three days, and I am waiting for him. Give me a *ser* of meat to get ready for him when he comes back.”

She got the meat and went out into the street, and Râjâ Rasâlû said to her—

*Wich bâzâr phirendê, tere gal lâlân de hâr !
Nîle chachrewâlâ khâdâ î Bâsak-nâg.*

O wanderer in the *bâzâr* with garlands of rubies round thy neck !
The serpent has bitten the man with the grey *chachrá* leaves !

Then the woman asked the Râjâ where it was that the man had been bitten by the serpent, and asked him to show her the place. So he went back with her and showed her where the hunter’s dead body lay. She took off the *chachrá* leaves, and seeing the body to be her husband’s she fell into great grief and determined to kill herself. She drew the dagger from his girdle and thrust it into her belly, and so died.

Then said the Rājā—

*Ik marandiāñ do mūe; do marne se chār;
Chār marne se sat mūe: chār mard, tinn nār!*

From one dying two died; from two dying four died!

From four dying seven died; four male, three female!

Then the Rājā left that place and arrived at Nilā* City. Then he saw an old woman weeping and laughing and making *chupātis*, and the Rājā said to her, “Why do you weep and laugh, mother, while you make the *chupātis*?”

But she replied, “Why do you ask? what will you gain by asking?”

“Tell me the truth,” said the Rājā, “and one of us will benefit by it.”

Then the old woman said, “I had seven sons, and one by one they have been killed by a giant,† till only one has remained, and it is his turn to die to-day. I am making *chupatis*, because the king of this city has ordered that with the man who is sent every day for the giant’s dinner there shall be sent a basket of bread and a buffalo.

Then said Rājā Rasālū—

*Nā ro, mātā bhokte; nā aswāñ dhalkāe:
Tere betē kē ’waz main sir desūñ chūe.*

Weep not, foolish mother; drop no tears:
I will give up my head for thy son.

And the old woman replied, “But who will really risk his life for another?”

“I give you my word of honour,” said the Rājā, “that I will risk my life for your son.” And saying this he dismounted and sat down on her bed.

At that very moment the Kotwāl of the city came up to Rājā Rasālū, and the old woman said—

*Nīle-ghorewāliā, Rājā; muñh ilhārā, sir pag,
Woh jo dekhte āunle, jin khāiā sūrā jag.*

* This may be for Śilā: it is more probably near the site of the ford over the Indus at Bāgh Nilāb to the south of Aṭak.

† Rākhas=Rākshasa.

Grey-horsed Râjâ ; bearded face and turban on head,
He whom you see coming is he who has destroyed my life.*

Râjâ Rasâlû said to the guards who were with the Koṭwâl,
“ Don't trouble the old woman ! ”

“ That is all very well,” said the Koṭwâl, “ but if her son does not go at once the giants will come and disturb the whole city. A man a day has been fixed by the king as the giant's dinner.”

When Râjâ Rasâlû heard this he said to the Koṭwâl, “ I will give myself to the giant in place of her son.”

“ He is only a traveller,” said the guards, “ what has he to do with it ? ” And they began to threaten the old woman's son.

But Râjâ Rasâlû mounted his horse and started off to find the giant with the basket of bread and the buffalo. And he told the buffalo to go by the straightest road. When he got near the giants' house he met a water-carrier of the giants with a bag of water on his back, and when the water-carrying giant saw Râjâ Rasâlû coming along with his horse and the buffalo and the basket of bread he was much pleased, for said he to himself, “ We are to have a horse extra to-day. I think I will eat it myself before the other giants get hold of it.” So he put his hand into the basket of bread, but Râjâ Rasâlû struck off his hand with one blow of his sword, and the giant ran away to his sister the giantess, who called out to him—

“ Where are you running to so fast ? ”

And the giant said, “ Râjâ Rasâlû on horse-back is after me, and look, he has cut off one of my arms with his sword.”

When the giantess heard this she began running too, and they went to the other giants, saying, “ Râjâ Rasâlû is after us.”

Nasso, bhajo, bhâio ! Dekho koî galî !

Jehrî agg dhonkdî, so sir te ân balî !

Sûjhanhârî sûjh gae ; hun laihndî charhdî jâe !

Jithe sūnūn sukh mile, so jhatpat karo upâe !

Fly, fly, brethren ! look out for some road !

Such a fire is burning that it will come and burn our heads !

* *Lit.* The whole world.

Our fate has come, we shall now be destroyed !*
Make some plan at once for our relief.

When the giants heard this they went to a giant who was an astrologer, and said to him, "Look in your almanac and see if Râjâ Rasâlû has been born into the world yet." And when he answered that the Râjâ was born, they began to be very frightened and to run away in all directions. Meanwhile the great Râjâ Rasâlû came up to where the giants were all collected together, and they said to him—

"Who are you? and why have you come to disturb us all?"

Then said he, "I am Râjâ Rasâlû, son of Râjâ Salbâhan, and the enemy of the giants."

And one of the giants answered him, "I have eaten many Rasâlûs like you."

Aisâ mârûn gurjanâ, khaḍ khaḍ karûn chûe :

Aisâ siṭûn wâheke, jithe pawen jûe.

I will so strike thee with my mace that I will tear thee in pieces.

I will so throw and hurl it that thou shalt be thrown down.

After this the giants said to Râjâ Rasâlû that the proper signs of Râjâ Rasâlû are these:—His heel-ropes will bind us and his sword cut us up of its own accord. Then Râjâ Rasâlû at once loosed the heel-ropes from his horse and dropped his sword out of his hand, and the heel-ropes bound the giants and the sword cut them in pieces.

But the giants said, "The other sign of Râjâ Rasâlû is this:—His arrow will pierce seven frying-pans placed together one behind the other." And saying this they put seven frying-pans one behind the other, and behind these they put seven giants, who were own brothers, one behind the other. Râjâ Rasâlû shot an arrow from his bow which pierced the seven frying-pans and the seven giants as well, and then he went up to them and cut off their heads.

The giantess, their sister, however, escaped, and ran away

* *Lit.* What was to be seen has been seen: we shall now go east and west.

from Râjâ Rasâlû into a cave in the Gandgari* mountains. And Râjâ Rasâlû followed after her, and had a statue of himself, in full armour, placed at the entrance of the cave, and after that he went into the garden of Râjâ Hari Chand.†

When the people heard of his bravery they all came out to see Râjâ Rasâlû, and at night the daughter of Râjâ Hari Chand, who was called Saunkhnî, came to see him with sixty attendants. And Râjâ Rasâlû said to her—

Rât andherî, jal ghanâ ; kî dasse phohâr ?

Ambe hehth kharotê, tere dast kangon, gal hâr :

Ike konte jhirikîn ? ike pûî mûr ?

The night is dark, the rain is heavy : what dost thou see in these torrents ?

Standing under the mango tree with bracelets on thy arm and necklace on thy neck :

Dost thou fear thy husband, or has he beaten thee ?

Replied Rânî Saunkhnî—

Rât andherî, jal ghanâ : mere dast kangon, gal hâr :

Nâ main konten jhirikîn : nâ dî hai dhudkâr.

Aliân dâlchûn ghar pakkiân, Râjâ ! jûkar maujûn mûr !

Innân gallân wich lâbh nakîn hai : log hundê han khurûr.

The night is dark, the rain is heavy : bracelets are on my arms, necklace on my neck :

I fear no husband : nor have I been cursed.

Green grapes are ripe at home, Râjâ ; go and enjoy them !

There is no profit in these things, but sorrows to mankind.

Saying this she went home again, but regretted all the way home that she had made such a hard speech. In the morning, when the sun was up, Râjâ Rasâlû went to wash his clothes in a certain tank, and it so happened that one of Rânî Saunkhnî's female slaves went there for water and recognized Râjâ Rasâlû. Going home she told the Rânî how she had met Râjâ Rasâlû at the tank. The Rânî listened to what she had to say and then

* The well known line of hills, called now Gandgarh, abutting on the Indus to the north of Atak.

† Other legends tend to show that this is meant for the celebrated Harischandra of fable. •

told her to go on with her daily duties. As soon as she was fairly occupied the Râñî disguised herself as a female slave and went off to the tank as if to fetch water. As she filled her pitcher she looked straight at the Râjâ, and he saw her doing so, but being a pious man he turned his back on her and went on washing his clothes. So the Râñî said to him—

Sir par kapre dhondiâ Râjâ, jâmâ dhoñ sâtî pag :

Phûñ ghar olî main bhari, tudh mûl na kîñi sudh.

Mân kîto apne rûp dâ, dekar baiñhio kand ?

Such muñh thên bol, Râjâ, tû shâhad phiren ki ñhay ?

O Râjâ, washing clothes up stream, wash thy coat, clothes and turban.

I have filled my pitcher drop by drop, thou hast paid me no attention at all.

Art thou proud of thy own beauty, that thou sittest with thy back to me ?

Speak truth with thy mouth, Râjâ; art thou a true man or a deceiver ?

Answered Râjâ Rasâlû—

Des begânâ, bhûm ôprî, ar tû begânî dhiv.

Jo pardesî dâ dil pawe, to kaun chhurâwe jiv ?

The land is strange, the country is a stranger's, and thou art a stranger's child.

Who will save his life that falls in love with a stranger ?

But said the Râñî—

Chandan chîrân, chikh bihân, phuk lagâwân âg.

Je pardesî dâ dil pawe, tûñ, Mîrân, main tere gal lág.

I will split sandal-wood, and sit on the pyre and set it on fire.

If thou art in love with the stranger, then, My Lord, I will fall on thy neck.

The Râjâ answered—

Singh na bhâri goenân, phal na bhâri rûkh :

Us rûkh ko kyûñ seviye jis kî chhâñ na dhûp.

Cow's horns are not heavy to them, fruit is not heavy to the tree
Why should we nourish that tree which gives neither shade
nor scent ?

Replied the Rânî—

*Pânî bharsân, dharmî Râjâ : nêtî-dekh, na bhûl !
Jihâ mere ghar kont hai, us kî bânîh kâ nahîn terâ mûl !*

I will fill thy water for thee, O holy Râjâ : do not mistake my intention.

Thou art not worth an arm of my husband at home !

Answered the Râjâ—

*Apnâ âp salâhio, Rânî : ghar salâhio yâr.
Ghar jo chhorî istrî, us ke gal phûlon ke hâr.
Jis Rânî dâ betrâ, us kânî tudh jehsân panihâr !*

Thou hast praised thyself, Rânî ; thou hast praised thy husband.

The wife I have left at home has a garland of flowers on her neck.

Thou art but a water-carrier to the Rânî whose son I am !

Then said the Rânî—

*Apnâ âp salâhio, Râjâ : ghar salâhio joe.
Mere jehî, Râjâ, istrî jangal-bele hirnî hoe.*

Thou hast praised thyself, Râjâ : thou hast praised thy wife.

There is no antelope of the forest like me, Râjâ.

And the Râjâ replied—

*Hirnî kyâ salâhio, Rânî ? jehrî dandân khâwe gyûh :
Nit jo âwen herwân yâ shikârwân jangal ditte kutte lâ.
Tudh jehsân kâ chhadîân ; jâke bahan bâzâr !*

Why hast thou praised the antelope, Rânî ? They eat grass with their teeth.

Hunters and beaters are always coming to the *jangal*, and when they see them they loose their dogs.

I have dismissed many like thee : they are to be found in the *bâzâr*.

Meanwhile the sixty female slaves of the Rânî came up and began to quarrel with the Râjâ, saying, “ Who is this washing his clothes in the tank ? ”

“I did not know that the Rânî was a gentlewoman,” said the Râjâ, “I am a stranger, and now that I have washed my clothes I will go away.”

And as he got upon his horse he said to the Rânî, who began to bathe with all her sixty attendants in the tank—

Unchâ lambî Rânîe, tere tiliar kes pawant :
Das, kihân mujhko wartrî bhole pânî de chalang ?
Bahân ulârân, kuchh nangî; muñh se haule dant ;
Do jo dissan rûkhrê, bhole pânî de chalang.

Tall and stately Rânî, thy oiled tresses fall about thee.

Say : what wouldst thou have of me under the pretence of fetching water ?

Raising thy arms thou hast shown thy charms ? thou hast spoken mincingly.

Thy breasts were two that thou didst show under the pretence of fetching water.

And then he asked his way of Rânî Sauikhnî and started off for Hoḍinagarî.* Arriving there he found two long bamboos planted in the ground, and asked the people what they meant, and they told him that they were planted there by order of Râjâ Hari Chand against the coming of Râjâ Rasâlû, son of Râjâ Sahilwân of Siâlkoṭ, and that this prince would shoot his arrows at them and strike them, and then marry Rânî Sauikhnî, the daughter of Râjâ Hari Chand.

Then Râjâ Rasâlû asked them if any prince had ever hit the bamboos before, the people said that many Râjâs had come, calling themselves Râjâ Rasâlû, but had been unable to hit the bamboos, and had had to go home greatly ashamed of themselves. When he heard this the Râjâ shot an arrow and struck the bamboos on the top where two golden cups were placed, and the cups fell off into the *bâzâr*. A boy chanced to pick them up and took them to Râjâ Hari Chand, who asked him who had knocked them off the bamboos, but the boy replied that he had not seen them knocked off.

* In this instance most likely meant for Rânî Throd in the Chittar Pahâr, abutting on the Indus below Aṭak.

"I only found an arrow and these cups in the *bâzâr*. The arrow I could not pull out of the ground, but the cups I have brought."

Then Râjâ Hari Chand knew by these signs that Râjâ Rasâlû had been born, so he sent a servant to find out all about him. The servant went and found the Râjâ fast asleep in Râjâ Hari Chand's garden, and came back to his master and said.

"Râjâ Rasâlû is certainly born, and is fast asleep in your garden."

"I don't believe it," said Râjâ Hari Chand, "there are many who can shoot well with bow and arrows. However, there is a mango tree in the garden, and on it there are two mangoes which never fall, growing on a branch which never rots, but is always green. The people say that when the real Râjâ Rasâlû comes he will knock them down. Go and see."

So the servant went into the garden again, and then he found the two mangoes lying in Râjâ Rasâlû's skirt as he lay asleep. One of them was whole, but the other was partly eaten, and he took up the partly eaten one and brought it to Râjâ Hari Chand, saying,

"O Protector of the world, the mangoes have fallen, but I cannot say whether they fell of themselves or have been knocked down. I found them lying in Râjâ Rasâlû's skirt, and one of them partly eaten. This one I have brought you to see."

Then Râjâ Hari Chand knew for certain that Râjâ Rasâlû had come, and made preparations for marrying him to his daughter Saunkhni. He made the *tîkâ* mark on Râjâ Rasâlû's forehead with some *rungû** that was in a cup, and the music for the marriage of Râjâ Rasâlû and Râni Saunkhni began to sound. Then all the women of the city of Hođînagari escorted Râjâ Rasâlû to Râjâ Hari Chand's house, and the learned men were collected together to fix an auspicious time for the marriage. But these could not be got to agree about it, and at last Hari Chand asked a poor Brâhman to tell it to him, who replied.

* Powdered liquid saffron.

"Spare my life, O Master of the world, and I will tell you the truth."

"Speak on," said Râjâ Hari Chand.

Then said the Brâhman, "The Rânî Sauñkhnî will never marry Râjâ Rasâlû ; she will be married to a goldsmith's son."

To this Râjâ Hari Chand replied never a word, and the other Brâhman's began to beat their poor brother who had told such unwelcome news to the Mahârâjâ. After this all the learned men went home, and Râjâ Hari Chand, considering that there was truth in the poor Brâhman's words, had every goldsmith turned out of his city.

Three or four months after this a goldsmith from the village of Dohman* came to the city for pleasure, but meanwhile the king had ordered his trusty servants to bring every goldsmith who might come into the city to him, "Because," said he, "I have two thousand rupees worth of ornaments to make up for Rânî Sauñkhnî." So as soon as the goldsmith from Dohman had arrived he was taken before the Râjâ.

The goldsmith went on to make the ornaments, and worked away for two months, and then his wife at home began to weep bitterly because he did not return. At last her son asked her why she wept, and she said—

"Your father, when he left us, said he would return within fifteen days. If he did not return, then we were to give him up and mourn for him as dead. He has been gone two months now, and must have died somewhere."

"I will go and look for him," said her son.

"How long will you search, my son?" said the mother.

"Until I find him," replied the son.

So the goldsmith's son took leave of his mother, and disguising himself as a merchant, started for Hodînagarî with a quantity of merchandise. As he came near the city and was going to enter it he saw Rânî Sauñkhnî walking in her garden with her sixty attendants. When the Rânî saw the

* The site of this is probably near Bâgh Nilâb, perhaps the modern village of Dâmal.

goldsmith's son from Dohman she asked him who he was and where he was going to.

He replied, "My name is Dohman. I am a stranger here, and have come to search for my father," and then he told her all his story.

The Râni fell in love with him at once, and said, "I will find out all about your father: you remain here till I return."

And Dohman, the goldsmith, waited patiently for her there till she returned and said, "Follow me, I will show you where to go."

He followed her into the Bâzâr, and she showed him the house where his father was making ornaments for the Rânî Saunkhni and said,

"Go in and see if your father is not making ornaments in there."

He went and found his father, who cried out,

"Alas, my dear son, no goldsmith is allowed into this city. An evil fate brought me here, but why have you come, too, to lose your life in this place?"

But meanwhile Rânî Saunkhni came in and said, "Be easy in your mind. There is no fear for you?"

Saying this, she carried off Dohman, the goldsmith, and took him home. She gave him money to live on, and hired him a house, so that he might want for nothing. And Dohman, the goldsmith, went there, put up his horse, and got ready his dinner. After his dinner he went to sleep, and next morning he went again to his father. Rânî Saunkhni again met him there, and said to him.

"At night you should stay in the house I have got for you, but in the day time go to my father's garden, and there you will find a man who lives under the *pîpal* tree, which stands to the west of the palace. You should make his acquaintance and play *chaupur* with him."

Dohman did as she told him and went into the garden and began playing *chaupur* with Râjâ Rasâlû. Meanwhile Rânî Saunkhni went into her palace, and standing at the window made a *salâm* with both her hands towards Dohman. Dohman

heard the sound of her bracelets and looked up at the window and saw her there. Râjâ Rasâlû saw this and began to wonder what the boy saw in the Râni's window. He looked up, too, but the Râni had shut the window. Râjâ Rasâlû said nothing, but filling a cup with water put it on the *chaupur* board and went on playing. Presently Râni Saunkhni opened the window again and looked out towards Dohman. Râjâ Rasâlû saw exactly what she was doing by the reflection in the cup of water, and hearing the jingle of her bracelets he said to Dohman—

Bâzû-band latakdî sone râpe nâl :

Kar taslîm, chal gaî; kis kont dî nâr ?

Her bracelets are hung with gold and silver :

She saluted and went away ; whose wife is she ?

Dohman replied—

Rât andherî, Râjîâ, mere kapre bhijan-hâr :

Sôîân bechkar khâwande : rahio asâde kâr :

Kar taslîm, chal gaî; kyâ jânûn kis kont dî nâr ?

The night was dark, Râjâ, and my clothes got wet :

Selling my needles, I supported my life : my work left me.

She saluted and went away : how should I know whose wife she is ?

Then Saunkhni saw that Râjâ Rasâlû was angry, and she motioned to Dohman to leave him or his head would be broken. So Dohman, the goldsmith, got up and took his leave of Râjâ Rasâlû, and went to his father, where Râni Saunkhni went also. Dohman began complaining very loudly of his treatment by Râjâ Rasâlû, and said he had been abused, a thing that had never happened to him up till then.

“I will revenge you on Râjâ Rasâlû,” said Saunkhni, “you come and sit under the leafless *pîpal* tree at ten o'clock to-night and I will come to you.”

Then Dohman went home and had his dinner, and at ten o'clock he made ready to do as Râni Saunkhni had bidden him, but it came on to rain heavily, and thinking it useless to go out he lay down and went to sleep. Meanwhile the Râni had asked her attendants,

“If any one makes a promise, should it be fulfilled or broken?”

And they had all answered,

“It is certainly best to fulfil it.”

So Râni Saunkhni, taking all kinds of nice things with her, set off to meet Dohman, the goldsmith. But when she began to leave the city her attendants said,

“It is ten o'clock now, and it is not good for women to leave the city at this time of night.”

But Saunkhni would pay no attention, and went on, followed by all her attendants. When they got to the right place she told them that a man called Dohman, the goldsmith, was under the *pîpal* tree, and that they were to fetch him to her as she wanted to speak to him. So they began calling out “Dohman! Dohman!” but there was no Dohman, as he had not come, owing to the rain.

However, an old Jatt, called Phabbar, a shopman, happened to be under the tree, and when he heard the voices he became very frightened, thinking they must be fairies, and that Dohman must be some demon they were calling to, and he fell down in a swoon from fright. And as the Râni and all her sixty attendants were searching everywhere for Dohman, the foot of one of them struck against Phabbar's head. In the darkness they thought it was Dohman, who, they supposed, had become senseless from the cold, and so they began to feed him with the good things they had brought. The old Jatt ate up all they had brought, weighing about ten *seers*, and the attendants went and told the Râni that they had none left, for this sweet delicate lad had eaten up fifteen *seers* of sweets at a sitting.

“Then he can't be Dohman,” she said, and made the slave that had a lamp hidden in a vessel bring it out. Then they found that it was not Dohman at all, but only old Phabbar, the Jatt. This made the Râni to grieve greatly, as she said to herself, “A fine husband Dohman would make that cannot keep a promise.”

And she said to the *pîpal* tree

*Main puchhaindî, pîplâ, terî dâlî bhari kapûr,
Sach munh te bol ; kahûn hai Dohman ? shahr ki dûr ?*

I ask thee, O *pîpal* tree, with thy branches full of camphor,
Tell the truth with thy mouth : where is Dohman ? In the
city or away ?

In the mean time Râjâ Rasâlû's parrot flew into the *pîpal*
tree, and answered Rânî Sauñkhnî--

*Tan man jîurâ kambîâ, Rânî : chhûthî Dakhan dî wâe.
Jo chukûen pâlû, to Dohman deûn milâe.*

My living body and soul are trembling with cold, Rânî,
from the wicked south wind.

If thou wilt take away my cold I will bring thee to
Dohman.

"Come down from the tree," replied the Rânî, "into my lap,
and the cold will leave you."

So the parrot came down and sat in her lap, and when he
had got better from his cold Rânî Sauñkhnî asked him to show
her where Dohman was. The parrot took her to the gate of
his house and said,

"He went in here to-day, but I can't say whether he is
there now or not."

The Rânî went up and knocked at the gate, and Doh-
man's father came out and said that no one was inside but
himself, as he recognized the Rânî by her voice. Now Dohman
was really asleep inside, and the Rânî got very angry and said,

"Open the door at once !"

And the old man being very frightened of her, opened the
door, and the Rânî went in, and she and Dohman sat and talked
there all night, till the morning broke. Then Râjâ Rasâlû's
parrot went up to Rânî Sauñkhnî and said--

*Sûrij rasmûn chhorîân, lage urdû bâ-âr.
Hun kamm aukhâ hogayâ ; jâsî kyûnkar ghâr ?*

The sun's rays have risen : the people are in the streets.
The job is now difficult : how will she get home ?

And Dohman answered the parrot—

*Súrij rasmán chhorián, lage urdú bázár.
Pahin hamáre kapre, lak bankhe hathyár,
Wich bázár jásiá,* wekhe kul sansár.*

The sun's rays have risen : the people are in the streets.
Putting on my clothes, binding my arms round her waist,
She will go into the *bázár*, that the whole world may see her.

Saying this, Dohman, the goldsmith, went out and brought back sixty clubs from the *bázár*, and making the Râñî's sixty attendants dress up as men, started off through the city. Presently they met Râjâ Rasâlû, who said—

“ Among you sixty how many are weak and how many strong ? ”

*Chhail chhabiliá gabrúá, sajjá qadam sambhál !
Dil dá bhed das-khún ; tú mard hain ki nár ?*

O beautiful and comely company, watch your right feet !
Tell me the secret of your hearts—are you men or women ? †

Then Râñî Sauñkhnî answered—

*Dánd gharúe pahárián : hatorián kúk paí sí des :
Gawwán dhundán main gaí, kar mardán dá bhes.*

My teeth are strong as the hills : the sound of my hammer
resounds in the land : ‡

I went to search for my cows disguised as a man.

Then said the Râjâ, “ Who are you ? and where have you come from ? ”

They answered, “ Our home is the Chenâb, and we are Balochís. We have lost our camels and we are looking for them.”

“ What have camels to do in the *bázárs* ? ” said the Raja.

“ We stayed here this night,” they answered “ and are going to search for our camels in the wilds.”

“ Very well,” said Râjâ Rasâlû, “ I lost my wife there last night, and I will go with you and search for her.”

* Masculine form used to show that she had dressed up as a man.

† The native idea is that men start off walking with the left foot, women with the right.

‡ I.e. I am a very famous personage.

Presently Râjâ Rasâlû and all the company passed before Râjâ Hari Chand, and Râjâ Rasâlû said to him,

“Of all this company are there any that belong to you?”

And Râjâ Hari Chand said,

“None of them belong to me.”

Then Râjâ Rasâlû took four sticks and made ready for the marriage of Dohman, the goldsmith, and Rânî Saun̄khni.

“But,” said Râjâ Hari Chand, “these two are men how can you marry them together?”

“Indeed!” said Râjâ Rasâlû—“*this* is Dohman, the goldsmith, and *this* is the Rânî Saun̄khni, your daughter!”

At this Râjâ Hari Chand became very angry, but Râjâ Rasâlû said to him,

“What have you to do with it? she is betrothed to me, and I can do with her what I please.”

And so Râjâ Rasâlû married the Rânî Saun̄khni to Dohman, the goldsmith, and went back into Hođûnagarî. Presently he reached the house of Rânî Sundrân, and saw an old *jogî* sitting by the side of his sacred fire in front of her door.

“Tell me why you are doing this,” said Râjâ Rasâlû.

“Two and twenty years have I waited thus to see the Rânî Sundrân,” said the *jogî*.

“Make me your pupil,” said the Râjâ.

“You can work miracles already,” said the *jogî*, “what need of your becoming a *faqîr*?”

But the Râjâ pressed him, and so the *jogî* made a pupil of the Râjâ, and boring his ears put on the *jogî*'s earrings.

At night the *jogî* went begging, and brought food from four houses. The food from two houses he ate himself, and the rest he gave to his pupil, Râjâ Rasâlû. Now when two men eat one man's food both starve, but Râjâ Rasâlû being a really holy man cared nothing for food. The *jogî* however felt starved. Next day the *jogî* went and begged food from four houses, and again he ate half, and half he gave his pupil, and again he felt starved.

At last he said to his pupil—

“O my disciple, I made you a pupil that you might beg and feed *me*, but I find that I have to starve to feed *you*.”

“You gave me no orders,” said the pupil, “how could I beg without your orders, O my master?”

“Very well,” said the Gurû, “I order you now; go and beg enough to feed both yourself and me.”

So the disciple went and did as the Gurû had ordered him, and standing at the door of Rânî Sundrân cried out “*Ālakh, ālakh!*” *

*Jāe bûhe te killkiā : tū nām Khudā :
Dûron chalke, Rânî Sundrân, terū nā :
Je, Rânî, tū sakhî haiñ, khair faqîrân pā.*

Coming to the threshold I called out: I took the name of God:

Coming from afar, Rânî Sundrân, on account of thy name.
If thou art generous, Rânî, the beggars will obtain alms.

When Rânî Sundrân heard the voice of the *faqîr* she sent out alms by a maid-servant, but the maid fainted away when she saw the beauty of the *faqîr*, and so Râjâ Rasâlû called out again, “Alms, Rânî, alms!” Then the Rânî sent another maid, but she too fainted as soon as she saw the beautiful *jogî*. So Rânî Sundrân herself got up and came out to see what was the matter with the maids, and what the *faqîr* was like. She saw that the *faqîr* was indeed perfect in beauty, and bringing the maids to their senses again she picked up all the alms that had fallen from their hands and took them into the house. She then filled a plate with jewels, and with her own hands gave it to the *jogî*, who took the plate and was going away, when the Rânî said—

*Kan kî pûî mundrân ? kab kâ hûâ faqîr ?
Kis ghaṭû mânion ? kis kû lagû tîr ?
Kete mûen mangiā ? mere ghar kî mangî bhîkh ?*

When didst thou get thy earring? when wast thou made a *faqîr*?

What is thy pretence? whose arrow of love has struck thee?
From how many women hast thou begged? what alms dost thou beg from my house?

* The cry of the *jogîs* when begging.

Answered the *jogî*—

Kal kî pûî mûndrân : kal kâ hûâ faqîr :

Na ghat, mûiân, mâniân : kal kâ lagâ tîr.

Kuchh nahîn mâñh mangî : kewal tere ghar kî bhîkh.

Yesterday I got my earring : yesterday I became a *faqîr* :

I make no pretence, mother : yesterday the arrow struck me.

I begged nothing : only from thy house do I beg.

So the pupil took the alms and went to his Gurû, who was very much astonished at the jewels, and said he ought to give them back and bring cooked food instead. Back went the pupil at once to Rânî Sundrân and cried out “*Âlakh, âlakh.*” The Rânî thought it must be some other *jogî*, but when she got up and saw that it was the same one she said—

“I have given you a great deal already. Tell me what you really want. This begging is a pretence.”

Targas jariâ tîr motiân ; lâlân jari kumân ;

Piñde bhasam lagâiâ ; yeh nainiân aur rang ;

Jis bhikhîâ kâ labhî haiñ, tû wohî bhikhîâ mang !

Thy quiver is full of pearly arrows : thy bow is set with rubies :

Thy body is covered with ashes : thy eyes and thy colour thus :
Ask for the alms thou dost desire.

Answered the *jogî*—

Targas jariâ merâ motiân ; lâlân jari kumin.

Lâl na jânâ bechke, motî be-wattâ.

Motî apne pher lai ; sâniân pâkkâ tãm diwâ.

My quiver is set with pearls ; my bow is set with rubies.

I know not how to sell rubies or pearls without loss.

Take back thy pearls ; give me some cooked food.

At his request the Rânî took back the jewels and told him to wait for an hour while she got the food cooked for him. She then sent a maid into the *bâzâr* for two rupees' worth of sweets, and when they were brought to her she gave them to the *jogî*, and as she dismissed him she said—

Kahân tumhârâ nagari ? kahân tumhârâ thâon ?

Kis Râjâ kâ beṭṭâ, jogî ? kyâ tumhârâ nâon ?

Where is thy city ? where is thy home ?
 What king's son art thou, *jogî* ? what is thy name ?

Answered the *jogî*—

Siálkot hamárá nagarí : wohí hamárá tháon :
Rájá Sálwáhan ká main betrá : Loná parí merá máon.
Pínde bhasam lagúe, dekhan terí júon.
Tainún dekhke chaliá : Rájá Rasálú merá náon.

Siálkot is my city : that is my home :

I am Rájá Sálwáhan's son : the fairy Loná is my mother.

Ashes are on my body, (my desire was) to see thy abode.

Having seen thee I go away : Rájá Rasálú is my name.

Saying this, the *jogî* ran off to his master, and said,

"Here is the cooked food, get up and eat."

But when the master saw it he said to his pupil,

"You have been robbing some confectioner's shop. Take these back to where you got them."

The pupil thought him mad, and in order to test his power he struck him two or three blows with a cane. Finding he had no power to retaliate the pupil said,

"It is such a long time since you had your ears bored that you have forgotten who you are," and with that he ran away, for he feared that since Râni Sundrân knew who he was and all about him she might make a prisoner of him.

Meanwhile Râni Sundrân dressed herself and went to see the Gurú. When she reached him she asked him where his pupil was.

"Oh," said the *jogî*, "I have eaten him up."

"But," said the Râni, "I sent you a plate of jewels and a plate of sweets. If these have not satisfied you, will your meal off your pupil satisfy you?"

"I do not know," said the *jogî*, "all I know is that I put him on a spit, roasted him and eat him up."

"Then roast and eat me too," said the Râni, and she jumped into the sacred fire and became *satî* for the love of Rájá Rasálú.

After this Rájá Rasálú determined to try for a while what it was to be a king, so he snatched the throne from Rájá Hari Chand. One day some one said to Rájá Rasálú—

“O bountiful Lord, Rājās always employ a *wazīr*, but you have none. You should appoint some able man to be *wazīr*. A kingdom without a *wazīr* is a roof without a pillar.”

Rājā Rasālū took the advice and appointed Mahitā Choprā* to the post of *wazīr*. Shortly after this Rājā Rasālū asked his *wazīr* to tell him what he thought most worthy of praise in the world, Mahitā Choprā thought to himself that the three things most praiseworthy in the world were really folly, youth and power. “But,” said he to himself, “if I say so, the king will want me to get them for him at once.” So Mahitā Choprā passed these things by and began to praise his wife, the Rānī Chāndnī, saying—

“O Master of the world, there is nothing in the world to be compared to my wife, Rānī Chāndnī.”

Then thought the Rājā to himself, “He praises nothing but his wife, so how can I answer him?” And the matter dropped, but after a month he said to Mahitā Choprā, “What is most worthy of praise in the world?” And again the *wazīr* praised his wife beyond all things, and this made the Rājā determine to see the Rānī Chāndnī, to see her beauty, and to try her virtue. So he sent away Mahitā Choprā on an errand to buy him some things from a distance, and as soon as he had gone, that same evening he went up to Mahitā Choprā’s house to see Rānī Chāndnī. At the door he found a blind man sitting, who asked him who he was. And Rājā Rasālū said to himself, “He must be blind indeed not to know that I am Rājā Rasālū.” And in reply the Rājā asked for the keys.

“The keys,” said the blind man, “are with Mahitā Choprā.”

But by his marvellous power the Rājā opened the seven locks without the keys. He then opened the locks of seven doors, but the eighth door had been bolted by the Rānī Chāndnī herself from the inside, who was sleeping. Rājā Rasālū could not open this door, as his hand could not reach the lock, so,

* There is a long separate legend about Rājā Rasālū’s doings in connection with this worthy.

pretending to be Mahitâ Choprâ, he stood outside and said to Rânî Chândnî—

Rât andherâ, ram-jhamiân kî barse trel :
Trelon pahine kapre, sir par chîrâ derh hazâr !
Kore kâghaz bhij gae, to lekhâ be-shumâr !
Uth-khân, Rânî sutîe ; bûhâ lâh, kam-zât !

The night is dark and the rain falls heavily and straight.
 The clothes I wear are wet, and my turban is worth fifteen
 hundred rupees.

My paper is wet, and I have countless things to write.
 Get up, sleepy Rânî, open the door, thou bad woman !

When she heard this Rânî Chândnî got up from her sleep to open the door, but Mahitâ Choprâ's dogs began to bark and this made the Rânî doubt whether it was really their master who was standing at the door. However in her fright she opened the door and Râjâ Rasâlû went in. Then said the Rânî to the dogs—

Chupkar raho, we Sâgrâ Bâgrâ ! Ho chandit !
Woh nagarî kaise base, jis kâ Râjâ hûû badnit ?

Be quiet, O Sâgrâ and Bâgrâ ! have patience !
 How shall that city prosper whose Râjâ is wicked ?

Then the Râjâ told Rânî Chândnî to light the lamp, and when she had done so he sat down on her bed, which was covered with a white counterpane, and the Rânî sat down on a low stool with her face veiled. So the Râjâ said to her.

Shârak bole wîch âhanî, Rânî ; totâ bole ban-khand :
Awandiân sajnân pardesiân, Rânî, de na bahîe ghand !
Muñh se mitthâ bolîye ; jo sare so khâiye wand.

The mainâ talks in the cage: the parrot in the jangal.
 When a friendly stranger comes, Rânî, sit not with veiled
 face.

Let us speak sweetly and divide what food we can.

Then the Rânî took off her veil, and the Râjâ saw her great beauty, and praised her very much and said—

“Come, sit down on the bed and shampoo me, that my fatigue may depart.”

But the Rānī said, "I am a faithful wife, and will touch no stranger."

And the Rājā pressed her very much, but she was not pleased at all and said—

*Thāl je bhariā mungān, chāwalān, Rājā; chhanā bhariā ghīū :
Mannī murshid apnā : tu bābal, main dhīū.*

I have filled a plate with rice and pulse, Rājā; I have filled it with peas and ghī.

I acknowledge thee as my teacher: thou art father and I am daughter.

The Rājā answered—

*Ojhar rātīn main turān, Rānī : dekhke tursān rāh.
Dekh, azīz dā beṭṛā, Rānī, dhīū desūn parnā.*

I walk on a dark night, Rānī; picking my way I will walk. Behold a beloved son, Rānī: I want no daughter.

And then he said, "Come now and shampoo me." But the Rānī said—

*Wich ujāre main wasūn, lekar terā nāon.
Mannī murshid, apnā, Rājā; tū Brāhman, main gāon.*

I will live in the *jangal* under thy protection.

I acknowledge thee as my teacher, Rājā; thou art Brāhman, I am thy cow.

Answered the Rājā—

*Jinhān dindān kī janmī, Rānī, main laindā terī sū :
Agon pichchhon jotke, Rānī, gāū bhī laisūn chū.*

I have kept thee in mind since thou wast born, Rānī.

Binding the cow in front and behind, Rānī, I will even take her milk.

But the Rānī replied—

*Tū hai merā rājā, tū hai merā mān :
Main terī hīn Brāhmanī, tū merā jujmān.
Woh kī rājā salāhiye, jo jūth begānī khān.*

Thou art my king, thou art my fountain of honour!

I am thy Brāhmanī, thou art my client.

How shall we praise that *rājā* who takes other's leavings.

Still the Râjâ went on at her "Come, Rânî, and shampoo me." So at last the Rânî gave in, and sat on the bed and began to shampoo Râjâ Rasâlû. And the Râjâ first turned one side and then the other to her, and then he put his ring under the bed clothes. After this he told the Rânî to stop shampooing, and get him some dinner. So the Rânî put some rice and water into an earthen pot and placed it on her breasts, where by the miraculous power of the Râjâ it became cooked, and the Rânî, after adding some sugar and *ghî*, placed it before the Râjâ and said,

"You are a holy man, so get some water for yourself at your own command, that you may wash and eat."

Whereon the Râjâ took up a stone, and from under it there gushed a fountain of water. Then the Râjâ ate his fill and said to Rânî Chândnî,

"You are as my sister and I your brother, but say nothing of this to Mahitâ Choprâ. He will find it out for himself presently. I shall send for you and then you must come to me fearlessly veiled from head to foot."

After this Râjâ Rasâlû went to his palace, and soon afterwards Mahitâ Choprâ came home, ate his dinner, lay down on his bed, and told Rânî Chândnî to shampoo him. Suddenly the ring ran into his back, and he put his hand under the clothes and saw what it was. As soon as he saw it he was so overcome with grief that he fell off his bed in a faint. The Rânî picked him up and made him sit down on the bed, but after a couple of hours he fainted again, whereon the Rânî asked him what had enchanted him to make him faint so often.

Mahitâ Choprâ replied, "You are the enchantress that have made me faint so often."

"What have I done?" said the Rânî. Then Mahitâ Choprâ showed her the ring which Râjâ Rasâlû had hidden under the clothes, saying,—

"This is your enchantment."

Rânî Chândnî replied, "That is no fault of mine, you must have put it there yourself."

"I gave this ring to Râjâ Rasâlû when I went to buy the horses. No one but he can have put it here."

All that night Mahitâ Choprâ was in great grief, and nex day he took all the papers of his office and laid them before the Râjâ, and the Râjâ said to him,

"I sent you to buy horses, and instead you have brought me your papers, what is the reason of this?"

"O king," said Mahitâ Choprâ, "neither are you holy, nor Rânî Chândnî virtuous, nor I your servant."

"Why speak you like this?" said the Râjâ.

Then Mahitâ Choprâ took the ring and showed it to the Râjâ.

"Chastity and virtue," said the Râjâ' "are not destroyed by words."

But the minister was not satisfied, and the Râjâ had him beaten, and said again,

"Do you believe me now or not?"

"If the Rânî Chândnî will spin a single thread of cotton yarn, and if with it you will both draw up water in an unburnt earthen pot from the wells I will believe you."*

So the Râjâ sent for Rânî Chândnî, and she spun the single thread, and with it they drew water from the well in an unburnt earthen pot, and then Mahitâ Choprâ believed.

Then said the Râjâ, "Why did you disbelieve before?"

"Because," said the Minister, "men are jealous where women are concerned."

Whereon the Râjâ struck him two or three times with a cane, and said,

"Are you not ashamed then of praising your wife in the public court?"

After this Râjâ Rasâlû gave up his kingdom and started for the City of Râjâ Sarkap.† Before he had gone very far he came

* An absolute impossibility, because a single thread of yarn has very little cohesion, and an unburnt pot melts on contact with water.

† As far as this tale is concerned this seems to be Kot Bithaur, near Aṭak, overhanging the Indus.

upon a cemetery, where he found a headless corpse lying, and he said to it—

Bûre andar piâ karanglâ, na is sâs, na pâs.

Je Maullâ is nûn zindâ kare, do bûtân kare hamâre sâth.

The corpse has fallen under the hedge, nor breath in him,
nor any one near.

If God grant him life he may talk a little with me.

And God restored the corpse to life at once, as Râjâ Rasâlâ wished, and the Râjâ said to the man—

Laihindion charhî badalî, hâthân piâi zor :

Kehe 'amal kamâio, je jhaldî nahîn gor ?

The clouds rose in the west and the storm was very fierce :
What hast thou done that the grave does not hold thee ?

And the man replied—

Asîn bhî kadîn duniyân te inhân the ;

Râjâ wal degriân pagân banhde,

Turde pabbân bhâr.

Âunde tara, na chûunde tara,

Hânke sawâr.

Zara na mitthî jhaldî, Râjâ ;

Hun sau manân dâ bhâr.

I, too, was once on the earth thus ;
Fastening my turban awry like a king,
Walking erect.

Coming proudly, taunting proudly,
I drove off the horsemen.

The grave does not hold me at all, Râjâ :

Now I am a great sinner.

Meanwhile the night passed, and in the morning the restored corpse asked Râjâ Rasâlâ who he was, and where he had come from, and the Râjâ replied that he had come from Siâlkoṭ, and was going to play at *chaupur* with Râjâ Sarkap.

“You had better not,” said the restored corpse, “I was his brother, and I know him. Every day before he has his breakfast he cuts off the heads of two or three men. One day he could not get a convenient head, so he cut off mine, and he will

be sure to take off yours. However if you really want to go take some bones from here and have your dice made from them, and then the enchanted dice which he plays with will have no effect. Otherwise he will never lose.”

So the Râjâ did as he was advised, and taking some bones from the cemetery he started off. Presently he came to the banks of a river in which he found a hedgehog floating, who called out to him—

Jhâi ânâi wiyâhke, ânâi dolî pâe :
Jhâi mangiâ pânî, te main gâiâ sharmâe :
Lârke loṭâ chaliâ, jâ pahunchâ Khwâjâ daryâe.
Ik bhariâ, ik waiṭhiâ, dâjâ liâ wahâe.
Dant kampe, main dhai-piâ, ruṭh-piâ daryâe.
Wâstâ Śrî Narânkâr dâ, jhâh nân lai wachâe !

I married my hedgehog-wife, and brought her in the *dolî* :

My hedgehog-wife wanted water and I became ashamed :

Taking my *loṭâ* I went to the bank of a large river : *

I filled it and I fell in and then I floated.

My teeth are chattering, I am fallen in, I am floating in the river.

For the sake of the Holy Nârâyaṇ save the hedgehog.

So the Râjâ did as the hedgehog wished, and took him out of the river with the end of his bow, and threw him into a hedge. Then said the hedgehog—

Hike andherion kaḍio î, dâje ditio pâe.
Lârke âwan shahr de khil dori lain banâe.
Mâre mâre zind kadhan, chhoran jānon jâe.
Wâstâ tainûn Rabb dâ, Râjâ, lai chal sânûn bhagâe.

Thou hast saved me from one evil and placed me in another.

The boys of the city will come and bring ropes for play. †

They will kill me and take my life and leave me for dead.

For thy God's sake, Râjâ, take me off with thee.

So the Râjâ put the hedgehog into his horse's nose-bag, and

* *Lit.*, Khwâjâ Khizar's river.

† Native children are very fond of worrying hedgehogs to death by trying to make them swim, and also by making them open out and then tying a slip-knot round their necks and dragging them about.

continued his journey. By and by he came to a forest on fire, and in the forest was a cricket in danger of being burnt up, who called out to him,

“O traveller, for God’s sake, save me from the fire.”

And Râjâ Rasâlû saved him from the fire. Then the cricket pulled out one of his feelers, and said,

“Whenever you are in difficulties warm this hair in a fire, and I will come and help you at once.”

Said the Râjâ, “What help can you give me?” However he kept the hair.

After a while Râjâ Rasâlû reached the bank of another river, where he found the Râni Chodhâl sitting. She was the daughter of Râjâ Sarkap, and asked him who he was, where he came from, and where he was going.

Râjâ Rasâlû replied, “My darling, I am come from Siâlkoṭ and am going to play *chaupur* with Râjâ Sarkap.”

“Play with me first,” said Râni Chodhâl, “and then go and play with Râjâ Sarkap.”

But Râjâ Rasâlû, said, “I cannot play with a woman, I am a virtuous man.”

Then Râni Chodhâl said, “I have a riddle which you must solve, or your head will be cut off.”

“Have you ever cut off any one’s head?” said the Râjâ, “or am I to be the first?”

“My father, Râjâ Sarkap,” said the Râni, “cuts off a head every day, but I cut off ten heads!”

“Then go on with your riddle,” said Râjâ Rasâlû.

Then the Râni said—

Âh patan, nau berîân, chandû ghumar-gher!
Je tûn, Râjâ, jatî-satî haiñ, tûn pânî kitne ser?

Eight ferries, nine boats, fourteen whirl-pools!

If thou be virtuous and true, Râjâ, say how many *ser*s of water?

Answered the Râjâ—

Âh patan, nau berîân, chandû ghumar-gher!
Ambar tûre gin dasîñ; main dasîñ pânî itne ser!
Jitne ban ban pattar lakrî, pânî itne ser!

Eight ferries, nine boats, fourteen whirl-pools !
Count the stars in the sky, and I will tell thee how many
sers of water.

As many leaves and sticks as are in the forest, so many
sers are there of water.

After this the Râjâ went on and arrived at the city, where
he found the other daughters of Râjâ Sarkap standing, and
when they saw him one said to him—

Nâle-ghorewâliâ Râjâ, niwen neze âh !

Agge Râjâ Sarkap hai, sir laisî ulâh !

Bhalâ châlêâ jo apnâ, tââ pichhe lâ mur jâh !

Grey-horsed Râjâ, come with lowered lance !

Before thee is Râjâ Sarkap, he will take thy head !

If thou seek thy own good, then turn thee back !

Râjâ Rasâlû answered—

*Dûroñ birâ çkukiâ, * ithe pahatâ âe :*

Sarkap dâ sir kañke tôte kassân çkâr.

Tainûâ banâsûâ ñ wohîrâ, maiâ banâsûâ mikrâj !

I have come here from afar under a vow of victory :

I will cut off Sârkap's head, and cut it into four pieces.

I will make thee my little bride, and will become the
bridegroom.

When he had said this she fell in love with him, and the
others said to him—

“ If you wish to make her your wife you must do one thing
for us.”

“ What is that ?” said the Râjâ, “ tell me and I will do it.”

Then the girls mixed a *man* of millet seed with a *man* of
sand and told him to separate the one from the other. So the
Râjâ fell into a difficulty, but remembering the hair which the
cricket had given him he put it into the fire and immediately
a flight of crickets came round him. The cricket whose life he
had saved was among them, and said to him,

“ What is your difficulty, that you have heated the hair in
the fire ?”

* *Bîrd çuknâ* is to undertake a task of extraordinary difficulty,
and to solemnly promise to go through it under all circumstances.

"I want you to separate this millet seed from the sand," said the Râjâ.

"Is that all?" said the cricket; "if I had known it was so small a job that you wanted us for, I would not have assembled so many crickets," and with that he made them all set to work, and in one night the millet seed and the sand were separated.

After this the girls wanted the Râjâ to swing them one by one in their swings, but he said, "No, there are seventy of you. All get into one swing and I will swing you all together."

So they all got into one swing, and Râjâ Rasâlû drew up the swing with one end of his bow and let it go, when the swing returned he cut the strings with his sword, and all the girls fell out. Some broke their arms, and some their legs, and some got hurt in other places, except the one they had betrothed to the Râjâ, who fell out last and so escaped unhurt.

After this the Râjâ went some ten or fifteen paces beyond the swing, and came upon some drums which had been placed there. The people told him that if he struck them one by one Râjâ Sarkap would know that some prince had come to play *chaupur* with him. He did so and broke them all. Next he came to seventy gongs, and these also he broke with a large mallet. Then the girl who had been betrothed to Râjâ Rasâlû went to Râjâ Sarkap her father, and said—

*Ik jo úiá rájpút kardá máromár,
Patke lúshán kapián sittiá síne bhár.
Dharín dharín bherén bhanúán aur bhane gharíd !
Tain nún, Rájâ, marsí ate sánún lcharís nál !*

A prince has come and is making havoc;
He cut the long strings and threw us out headlong.
The drums placed out are broken, and broken are the
gongs.

He will kill thee, Râjâ, and take me with him !

Râjâ Sarkap replied—

*Chhoí nagarí dá washín, Rání, wadí karí pukár :
Ján main níklán bahar, tún merí tan nacháwe dhál.
Fajre roí tún lhasún, sír laisán utár.*

Princess, thou hast brought a great complaint about a dweller in a small city.

When I come out his shield will dance for fear of my valour.

In the morning I will eat my bread and cut off their heads.

Meanwhile Râjâ Rasâlû went into the city and stayed at the house of an old woman, where Râjâ Sarkap sent him some food, which was poisoned, by some slaves. But Râjâ Rasâlû said to the slaves, "Tell your master I have nothing to do with Râjâ Sarkap. I am his enemy, and it is unlawful for me to partake of his hospitality. However, as you have brought the food, put it down."

And the slaves did so, and Râjâ Rasâlû gave it to the dogs, which had come with the slaves and belonged to Râjâ Sarkap. The dogs ate up the food, and fell dead on the ground. Then said Râjâ Rasâlû to the slaves,

"You deserve to lose your heads, but I am a God-fearing man, and so I will not injure you."

And the slaves replied, "O Master, it is not we that are to blame: we can but obey the orders of our master."

"Go to your master," said Râjâ Rasâlû, "and tell him from me that it is no act of bravery to kill a man by treachery."

And they went away, and Râjâ Rasâlû lay down and took his rest all night. Next day at sunrise Râjâ Sarkap sent a message to Râjâ Rasâlû saying, "I am not well to-day, but in the evening we will play *chaupur* together." At the same time he sent a messenger to the old woman and told her that if she wished to please him she was to take Râjâ Rasâlû into a certain garden where lived a venomous snake, and to make the snake bite and kill him. So the treacherous old woman took the Râjâ into the garden, and gave him a place in it to live in. There the Râjâ dwelt, and one day after his breakfast he lay down to sleep about noon.

Now in that garden dwelt two things of evil omen: one was a scorpion, called Kalîr, who scooped out men's eyes, and the other was a serpent, called Talîr, which sucked out men's blood.

When Kalîr, the scorpion, saw Râjâ Rasâlû asleep he went to Talîr, the serpent, and said,

“Here is a man asleep. You go and bite him and suck out his blood, and I will eat out his eyes.”

But said Talîr, the serpent—

Terâ merâ jhagrâ ab sâhib dâ dargâh !

Landê kâînê lû tûn betrâ, Kalîr terâ nâ.

Our quarrel shall go to the court of our master !

Thou art the son of a crop-tailed crow : Kalîr is thy name !

Answered Kalîr, the scorpion—

Gohan terâ mâ sî, kohrâ karkalâ terâ piû.

Terâ merâ jhagrâ Râjâ Sarkap kol.

Thy mother was an iguana, and thy father a leprous lizard !

Our quarrel is before Râjâ Sarkap.

Then Talîr, the serpent, through fear of Râjâ Sarkap, came down from his *shîsham* tree, and, having bitten Râjâ Rasâlû, climbed up again quickly. And then Kalîr, the scorpion, called out to his brother scorpions and went with them to eat out the Râjâ's eyes. Meanwhile the hedgehog, which Râjâ Rasâlû had saved from the river and brought with him, was out eating fruit in the garden. Suddenly he heard the crows making a noise over-head and thought that most likely the serpent had come down and bitten Râjâ Rasâlû.

So he went back and found out what had happened, and seeing no better plan, he sat on the Râjâ's neck where the wound of the serpent's bite was, and when Kalîr, the scorpion, came up on to the Râjâ's breast, near where the wound was, the hedgehog caught him by the leg. The scorpion called out, “*krân krân**!” and the serpent said to him,

“What is the matter with you ?”

“Something has caught my feet,” cried out the scorpion.

“I see you are black” said the serpent, “and there is some thing black at your feet. I see nothing wrong there.”

* The scorpion's cry or noise.

Then the hedgehog made himself known to the serpent by taking the scorpion by the legs and turning him upside down.

"Who are you?" said the serpent, "what kind of animal are you?"

"I am a hedgehog," said the hedgehog, taking the scorpion's legs into his mouth. This made the scorpion cry out "*krân krân!*" again, and he said to the serpent,

"O my friend, don't bother him any more."

Láwá ghul men jháh, kul jháhán dá Sardár :

"Kalîr máruh ithe, Talîr pickhe jáe.

Talîr warsî ghar wich, desán jhoke páe.

Kadí tán áusî bahr, laîke aisán mukáe."

Cried out the hedgehog, being chief of all the hedgehogs—

"I will kill Kalîr here and afterwards Talîr.

Talîr will enter his hole and I will burn him out.

Soon he will come out and I will take and finish him."

Then Talîr the serpent called out,

"Friend hedgehog, let go my friend, and I will suck the poison out of the Râjâ."

"Very well" said the hedgehog, "you suck out the poison, while I feed your friend with fruit in the garden."

"Then please take him away quickly," said Talîr the serpent.

So the hedgehog began dragging the scorpion through the thorns, and went on so long that the scorpion died. Meanwhile the serpent sucked the poison out of Râjâ Rasâlû, and when the Râjâ came to himself the hedgehog told him to kill the serpent, and the Râjâ did so.

While all this was going on the day passed, and it became evening, and the Râjâ went towards the city with the intention of playing *chaupur* with Râjâ Sarkap, and on the way he met a cat, which was roaming about some potters' kilns, and the Râjâ asked her what made her wander about the kilns like this, and she said,

"My kittens are in a pot which has been put to bake in these kilns by the potters, and that is why I am wandering about."

Then Râjâ Rasâlû asked the potter how much he wanted for the pots in his kiln.

“Oh,” said the potter, “this kiln is not baked yet, the fire is only lighted as yet on one side of it. What is the use of selling the pots now?”

However at last the Râjâ induced him to name his price, and gave him what he asked. So he was able to give the kittens back to their mother. But the cat gave him one of them, and said,

“It will help you when you are in difficulties.”

The Râjâ took the kitten and went off to Râjâ Sarkap, who asked him some riddles, which were answered, and then they made agreements about their game of *chaupur*. Râjâ Sarkap fixed the following stakes for himself: first game, his whole kingdom; second game, the wealth of the world; third game, his own head. And Râjâ Rasâlû fixed the following for himself: first game, his arms; second game, his horse; third game, his own head. Then the two Râjâs began to play.

It fell to Râjâ Rasâlû to begin the game, and when he began Râjâ Sarkap let loose his rat, called Dhol Râjâ, nobody knows why.* Dhol Râjâ, the rat, upset the *chaupur* pieces, so that Râjâ Sarkap won the first game, and Râjâ Rasâlû gave up his arms. At the second game Râjâ Rasâlû lost his horse in the same way, and the horse said to him—

Sukhî, samundar jamiân, Râjâ bio mol zar mâe :
Âo to charho merî pîth te, koî tudh kharân tarpâe :
Urde panekhî main na desân, jo dauran lakh karor.
Je tudh, Râjâ, pāsâ khelnâ, jeb hâth to pâe.

O my beloved, I was born in the ocean, and the Râjâ bought me with much gold.

Come and jump on my back and I will take thee off with thousands of bounds.

Wings of birds shall not catch me, though they go thousands of miles.

If thou wouldst gamble, Râjâ, keep thy hand on thy pocket.

When the horse had said this, Râjâ Sarkap told his slaves

* Dhol Râjâ is the name of the hero of a celebrated Punjâbî popular love-tale.

to take him away as he was giving Rājā Rasālū advice. And the slaves did so, and when the horse was being taken away he began to weep, and Rājā Rasālū was in great grief, and then the horse said again to the Rājā—

*Na ro, Rājiā bholiā ; nā main charsān ghāh,
Nā main tursān rāh.
Dahnā dast uḥācke jēb de wich pāh !*

Weep not, foolish Rājā, I shall not eat their grass,
Nor shall I go away.
Take thy right hand and put it in thy pocket.

Then the Rājā understood something of what he meant, and the slave took him away. So the Rājā put his hand on his thigh and the kitten started up, and the Rājā said to Rājā Sarkap.

“Leave my horse and arms here for the present ; you can take them away when you have won my head.”

Rājā Sarkap agreed, and gave an order to all the women of his palace to dress themselves up and stand before Rājā Rasālū to distract his attention, so that their lord and master might win the last game. But Rājā Rasālū paid them no attention at all, and said to Rājā Sarkap.

“We have been playing with your pieces all this while, suppose we play with mine now.”

And they began to play with Rājā Rasālū's pieces. Meanwhile the kitten went up and sat by the window where the rat Dhol Rājā used to come from.

After a while Rājā Rasālū began to win, and the Rājā Sarkap called his rat, Dhol Rājā, who came to the window, looked out, and went back. He then sent his mother, who came out, but, being afraid of the cat, she went back too. While this was going on Rājā Rasālū won the first stake, and took his arms back, and then he won the second stake and took his horse back. On this Rājā Sarkap said—

*Dhal, we pūsā dhalwēn, ithe basantā lok !
Sarān dharān han bāziān, jehrī Sarkap kare so ho !*

O moulded pieces, favor me : a man is here !
Heads and bodies are at stake : as Sarkap does so let it be !

Râjâ Rasâlû answered—

*Dhal, we pāsâ dhalweñ, ithe basantâ lok !
Sarân'dharûñ te bâziân ! Jehri Allah kare so ho !*

O moulded pieces, favor me : a man is here !

Heads and bodies are at stake ! as God does so let it be.

After this Râjâ Rasâlû began to win, and first Râjâ Sarkap lost his kingdom, then his wealth, and at last on the whole game he lost his head.

Just then one of his slaves came up to congratulate him on the birth of a daughter.

“Kill her,” said Râjâ Sarkap, “she has been born at an unlucky moment, and has brought me bad luck.”

But Râjâ Rasâlû said to him,

“If you will give me your word by drawing a line on the ground with your nose* that you will never play this game again for another's head, and will give me this child that is born to-day to wife, I will spare your head now.” Râjâ Sarkap agreed, and placing a mango branch and the little girl, Kokilân, into a large plate he gave them to Râjâ Rasâlû. And Râjâ Rasâlû left that place, and as he was journeying along he met some prisoners, who cried out to him—

*Hor râje murghâbiân, tu râjâ shâhbâz !
Bandâ-bândûñ de band khalâs kar ! umar terî drâz !*

Other kings are wild-fowl, thou art a royal hawk !

Unbind the chains of the chain-bound and live for ever !

So Râjâ Rasâlû told Râjâ Sarkap to relêase them, which he did, and then Râjâ Rasâlû went to the Mûrtî Hills† and planted the mango branch there. There he had the Rânî Kokilân placed in an underground palace, and said,

“When the mango branch blossoms then will Rânî Kokilân arrive at her full youth.”

After twelve years the mango tree began to blossom and give forth fruit, and the Rânî Kokilân became a woman. One day she said to Râjâ Rasâlû,

* A form of oath or irrevocable promise.

† Near Râwal-Pindî to the South West of it.

“What is it that people say happens when you shoot an animal in the *jangals*?”

Râjâ Basâlû replied, “when I hit an animal with an arrow it falls down in a faint, after running seven paces towards me.”

“This is a very wonderful thing,” said the Rânî, “and I shall not believe you till I see it with my own eyes.”

So next morning the Râjâ made Rânî Kokilân ride on a pillion behind him, and he wore some coarse clothes over his own, so that her perspiration should not injure him.* In this way he went forth into the *jangals* to shoot. Presently he shot a deer, and the deer as soon as it was wounded ran seven paces away from him and fell down.

“Last night” said the Rânî Kokilân, “you told me that when you hit an animal it would fall seven paces towards you, but this has fallen seven paces away from you. Your words have not come true.”

“My virtue has left me,” said the Râjâ, “because you have been riding on the same horse as I.”

“I will catch the deer with my hands, Râjâ,” said the Rânî, “and will bring them to you.”

And so she opened out seven locks of her scented hair, and sat on a tower of the palace, and the sweet scent of her hair filled the air. Two deer, called Hîrâ and Nîlâ, came to where she was sitting, attracted by the scent of her hair, and stood by her. Then Râjâ Basâlû determined to try the power of the attraction of Rânî Kokilân’s hair, and frightened the deer with his bow. As soon as the deer Nîlâ heard the twang of the bow he ran for his life, but the deer Hîrâ was so attracted by the scent of Rânî Kokilân’s hair that he remained where he was.

“It would be a pity to kill this deer that is so fond of my wife,” thought the Râjâ, “but I will mark him well.” So he cut off its tail and ears to mark him, and then the deer Hîrâ said to the Râjâ—

Nân main khet ujâriâ, nân main bhannî wâr :

Kyûn taiñ pûchh kañio î ? kîta kî ziyân ?

Main bhî hîran hûn kâle jangal kâ, dhaular lāsân chor.

* A superstition: the woman’s perspiration would take his “virtue” out of him.

I have not injured thy fields, nor have I broken thy hedge :
 Why hast thou cut my tail ? what damage have I done ?
 I am but a deer of the thick *janggal*, I will bring a thief
 into thy palace.

Saying this the deer Hîrâ went off to his kinsmen, but they cast him out of their herd because he had no ears or tail. So he became very sorrowful and went into the kingdom of Râjâ Hođî,* son of Râjâ Atkî Mall, where he joined a herd of deer. After a while he brought the whole herd into Râjâ Hođî's garden and destroyed it. As soon as Râjâ Hođî heard of this destruction he sent in men to catch the deer, and they all ran away except the deer Hîrâ, who remained hidden in the garden. Presently Râjâ Hođî came himself into the garden, and then the deer Hîrâ ran off, followed by the Râjâ on a horse. The deer Hîrâ led Râjâ Hođî to the palace of Râjâ Rasâltû, in the Mûrtî Hills, and then he said to the Râjâ,
 " Why have you followed me so far ? "

" Why did you destroy my garden ? " said the Râjâ, " I have followed you to kill you. "

" I destroyed your garden, " said the deer, " because Rânî Kokilân ordered it. "

" Where is she ? " asked the Râjâ.

" She is sitting in that little latticed window above in the palace, " said the deer.

When he heard this the Râjâ looked up and saw the Rânî Kokilân, and the pair began to talk, meanwhile the deer Hîrâ hid himself in a bush.

Said the Rânî—

Mahlân heth phirandiâ Râjâ ; shâhid phirân, ki chor ?

Ike Râjâ mere dá wairâ hain ? ike kharâ î dhor ?

O Râjâ wandering beneath the palace : art thou a true man or a thief ?

Art thou an enemy to my Râjâ ? or does an animal stand there ?

* The kingdom of this celebrated hero appears to have extended from Atak to as far as Jalalâbâd beyond the Khaibar Pass. Atkî Mall as a name seems to have an obvious reference to Atak. For the purposes of this tale his residence was apparently Ohind on the Indus, opposite Atak. His date was probably A.D. 250 or later. Thomas suggests that he is Kidara of the Scythian (Kushan) coins.

Said the Rājā—

Chorān maile kapre, Rānī; shāhid ike rang ho :
Na main tere Rājā dā wairī hūn, na kharā ī dhor :
Merion āndā dūr se, ithe kharāśā zor.

Thieves wear dirty clothes, Rānī; true men clean :
 Nor am I the Rājā's enemy, nor does an animal stand here :
 I came from afar after my quarry : I stand here of necessity.
 And then he said—

Badalon dhaṭhī jhar-badaṭī : kin gharī sunār ?
Nak talwār dā pīplā, hoṭh pānd de bīr !
Kis Rājā dī beṭrī ? kis Rājā dī nār ?
Tain nūn dhaular chorḥke kahān gaiā gaiwār ?

The black rain-clouds fall from the clouds,* what jeweller
 made thee ?

O thou of the nose ornament; O lips red with the betel
 leaves !

What king's daughter art thou ? what king's wife ?
 Leaving thee in the palace, where has the fool gone ?

The Rānī replied—

Na main badalon dhaṭhīān, Rājā; na gharī sunār :
Nak talwār dā pīplā; hoṭh pānd de bīr.
Rājā Sarkap dī main beṭrī : Rājā Basālū dī main nār.
Main nūn dhaular chorḥke johl de kankar gaiā shikār.

I fell from no rain-cloud, Rājā; no jeweller made me :
 My nose is a sword-point: † betel leaves are on my lips.
 I am Rājā Sarkap's daughter: I am Rājā Basālū's wife.
 Leaving me in the palace he has gone to hunt in the
 river-side swamps.

And then she said—

Kahān tumhārī nagarī, Rājā ? kahān tumhārā ṭhāon ?
Kis Rājā dā beṭrā ? kyā tumhārā nāon ?
 Where is thy city, Rājā ? where is thy home ?
 What king's son art thou ? What is thy name ?

* Apparent reference to the dark complexion of Kokilān

† That is, I am very fascinating.

The Râjâ replied—

Sindh to merî nagarî, Rânî : Aṭak hai merâ thâon.*

Râjâ Aṭkî Mall dâ betrâ : Râjâ Hoḍî merâ nâon.

Sindh is my city, Rânî : Aṭak is my home.

I am Râjâ Aṭkî Mall's son : Râjâ Hoḍî is my name.

Said the Rânî—

Aliân dâkhân pakhiân ; cho cho pauñ anâr :

Aisâ kô na jamiân âwe Râjâ de darbâr.

The green grapes are ripe: the pomegranate drips:

None such (as thou) can have a footing in the Râjâ's house.

Then said Râjâ Hoḍî to her, "Show me how to get to you."
And the Rânî pointed out where the steps were, and said,

"There is a large stone at the entrance of the staircase,
you have only to remove that and come up."

The Râjâ did as he was bidden, but could by no means
remove the stone, so he said—

Mainî banjârâ Sindh dâ, bechân kalî kapûr :

Jo saudâ loreñ mangwân, to sadke le hazûr.

I am a pedlar of Sindh, I sell black camphor:

Take into thy presence what merchandise thy heart doth
desire.

Then Rânî Kokilân pointed out another flight of three steps,
but the Râjâ said, when he saw the steps, "I am not a bird that I
can fly. If you really want me, let down a rope for me to climb up."

So Rânî Kokilân let down a rope, and Râjâ Hoḍî climbed up
it. He found in the palace two cages, in one of which was a
mainâ and in the other a parrot.

As soon as the parrot saw Râjâ Hoḍî he hid his head under
his wing, and told the *mainâ* to do the same. And the *mainâ*
did so, while Râjâ Hoḍî climbed up the rope and got on to the
first step. Then she said to the parrot—

Sun, be tote lādle, lād-bâware ; suno hamârî bāt :

Uthe na basie, totiâ, jithe ang na sūk.

Ajâb tumâshâ dekhiâ : kân khâwe Râjâ dî dâkh.

* *Nagarî*, city, is frequently used for country or home: Sindh is for
the R. Indus.

Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all : listen to my words :

Stay not here, parrot, where is nor friend nor relative.

I have seen a wondrous thing : a crow eating the Rājā's grapes.

"What have you to do with it, *mainā*?" said the parrot, "be quiet and hide your head under your wings."

Meanwhile Rājā Hoḍī had climbed on to the second step, and the *mainā* said to the parrot—

Sun, be tote lādle, lād-bāware ; suno hamārī bāt :

Uthe na basie, totiā, jithe sāk na wīr :

*Ajāb tumāshā dekhīā, kuttā khāwe khīr.**

Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all: listen to my words :

Stay not there, parrot, where is nor friend nor brother :

I have seen a wondrous thing : a dog eating the rice.

But the parrot frightened the *mainā* again, and meanwhile Rājā Hoḍī reached the third step, and called out. Then the *mainā* said again—

Sun, be tote lādle, lād-bāware ; suno hamārī bāt :

Uthe na basie, totiā, jithe ang na sāk :

Ajāb tumāshā dekhīā, khotā hinke Rājā de darbār.

Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all ; listen to my words :

Stay not there, parrot, where is nor friend nor relative :

I have seen a wondrous thing ; an ass braying in the Rājā's palace.

Then the parrot said to the *mainā* again, "I have often told you to be quiet, but you pay no attention."

But the *mainā* said, "This thief comes into the house and shouts. This is what makes me angry and prevents me from being quiet."

In the mean time the Rājā had got in, and being very thirsty asked the Rānī for water. The water however could not be

* A pottage of rice and milk.

easily got, and they both began to break away the stones at the brim of Râjâ Rasâlî's well to get at the water. After a while Rânî Kokilân got up some water in a pitcher and gave it to Râjâ Hodî to drink. The Râjâ stopped two or three hours with Rânî Kokilân and then began to enquire about going away again.

"Stay all night," said the Rânî, but he was afraid and would not stay. So the Rânî began to weep bitterly, and when the Râjâ saw her tears he said he would be back in four or five days, and he wiped away her tears with his own hands. Her eyes were covered with *kâjal*,* and as he wiped them, his hands got black from it.

"I will be back in three days," said the Râjâ, as he got ready to go.

"You made me a promise before and broke it," said the Rânî, "and when you get among the women of your palace you will forget me and never return at all."

"There are no women in my house," said the Râjâ, "I will not wash my hands of this *kâjal*, nor will I eat again, till I come to eat with you here."

Saying this he started that night for Aṭak, and reached the banks of the river Sindh. Being very thirsty he lay down on the bank and drank water with his mouth like an animal, for he was afraid of washing the *kâjal* from his hands if he used them. A *dhobî* was washing on the opposite bank, and seeing Râjâ Hodî drinking like a wild beast he said to his wife—

Sun, rî Dhoban lādli, lād-báwarî, suno hamârî bát.

Páron áid rájpút, na wis sang na sáth :

Merion wángan pánî pí gaiá : uske háthoñ ko kí kazá ?

Listen, O wife beloved, loved best of all: listen to my words.

On the far side has come a prince: nor friend nor company with him.

He drinks water like a deer, what is the matter with his hands?

* Lampblack for beautifying the eyes.

Said the *dhoban*, "If you will give me golden ornaments to wear, I will tell you the real truth of the matter."

"I will give you the golden ornaments when I go home, if you tell me the real truth."

Then the *dhoban* said—

Sun, be Dhobī ūḍle, lād-bāware, suno hamūrī bāt :

Pārōñ ūiā rājpūt, na wis sang na sáth.

Ike nár parchanewālī sári rát.

Woh rotī : is púnjhá kájal háthōñ sáth.

Listen, O beloved husband, loved best of all, listen to my words:

On the far side has come a prince, nor friend nor company with him:

A woman pleased him all night.

She wept and he wiped the lampblack from her eyes with his hands.

When the *dhoban* said this the *dhobī* gave her a great beating, and she began to weep bitterly. When Rājā Hoḍī heard the sound of her weeping he loosed the martingale of his horse and swam him across the river. When he got across he spoke angrily to the *dhobī*.

"You foolish washerman, you are a brave man to go beating your wife in my presence!"

"Lord of the world," answered the *dhobī*, "she said such unworthy things of you that I cannot repeat them."

Then Rājā Hoḍī suspected that the *dhoban* had knowledge of things that are hidden, and said to her—

Ike to mánio dhoban : ike to mánio mār :

Unhōñ kī kyúnkar guzarī, Dhoban, jin kī bikhṛe yār ?

I know thee for a washerwoman: I know thou hast been beaten:

How is she passing the time, *Dhoban*, who is separated from her lover?

Answered the *dhoban*—

We kaláúñ báhñ dhāulūñ, Rájá : malkar dhōñ háth.

Hansūñ sir kitne, Rájá ? Jawáúñ nárīñ lúkh !

She is making fair her arms, Râjâ: wash thou thy hands.
How many husbands has the swan, Râjâ? young women
are in thousands.

So Râjâ Hodî washed his hands, as the *dhoban* said, and
entered into his palace.

Meanwhile Râjâ Rasâlû had come home from hunting, and
Rânî Kokilân said to him—

*Nîle-ghorewâliâ Râjâ ! nîle dâ sawâr !
Tarkash bhariâ motiân ! lâlân jarî kumân !
Dhal jarî terî hîriân ! khâsâ sane rumâl !
Thâmki ghorâ ! Das jâ, terî nâr lagân ki bhain ?*

O grey-horsed Râjâ, riding the grey horse !
Thy quiver full of pearls ! thy bow studded with rubies !
Thy shield studded with diamonds and fastened by a muslin
kerchief !

Riding a prancing horse ! Tell me am I thy wife or sister ?

Answered Râjâ Rasâlû—

*Pâsâ jîtke âlar sâ, Rânî chhorîn châr.
Bâgh lagâyâ tere shauq ko, ârû, amb, anâr.
Khâke mewâ paltîn, Rânî : hoîn chhail mutiâr.
Main, Râjâ Rasâlû, terâ binrâ ; tû, Kokitan, merî nâr.
Is gun rukhî nâ-gunîn : cho pachhânî sâr.*

I won the stake with care, leaving four Rânîs behind.

I gave thee a garden to thy desire, peaches, mangoes, pomme
granates.

Thou hast fattened on the fruit, Rânî: thou art fair and well-
liking.

I, Râjâ Rasâlû, am thy bridegroom: thou, Kokilân, art my wife.
For this reason I kept thee unread: thus I know thy character.

Saying this Râjâ Rasâlû dismounted and went up to Rânî
Kokilân. And seeing that the brim of the well was broken in, and
that there were human footprints about, he said to Rânî Kokilân—

*Kin merâ kaṭor geṛiâ, Rânî ? kin bhanî nisâr ?
Gharion pânî kin lîâ ? kin sitti kankâr ?
Mahl merâ kaun toriâ ? mahlîn piâ dhaskâr !
Sej merî kaun letiâ ? dhilli piâ niwâr !*

Who threw down the well-brim, Rānī? who broke the platform?
Who has taken out the water in pitchers? who has thrown
down the stones?

Who has broken into my palace? footmarks are in the palace
halls!

Who has lain on my bed? the *niwār** is loose?

The Rānī answered—

*Main-ne khūh gerīá; main ne bhānī nisór;
Gharion pānī main lá; main ne siñfi khanghár.
Mainá bodī khoiá, tote khoiá gale dá hár.
Chhorwākar Rājá, main nē: mahlān piá dhaskár.
Sul merī dí sej leñiá: dhāllī pāi niwār.*

I broke down the well! I destroyed the platform!
I took out the water in pitchers! I threw down the stones!
The *mainá* loosened my hair and the parrot brok my necklace.
Releasing myself, Rājá, I ran away: my footmarks are in
the palace.

My enemy lay on the bed and loosened the *niwār*.

When the Rānī Kokilān said this the Rājá beat the parrot,
and the *mainá* said to the parrot,

“It is well that the Rājá has beaten you, because you prevented
me from telling him in the beginning the evil deeds of the Rānī.”

After this the Rājá went to sleep, and next morning before
the sun was risen, he started off for the hunt again, and the
parrot said to him,

“If we happen into any trouble while you are away, where
shall we find you?”

And the Rājá answered, “If anything happens within the
next three or four days I shall be found by the river-side
swamps. If anything happens within the next two or three
months I shall be found hunting in the Kashmir mountains,”
and then the Rājá went away to the river-side swamps.

After two or three days, Rājá Hodī came to the palace, and
dismounting from his horse went to see Rānī Kokilān, and the
pair laughed together for joy.

* Cotton tape stretched across the bedstead.

Then said the *mainá* to Rânî Kokflân, "The first time you spoke evil of me and the parrot to Râjâ Rasâlû, what will you say to him now? Believe in God and leave off playing and laughing with a stranger."

But the Rânî became very angry and said,

Kut-kut chûrî tainûn main deûn, mainá; tú baithî adh khûc.

Inhân gallân nâl terâ kyâ matlab? tú thandhâ pânî pió.

Yeh padesî dúr de uth jâsan apne ghar.

I give thee minced cakes, *mainá*: thou sittest in thy cage and eatest.

What hast thou to do with this matter? Be silent!*

This foreigner will go off to his distant home.

Replied the *mainá*—

Kut-kut chûrîân ápe kháh, Rânî; sâdî umaid Khuddê.

Râjâ merâ áusî, Rânî: karsûn lûn halâl.

Eat thy minced cakes thyself, Rânî: I put my faith in God.

My Râjâ will come, Rânî: I will be true to my salt.

When the *mainá* had said this the Rânî said to her, "You faithless bird, you have eaten from *my* hand always. Will you be untrue to *my* salt? The Râjâ wanders about in the *jangals*: and will you rather be true to *him*?"

So she took the *mainá* out of the cage and cut off her head, and taking the cage she broke it into pieces and threw them away. Then she went up to the parrot's cage to kill him as well. But the parrot spoke caressingly to her in order to save his life, and said—

Bhalâ kiâ, jo shârak mario î, Rânî: aisî chughaldâr!

Rannân dil chirhwân: asân mardân dil dariâe.

Kaddh-khân, Rânî, pinjarion; main wekhân Râjâ de ráj.

Thou didst well to kill the *mainá*, Rânî: that was such a backbiter!

Female minds are vexed by such things, our men's minds are above them.†

Let me out of the cage, Rânî: I wish to see the king's country.

* *Lit.*, Do thou drink cold water.

† The word *mainá* is feminine and the word *totá* is masculine: hence the point of this speech.

Saying this he remained silent, and the Rānī thought to herself that after all he had never said anything against her, and moreover that he had always corrected the *mainā* when she had spoken roughly, so considering him faithful she let him out of the cage, and then the parrot said,

“Let me go, and I will give the *mainā* two or three kicks and revenge myself for the annoyance she has given me.”

So the Rānī, being very pleased, let him loose, and then the parrot, to please the Rānī more, gave the dead *mainā* two or three kicks, and then he asked the Rānī for a bath, “For,” said he, “I am a good Hindū, and I have touched a dead-body.”

So the Rānī, who had now become very fond of him, threw some water over him and wetted him, and then the parrot asked for some food. So the Rānī mixed flour and sugar and *ghī*, and made cakes of it which she gave the parrot to eat. When the parrot had eaten his fill he flew away to the top of the palace and began to weep, and the Rānī asked him why he wept.

“Rānī, live for ever,” said the parrot, “but you have killed my friend the *mainā*, and have made me very miserable.”

Said the Rānī—

Totiā ve paṛosiā, na jāñ bā zor :

Ik jo mainā ham ne mūrī, das mainā desāñ hor.

Mannā apne Rabb nūñ muṛāwāñ mere kol !

Dukh terā main muṛāwāñgī : tū mandā bol na bol !

Friendly parrot, go not incontinently away !

For the one *mainā* I killed I will give thee ten more.

For thy God's sake come back to me.

I will take away thy grief: speak not harsh words.

And though the Rānī coaxed and comforted him much he would not remain, and flew off to Rājā Rasālū, who was sleeping under a tree in the hills by the river-side swamps. When he found the Rājā, the parrot went into a pool, and making his feathers all wet and draggled he sat on a branch of the tree just over Rājā Rasālū. As he sat there he shook himself to

dry his feathers, and the water from them was sprinkled over the Râjâ, who, thinking it was rain, got up, and then the parrot said to him—

Kîkar heṭh sutîâ, Râjâ, mûnh se pallâ lâh.

Rânî haṭhî kholiâ, kardî banaj bupâr.

Ik jo áiâ rájpút us chik chik badhe bhâr.

O Râjâ, sleeping beneath the *kîkar** tree, take thy sheet from off thy face.

The Rânî has opened her shop and is selling as a trader.

A prince who came has fastened her bundle tight.

Answered Râjâ Rasâlû—

Aṭh mainâ, das shûrkân, bûrî bûrî mor ;

Itne shâhidân hundîân, totiâ ; kyûn dhaular lage chor ?

Eight *mainâs*, ten *mainâs*, a peacock at every window.

So many witnesses, parrot: why has a thief entered the palace?

Then the parrot said, "O Râjâ, the Rânî has killed the *mainâ* and I only escaped after many devices and stratagems."

When he heard this, Râjâ Rasâlû fastened his cooking spit in his girdle and mounted his horse, for when he went shooting he always took two spits with him. On one he cooked his own food which he had killed, and on the other the Rânî cooked hers.

As he was journeying home, he passed Mârgalâ, and neared Sang Jâne,† and then his horse got so tired that he could hardly crawl. So the Râjâ said to his horse, "O Bhaur 'Irâqî, you used to fly along like a bird, and now when my enemy has come you have become lazy and crawl along." And the horse replied—

Andarûnâ toriâ aḍiân, Râjâ : mere tan te choṭ na mâr.

Jis roz tú janamiâ, merî Lakhî sûtî mae.

Je tú bhoire paliâ, main badhon uthe jae.

Je tú nikaliâ haiñ bahir, main dar par khalâ ae.

Je tú charion merî pîṭh par nahîn ditiî bûrî hâr.

Jinhân eh shohgandlân toriân, kadîn sir bhî desûn chae.

* *Acacia Arabica*: called also *babûl*.

† The Mârgalâ Pass: Sang Jâne is a village near the Pass. The place is close by the site of the memorable struggle between Mahmûd of Ghazni and Pirthî Râj on the Chach plains.

Thy spurring breaks my heart, Râjâ; injure not my body.
The day thou wert born, my mother Lakhî brought me
forth.

When thou wert brought up in the cellar, I was fastened
there.

When thou didst come outside, I stood at the door.

When thou didst mount me the stakes were never lost.

They have broken their oaths, some day I shall lose my
head.

Then Bhauîr 'Irâqî, the horse, thinking his master to be really
in need of him, went cheerfully, and Râjâ Rasâlû reached his
palace in the Murtî Hills. There, too, he found Râjâ Hođî.

A flight of sixty steps led down from the palace, and Râjâ
Hođî descended thirty of them, and Râjâ Rasâlû called out to
him from below.

“O mine enemy, strike me first, and I will see what I can do
afterwards.”

But Râjâ Hođî replied, “It is not right that I strike you first.”

“Shoot at me first with your arrow,” said Râjâ Rasâlû, “and
I will shoot afterwards. And we will shoot alternately thus.”

So Râjâ Hođî shot an arrow at Râjâ Rasâlû, but Râjâ Rasâlû
parried it and cut it in half with his sword. Then Râjâ Hođî
got ready another arrow, and Râjâ Rasâlû called out,

“I said you were to shoot *the first* arrow, and you are pre-
paring another. Very well, shoot on, and no further desire can
remain to you.”

And Râjâ Hođî shot another arrow, but Râjâ Rasâlû put it
aside with his shield, and then he took an arrow from his
quiver to aim at Râjâ Hođî, while Râjâ Hođî got ready a
third arrow. So Râjâ Rasâlû said—

Pahilî kânî mâriâ, Râjâ, Khudâ lâ bachâe :

Dusvî kânî mâriâ, main gaviâ hûn khisiâe :

Tîsrî kânî sâdhiâ, sachê sât lage âe.

Thou didst shoot the first arrow, Râjâ, and God saved me:

Thou didst shoot a second and I was vexed.

Thou hast got ready a third and my good luck has come.

As he spoke Râjâ Hodî's bow broke in half, and he said to Râjâ Rasâlû—

Thuman nezâ merâ ghar rahâ, Râjâ: ghar rahâ talwâr.

Sau pag wich sardâr hûn: bhûî haiñ ham char.

Âj roz tum mu'âf karo, phir na ûûñ tere dwâr.

My standard is at home, Râjâ: my sword, too, is at home.

I am head of a hundred clans: we are four brothers.

Forgive me to-day and I will come to thy doors no more.

Then said Râjâ Rasâlû, "You wretch, have you come on such an evil errand and have brought nothing to fight with? I will only shoot at you with this little arrow,—be careful that it does not hurt you! And then you can be master of the arrow and everything else for that matter, for I will leave this place for ever."

And with that he shot the arrow at Râjâ Hodî, who fell senseless, and Râjâ Rasâlû tore out his heart with his hands and stuck it on the spit which had no meat on it. For his own spit had meat on it, but the Râñî's was empty. He took both spits to Râñî Kokilân into the palace, and the Râñî asked him "what makes my lord so pleased to-day?"

And the Râjâ said, "Let us have a great feast. We have hitherto roasted each his own food on his own spit, but to-day I will roast your food and you must roast mine." And saying this he gave the Râñî the spit with venison on it and the Râjâ's heart he put on the spit he had kept for himself. When the roasting was over they exchanged meat and began to eat, and before the Râñî had finished her food she said, "How very good the meat is to-day!" and the Râjâ replied—

Jiñdian maujân mâniân, Râñî: mûiân khadye mäs.

Jinhân nâl jo maujân mâniân, un ke gosht kyûñ na dewe suwâd?

Living thou didst enjoy him, Râñî: dead thou hast eaten his flesh.

Why shouldst thou not relish his flesh who did enjoy thee?

The Râñî threw down the remainder of the meat quickly, and said, "What are you saying?"

Then the Râjâ took her by the hand to the corpse of Râjâ Hođî, and when the Rânî saw it she at first denied all knowledge of it, but at last she said—

Râjâ, baiṭhiân desî mihniân aur khaliân desî gâl :

Jinhân dâ sânuân mihnân hai, marnâ asûn bhî unhân de nâl.

Râjâ, sitting he will reproach me : standing he will abuse me. I, too, must die with him who is my reproach.

And saying this Rânî Kokilân leapt down the palace wall and was sorely wounded. The Râjâ picked up the wounded Rânî, and tied her on to one side of Râjâ Hođî's horse, and the corpse of the Râjâ he tied on to the other side, and sent it away to Aṭak, to Râjâ Hođî's country. And thus the adventures ended.

After this Râjâ Rasâlû set out from Mûrat to Siâlkot, and here it was that a Jhînwar* took the Rânî Kokilân to wife and cured her wounds. And here, too, after a while she bore him three sons, from whom are sprung the three Jhînwar Gots, who dwell there to the present day, viz., Sabîr, Gabîr, and Sîr.†

* The carrying caste: especially of the "bheestic" (*bahishti*) or water-carrying class.

† It would be very interesting and valuable to try and find if these clans really exist, and what legends they have of their own origin.

No. II.

SAKHÎ SARWAR AND DÂNÎ JATŢĪ, AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHĪ IN FIROZPŪR FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL IN 1879.

[This is quite a modern legend, for the present writer has conversed with the *lambardâr* or headman of the village of Lândeke, in the Firozpur District, who claimed to be the son of the boy whom Sarwar raised from the dead for Dâni. He was a Siddhâ Jatt. The author or composer of the legend as recorded is said to have been one Nihâlâ, a Bhaṛâin, or professional singer in honour of Sakhî Sarwar. Sayyid Aḥmad Sakhî Sarwar Sultân Lakh-dâtâ, usually known as Sarwar, or Sakhî Sârwar, is the most popular modern Saint of the Panjâb. He is a typical saint and belongs to that class of ascetics which came over and settled in the neighbourhood of Multân in the 11th and 12th centuries A. D. Sarwar himself probably flourished later, sometime in the 13th Century. His shrine is at Nigâhâ at the foot of the Sulimân mountains and at the entrance of the Sakhî Sarwar Pass in the Derâ Ghâzî Khân District, a spot eminently calculated to foster an austere life, as it is "the last place that any one, who in the least regarded his personal comfort, would choose as an abode." A crowded fair is held there every Baisâkh (April-May) attended by all sorts and classes of Panjâbis, Hindûs, Musalmâns and others. The shrine is kept up by hereditary *mujâwirs*, or attendants, and by wandering *bhaṛâins*, or bards, who sing the Saint's praises and collect pilgrims from all parts. Besides the above places Sarwar is personally connected with several others in the Lâhor, Gujrânwâlâ and Gujrât Districts.]

TEXT.

SAKHÎ SARWAR DÂ MO'JIZA DÂNÎ JATŢĪ DE NÂL.

Sabh taufiqân Sâin Sachche!

•Jumliân de Rabb paṛde kajje!

Jo kujh châhe so î kardâ;

Lore kaun hatâiâ?

5 Âpe dendâ, âpe lendâ;

Sâhib Dâtâ sakal jîân dâ:

Ik lakh kaî chaurâsî jûnâ

Maulâ rizaq puchâiâ!

Parbat andar Sarwar wasse,

- 10 Farzandān de dān bigasse,
 Anhe koṛhī change kardā ;
 Lagge dard gawāiā.
 (Agge) Qaumān de vich haiñ sən zātūn :
 Sikhān sevakān baniā nātā,
- 15 Dhuron dargāhon hunde āe ;
 Lore karn hatāiā ?
 Bārān warhe viāhī nūn guzre,
 Dānī Pīr manāiā.
 Dānī nūn Rabb betā dittā,
- 20 Sewadār Pīrān dā kitā :
 Kutṭe chūrmā kare tayyārī
 Dānī shēkh sadāiā.

Jad shekh ne āke solhe gāe, tad Dānī de khāvind nūn,
 jo Gurū Nānak dā sewak sī, bāhar khūn utte khawwar hoī ;
 usse vele ghar nūn āiā, te Dānī utte bahot ghusse hoī, te
 boliā.

- “ Murke is dā nā nahīn lenā.”
 Dānī nūn samjhāiā :
- 25 Dānī nūn phar andar dittā
 Būhe vich dhamkhāiā :
 Andar dittī kare āwāzān,
 “ Sun, Pīrā, meriān faryādān ;
 “ Tūn sām̄bh payāndi rakhnā hī lājān.”
- 30 Bhairūn Chhariā Sarwar Pīrā
 Chhētī nāl ghalāiā.
 Bhairūn Chhariā chhetī wagge ;
 Sutte ān jagāe sabhe ;
 Dewar, jeth, qabilā sārā
- 35 Chharie pakar dabāiā
 Din charhiā, sab rāt guzrī,
 Sabhe baiṭhe le jo 'uzrī ;
 Din charhde nāl kiti tayyārī,
 Ghio guṛ turt mangāiā.
- 40 Pinnīān karke pāiān palle,
 Dānī, Karmā, tinne challe.

"Ralko tussâi Pîr Bhâi jânâi,"
 Qabile samjhâiâ.
 Vidiâ ho gharân thin challe,
 45 Kharchî karke pâi palle,
 Shahr Gurû de derâ hoiâ
 Kîtâ sang utârâ.
 Khair kamâwan, bolan mitthâ !
 Dâyam nûr Nigâhe dittâ,
 50 Do do la'l milan sabhân nûn
 Sarwar de darbârâ !
 Wajan dhol te ghulan damâme,
 Sarwar mere de shadiâne,
 Sang pohte jâ Multâne,
 55 Sarwar de darbârâ.

Jad Multân pahunche, tad Dâni ne, jo oh ne waddî waddî
 changî chhî te hor changiân chizân vekhîân, tad jî vich kihâ,
 ke "jekar tohfe wângar ehnân vichon kujh shai mul lekar
 main apne watan nûn lejâwân te apne sahelîân nûn dewân
 tân ohnân dâ dil waddâ râzî howegâ; par kî karân? Mere
 kol sabh, ikkî moharân haiñ, wâste niâz Sakhî Sarwar te
 zarûrî kharch safar de haiñ. Ik tadbîr zarûr ho sakdî hai,
 ke jekar ehnân ikkî moharân vichon, jo main Sakhî Sarwar de
 wâste le âi hân, addhî moharân apne kol rakh leân, tañ apne
 sahelîân te sâkân de wâste dhoe mul leke jâwân." Is wâste os
 ne eh badniyat kîti, te Sakhî Sarwar ne oh nûn be-îmân
 samihâ.

Pîrân dâ kujh ôrak nahîn,
 Âpo apnâ sâyâ.
 Ghaunâ Bahâu'ddîn, Shâh kul 'âlam,
 Ziârat kardâ sârâ 'âlam,
 60 Ziârat karke karan rasof
 Chhapretî chhapar lâiâ.
 Tirmû langhe Siddh Rajâ dî;
 Sangân utte Sarwar râjî;
 Hâjî Khânion gae Wadâware
 65 Dhond Pîr manâiâ.

Jad Dānī Tirmū Daryā de pār langhī, tad Sakhī Sarwar ne azmāne wāste (oh Dānī nūn pahle vī jāndā sī, ke isne sādē niāz vichon addhā rakh len dī niyat karke be-īmān ho chukkī hai) apne Wazīr Bhairūn Jatī nūn Dānī de kol Brāhmaṇ dī sūrat banāke ghallīā, te os ne jāke Dānī de kol kujh kharāt dene dī 'araz kītī, par Dānī oh nūn jhunjhlāke bolī, ke "main sārī rāste vich tuhāde logān de sawālān ton luṭṭ gaī hān: koī Brāhmaṇ banke āwandā hai, koī Sayyid banke āwandā hai; main nahīn jāndī aine Brāhmaṇ te Sayyid is bhukkī zamīn utte kitthon ā gae hain. Hun main kissī nūn ik kaudī vī nā deāngī." Jekar Bhairūn Jatī ne bahot khushāmad te minnat kītī, par Dānī ne oh nūn kujh na dittā, te mor diṭṭā. Pher Sakhī Sarwar āp Sayyid dī shakal banke Dānī de kol gae, oh nūn vī ohjihā jawāb miliā jihohihā Bhairūn Jatī nūn. Ehnān batān ton nārāz hoke Sakhī Sarwar ne oh de larke nūn jān ton mār diṭṭā. Eh dā zikar agle gīt vich āvegā.

- Âyyâ Dhodē dī chankaṇḍī,
 Jitthe sewakān shakar waṇḍī ;
 Lā 'adālat Dhodā bainḍhā,
 Lakh dā wajjon sunwāiā.
 70 Âyyâ Rāne dīān Bērf,
 Jitthe sarwar Kakkī pherī,
 Ikne sutte, ikne baiṭhe,
 Iknā Rabb dhyāiā.
 Chheh gharfān shab rāt guzrī
 75 Maullā Wahī ghalāiā.
 Larke nūn pakar Wahī dabāve :
 Larke jusse talkhī āve,
 Uṭṭh khilotī mān vilāve :
 Chhētī de nāl uṭṭhī Dānī,
 80 Larkā mumme pāiā.
 Dānī dīān do dastān vichon
 Larkā hī kungrāiā.
 Jandon ṭurke chashme āwan,
 Karkar khushfān sewak nhāwan :
 85 Pakar kināre goshe Dānī
 Larkā jā nhawāiā.

Jad Dâni ne vekh lîâ, ke larķâ mar gîâ hai, pher os ne eh gall mashhûr na karnî châhî, kyûnke os ne khiâl kîtâ, "Jekar eh gall mere gharwâle te dîje sâkân ângân nûn malûm hovêgî, tân oh bahot ghusse honge, to merâ burâ hâl karânge, kyûnke ese larķe de jamman dî khrushî nâl mainî âi, te edî dûr dâ safar kîtâ, te apne gharwâle te sâkân ângân nûn nâl le âi hân. Te hun eh larķâ mar gîâ hai, eh gall zarûr hai, jadoñ eh khawwar merâ gharwâle te sâk âng sunânge, tân oh safar dî taklîf nâhaqq uṭhânc de sabab bahot ghusse hongē, te Sakhî Sarwar nûn jhûṭhâ jânange, te mainûn bahot âhmaq jânke mârânge." Is lîe Dâni ne larķe de maran dî khawwar kissî nûn na dîtṭî, te âp alâg ik kone vich jâke nhâte te larķe nûn dikhâwan wâste nha-wâiâ, te os nûn kapre nâl kaj dîtṭâ. Jadoñ nhâ dhoke vehlî hoî tadoñ oh de khândân de shekh ne âke âkhiâ, "mainî muddat ton tuhâde khândân dâ do'âgo hân, te mere kol koî gân nahîn hai; es karke mere larķe bâle dudh dahîn te ghio nahîn pâ sakde. Mainî barâ lâchâr hân, es karke 'arz kardâ hân, ke tûn mainî nûn ik gân bakhsh dē." Tad Dâni ne jawâb dîtṭâ, ke "jadoñ merî murâd pûrî ho jaêgî, tadoñ siwâ gâr de tainûn mahîn dewângî inâm karke." Tad Shekh ne âkhiâ "Hun kî murâd terî bâqî hai? Rizaq tuhâde ghar agge hai, te larķâ bhî jo tû mangîâ sî, oh Sakhî Sarwar ne tainûn bakhshiâ." Eh sunke Dâni chup ho rahî, kyûnke oh dardî sî, ke larķe de maran dî gall munhoñ na nikal jâve. Tad Dâni ne jâke âkhiâ.

Rauze dî eh bhallî 'imârat,
 Khalqat âve terî ziârat,
 Us sewak dâ wajjoñ likhâve
 Jis ne eh banwâiâ.

90 Sang jo jândâ pahlî wârî
 Sarwar bahndâ ho bapârî
 Hîre, motî, la'al, jawâhir,
 Pîr bazâr lagâiâ.

Jad darbâr vich bahot râṭ guzar gai, tad log apne apne ghar nûn challe gae: par Dâni darbâr de ik kone vich chhip gai, te mujâwir, eh jânke ke hun darbâr vich koî nahîn, darwâzâ darbar dâ band karke challâ gîâ. Dâni ne jadoñ vekhiâ ke hun darbâr

vich koī nahīn te darwāzâ bhī darbār dâ band hai, tad darbār
de vich âke baiṭh gai te bolī.

95 Larke nūn pawândī pāe,
Sarwar agge 'arzī likhāe ;
Bare pawāre Sarwar jitte :
Sunne andar pāiā.

Dānī.

100 Tu sun, Zainu'l-'ābadīn de jāe ;
Sikhān de ghar assī viāhe ;
Sikh sâware puttār parāe :
Dāman terā pharke āe,
Ethe de jawāb khilotoñ,
Agge kaun langhāiā ?

Sarwar.

105 Agge 'amal langhāwan chokhe :
Khariān nāl na ralde khote.
Bēlā hove main kṛ gawāwān ;
Moiā kiā jawāiā !

Dānī.

110 Raho, Pīrā ! kyūn karwāe arṭiān ?
Sukhiān bārān karwāe hariān :
Poh mahīne mahān siāle
Wan tan mewā lāiā !

Sarwar.

115 Jitne jangal de wasninde
Ralke 'arz kītī Pīrān de ;
Rabb ohnān dī sun bintī.
Wan tan mewā lāiā.

Dānī.

120 Dānī ākhī, sun, arbele ;
Fuqrān khāde aiyar chhele ;
Sābit kar māvān nūn mele :
Siriān, khuriān, khallān andar
Kin sī rūh pawāiā ?

Sarwar.

Tin sai saṭh malang Allâh dâ:
 Othe nahîn sî qadam asâdâ;
 Ân faqîrân kîte na'are:
 Sâhib ne sun pâiâ.

Dâni.

- 125 Sabhân waḍḍe, tûn, Pîr, chhotâ ?
 Tere jihâ koî na khotâ !
 Hîla bâlâ das asâ nûn,
 Lore kyûn parchâiâ ?

Te Dâni bolî, “ Nâmâ Chhîmbâ, jo ik kamîn zât dâ sî, oh de kappriân dî paṇḍ dî ṭhokar nâl gân mar gaî sî, te os ne gân nûn pher zindâ kîtâ. Te Dhanne Jaṭṭ ne pattar vichon Ṭhâkur dâ darshan kîtâ. Kyâ âp ehøjeh âdmîân de barâbar nahîn? ”
 Tad Sakhî Sarwar ne jawâb diṭṭâ.

- 130 Nâmâ Chhîmbâ Bâdshâh phaṛiâ ;
 Mâran nûn oh bâhar turîâ ;
 Dâniâ pâni sî oh dâ laria : *
 Gâo jawâi ; tân oh bachiâ.
 Nahîn sî dard vich âiâ.
 Dhanne Bhagat dî pâk kamâi,
 135 Mûi Nâme gâo jawâi :
 Poh mahîne mahân siâle
 Sattar wârî nhâiâ ;
 Bâdshâh de darwâze agge
 Wachhâ chaḍḍ chunghâiâ

Ehnân kahke Hazrat ne apne wazu de pâni dâ chhattâ Dâni utte mâriâ. Oh be-hosh ho gaî, te âp Sakhî Sarwar suboh dî namâz vich lage.

- 140 Sarwar de man mihar jo bhâni,
 Pher giâ dargâh Rabbânî :
 Allah agge 'arzîân kardâ,
 “ Tûnhîn Bakhshanhârâ.”

Eh áyat parhí “ wat 'izz-i-man toshá: wat zill-i-man toshá. Jekar lar̄ká na jîviân tân maiñ nûñ zillat hovegí, te jekar jî piâ tân merí 'izzat hovegí.”

Allah mere dá farmâiâ ;
 145 Oh farishta jhabb ghalâiâ :
 Lar̄ke andar jân jo paindî
 Lar̄ká khedanharâ.

Jad mujâwir suboh Sakhî Sarwar de darbâr dâ darwâzâ kholiâ, tân Dâñí apné behoshí toñ hoshiâr hôî, te khauf de mâre, ko mujâwir eh nûñ kuh baiṭhe, ke “ rât nûñ darbâr kyûñ rahí sí ? te bâhar kyûñ na gai ? ” chup cháp dūje raste toñ bâhar bhajj gai. Os nûñ eh khawwar hôî, ke merâ lar̄ká jî piâ hai. Jad mujâwir andar âiâ, tân os ne vekhiâ, ke ik bachâ khed rihâ hai: os nûñ god vich lai ke âwâz dittê, ke “ rât nûñ kidhâ lar̄ká darbâr vich rah gaiâ sí ? ” Dâñí âwâz sunke jhattê âi te bolí “ merâ mun-dâ hai.” Tad mujâwir ne âkhiâ.

Mujâwir.

Tûñ sun, bholí te diwâní !
 Lar̄ke dí kujh das nishâní !

Dâñí.

150 Kanní mundarân te tor tarâgí,
 Kanní syonewâliân.
 Khushí nâl murâdân dinnân haiñ,
 Tûñ Pîr Nigâhewâliâ !

Jad Dâñí apne lar̄ke pattâ nishân dittâ. tân os nûñ mujâwir ne lar̄ká de dittâ.

Dâñí de log hõe udâle,
 155 Dâñí log puchanwâle ;
 “ Hâl haqíqat das asâ nûñ,
 Kí wartiâ wartâiâ ? ”

Dâñí.

“ Jis din sâñ maiñ Bêrî âi
 Rabb hazûr bulâiâ.
 160 Kharchí dindí wand, jî:
 Sir sadgâ farzand, jî.
 Dhan, kamâñ, Sarwar. terí !
 163 Tûñ mâwân puttâr milâiâ ! ”

TRANSLATION.*

SAKHÎ SARWAR'S MIRACLE WITH DÂNÎ, THE JATT WOMAN.

True Master of all power !

May the God of (us) all throw a curtain (over our sins) !

(He that) doeth whatever he listeth ;

Who hath thwarted his desire ?

5 He giveth and He taketh away ;

Master and Giver of all life :

In the *lâkh* and some eight-four lives †

God hath given sustenance !

Sarwar dwelt in the mountains,

10 And gave sons in charity,

Making whole the blind and leprous ;

If there was pain, he put it away.

(Next). ' There are a hundred castes in the Tribes :

He joined follower and follower ‡ together :

15 As they used to be from the beginning.

Who hath thwarted his desire !

Twelve years of wedded-life had passed,

And Dâni prayed to the Saint.

God gave Dâni a son,

20 And made him a follower of Saints :

Making ready a thank-offering

Dâni called a bard (of Sarwar).

When the bard came he sang his song, and news of it reached Dâni's husband who was a follower of Gurû Nânak, while he was (working) at his well outside. He came home at once and was very angry with Dâni and said—

“Thou shalt not take this one's name again.”

And he threatened Dâni :

25 He took Dâni and thrust her inside

And threatened her at the threshold.

* A metrical version of this tale appeared in the *Calcutta Review* for 1881 by the author.

† *I.e.* in the transmigration of souls: an idiom. Should be 84 *lâkhs* of lives.

‡ *I.e.* followers of one kind of saint to those of another.

- Thrust inside she cried aloud,
 "O Saint, listen to my complaint.
 Thou shouldst preserve the honour of thy follower."
- 30 Bhairūn, * the Dread, (to her) Sarwar, the Saint,
 Sent immediately.
 Bhairūn, the Dread, came forthwith;
 Came and awakened all the sleepers :
 The younger and the elder brother, and the whole
 household
- 35 The Dread One seized and harried.
 The day broke, all the night had passed,
 They all sat down and made excuses :
 At break of day she made preparations,
 And sent quickly for sugar and *ghī*.
- 40 Making dried-cakes she tied them in their clothes :
 Dānī and Karmā and the three† went off.
 "Go you together to the Holy Saint,"
 Said the household.
 Taking their leave they went from their home,
- 45 Making food-for-the-way they tied it in their clothes,
 And encamped in the city of the Gurā,‡
 And sojourned together.
 Act uprightly, speak sweetly !
 The light of Nigāhā§ hath ever shone !
- 50 May two sons each be granted to all
 At Sarwar's shrine !
 Beating drums and sounding timbrels (?)
 The drums of my (Lord) Sarwar.
 Going together they reached Multān, (near)
- 55 The shrine of Sarwar.
 When they reached Multān, Dānī, seeing (there) very beautiful
 clothes and other excellent things, said to herself, "If I

* *I.e.* Bhairava, a form of Siva. Treated always as Sarwar's messenger!

† Dānī, Karmā her husband and Dharmā his brother.

‡ Jhandiālā, the City of "Gurā" Handāl, in the Amritsar District.

§ Sarwar's shrine.

buy something of wonderful things like these and take them home and give them to my companions they will be very pleased in their hearts. But what can I do? I have (but) 21 gold-pieces all-told for the offering to Sakhî Sarwar and the necessary expenses of the way. One plan is certainly possible. Suppose I keep back from these 21 gold-pieces which I have brought for Sakhî Sarwar, half of them, then can I buy presents for my companions and relations." So she acted with an evil intent, and Sakhî Sarwar considered her to be dishonourable.

There is no fathoming of the Saints :

They are their own glory (shadow).

Ghauṣ Bahâu'ddîn,* Saint of the whole world,

(Whom) the whole world worships,

60 They worshipped, and cooked (their food)

And planted their flag and halted.

They crossed the Trimmû at Royal Siddhû :

And Sarwar was pleased with the pilgrims.

From Hâjî Khân they went to Waḍâwar (Vaḍor)

65 And worshipped Saint Dhodâ.†

When Dâñî had crossed the Trimmû River, Sakhî Sarwar to try her, (for he knew from the first that Dâñî had kept back half of her offering for some purpose of her own, and had already become dishonourable) sent his minister Bhairûñ, the Holy, to Dâñî disguised as a Brâhman. And he going to Dâñî begged alms, but Dâñî being vexed at him said, "All the way I have been robbed by the begging of you people. Some come got up as Brâhman and others got up as Sayyids. I don't know whence so many Brâhman and Sayyids have come to this hungry land. And now I will not give even a cowry to any one." Though Bhairûñ, the Holy, flattered and besought her much, still Dâñî gave him nothing and pushed him away. Then Sakhî Sarwar went himself to Dâñî disguised as

* The great Saint of Multân. Shekh Bahâ'uddin Zakaria who flourished 1170-1266 A.D.

† Sarwar's brother. He is buried at Baghdâd, but has a shrine at Vaḍor.

a Sayyid, and he got the same answer as Bhairûtî, the Holy. Being displeased at these things Sakhî Sarwar slew her son as the coming song will relate.

- They came to Dhodâ's shrine,
 Where the pilgrims distributed sugar (in alms) ;
 (There) Dhodâ sits holding court
 Hearing the prayers (voices) of thousands.
- 70 They came to Rânâ's Tree,*
 Where Sarwar caracoled (his mare) Kakkî :
 Some were sleeping, some were sitting,
 Some meditated on God.
- Six hours of the night had passed,
 75 God sent the Angel of Death.
 The Angel of Death seized and harried the boy :
 Distress came upon the boy's body,
 And his mother got up and coaxed him :
 Quickly got up Dâni
- 80 And gave the boy her breast
 From between Dâni's two hands
 The boy fell dead.
- Leaving the *janâ* trees† early they came to the springs,
 And the pilgrims washed with joy :
- 85 Going to a corner by the bank Dâni
 Went and washed her boy.

When Dâni saw that the boy was dead she did not wish to let it be known, because she thought that if it became known to her husband and her kith and kin they would become very angry and make it wretched for her, as she had come (to Nigâhâ) from joy at the birth of the boy, and had journeyed thus far bringing her husband and kindred with her. And now that the child had died her husband and kindred were certain to become very angry if they should hear of it, because of taking all the trouble of the journey for nothing, and would think that Sakhî Sarwar was false, and would beat her for being a great fool. So Dâni told no one of the death of the boy, and going

* Rânâ, the son of Sarwar. The tree was a *ber*, *zizyphus jujuba*.

† The same as the *ber*.

apart into a corner bathed herself and bathed the child too, just for show, and wrapped it up in her clothes. When the washing and bathing was over the bard of her family came to her and said, "I have been a servant in your family for a long while, and I have no cow, so my children can get neither milk, nor curds, nor *ghí*. I am in great straits, and so I make you my petition to grant me a cow." Then answered Dâñî, "When my desire shall be fulfilled, then I will give you a buffalo* instead of a cow as a present." Then answered the bard, "What desire is left you? Plenty is in your house, and the son you wanted Sakhî Sarwar has granted you." When she heard this Dâñî held her peace as she feared to let the news of her son's death pass her lips.

Then Dâñî went (to Sarwar) and said—

(In) this beautiful building and dome

The people come to worship thee,

That the praises of that follower† may be recorded

90 Who built it.

(To) the pilgrims who go for the first time,

Sarwar sitting and becoming a trader,

Diamonds, pearls, rubies, jewels

Hath the Saint offered in trade.

When much of the night had been passed in praying, the people went off to their own homes, but Dâñî hid herself in a corner of the shrine, and the attendant, thinking that there was now no one in the shrine, shut the door and went away. When Dâñî saw that there was now no one in the shrine, and that the door of the shrine was shut, she went into it and sat down and spoke to him—

95 She placed the boy at his feet

And addressed her petition to Sarwar :

Great victories hath Sarwar gained :

She placed (the boy) inside in an empty place.

* The buffalo being preferable as supplying more milk.

† 'Īsâ Bâniyâ in the time of the Emperor Aurangzeb.

Dānī.

- Listen, thou son of Zainu-'l-'âbadīn :*
 100 I married into a Sikh's house ;
 My husband's family are Sikhs and strangers' children :
 Seizing thy skirt I am come,
 If in this thou disappoint me
 Who will support me in future ?

Sarwar.

- 105 In the future good deeds will bring salvation,
 The bad cannot mix with the good.
 If it be a pain (colic) I can cure it ;
 (But) who hath restored the dead to life ?

Dānī.

- Hold, Saint ! why dost vex (me) ?
 110 Thou didst make the dry forest green :
 In the coldest month of January.
 The *wan* † tree brought forth fruit !

Sarwar.

- All the people of the forest
 Together made petition to the Saints ;
 115 God heard their prayer :
 And the *wan* tree brought forth fruit.

Dānī.

- Said Dānī, " Listen, babbler ;
 The *faqīrs* ate the kids of the flock ;
 Made whole they were restored to their mothers :
 120 Into the heads and hoofs and skins
 Who had put the life ? "

Sarwar.

- They were three hundred and sixty men of God :
 No hand (foot) of mine was there ;
 Coming (together) the *faqīrs* made a prayer :
 125 God heard and granted it.

* Name of Sarwar's father.

† *Quercus incana* : bears fruit in July.

Dânî.

All (saints) are great, art thou, Saint, less (than they) ?

There is none false as thou ?

Show me some good plan ;

Why hast put away my desire ?

And Dâni said, " Nâmâ, the Dyer,* was of low caste. His cow died from a blow from his bundle of clothes, and he restored the cow to life. And Dhannâ, the Jatt,† made God himself to appear from the stone. What? art thou not equal to such men as these ?" Then answered Sarwar—

130 The king seized Nâmâ, the Dyer ;

He went outside to slay him ;

His bread and water were yet mixed :‡

He restored the cow to life and was saved,

Else he had been in trouble (pain) ;

135 The actions of Dhannâ Bhagat were holy.

Nâmâ restored the dead cow to life :

In the very cold month of January

He bathed seventy times :

Before the gate of the King

140 He loosed the calf and made him suckle.

Saying this the Saint sprinkled some of his own holy water over Dâni. She became insensible, and Sakhî Sarwar began himself to repeat the morning prayer.

When compassion entered into Sarwar's mind,

Then he went to the throne of God :

Before God he made his petition,

" Thou alone art the Giver of Gifts !"

And he made this quotation (from the Qurân !!), " My good report is with Thee and my evil report is with Thee. If the child does not live then will dishonour be to me, and if he live then will honour be to me."

* Nâmdev, the celebrated Bhagat and Poet.

† Dhannâ Bhagat, hero of a very popular tale.

‡ I.e. he had still to live : an idiom.

145 God, at my request,
 (He) sent that angel quickly :
 When life entered into the child
 The child began to play.

When the attendant in the morning opened the door of Sakhī Sarwar's shrine Dānī had recovered from her swoon. And through fear, lest the attendant should ask her why she had remained in the shrine all night and had not gone out, she ran away quietly by another way. But she knew that her child was alive again. When the attendant went inside he saw that a child was playing about. He took it up in his arms and called out, "Who left a boy in the shrine all night?" And Dānī, hearing the call, came at once and said, "The child is mine!" Then said the attendant—

Attendant.

 Listen, thou fool and idiot !
 150 Canst show me any marks of the child ?

Dānī.

Rings in his ears and crooked zone-of-silver-beads,
 Golden rings in his ears !
 Cheerfully hast thou granted my desires,
 Thou saint of Nigāhā.

When Dānī gave the signs and marks of the child the attendant delivered the child to her.

155 Dānī's friends became pressing ;
 Dānī's friends asked questions :
 " Tell us the whole truth,
 What chance hath happened ?"

Dānī.

160 The day we came to the *ber* tree,
 God called (my son) to his presence.
 I gave and distributed alms, sir ;
 A thank-offering for my son, sir.
 Good hath been thy deed, Sarwar,
 165 That brought the son to his mother !

No. III.

DHANNÂ, THE BHAGAT.

AS SUNG BY MÎRÂN BAKHSH AND GHUNNÂ, PROFESSIONAL SINGERS
OF THE DARBÂR SÂHIB OR GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR,
BEFORE THE AUTHOR IN 1880.

[Though Dhannâ is acknowledged to have been one of the Bhagats, and his story, as here told, is very popular and widely known, yet it appears to be almost hopeless to try and clear up the obscurity in which his historical existence is involved. He was a Jât cultivator and a follower of Râmânand, and as a few verses in the *Âdi Granth* are attributed to him, he must have flourished in the 15th Century.]

TEXT.

DHANNE DÂ SHABAD.

Tek.

Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh :
Dhanne dâ niche lâgâ neh :
Pâr-brahm, pûran, abnâshî,
Har se lâgâ neh.

I.

- 5 Dhannâ jangal gawwân châre,
Brâhmaṇ* niklio âe :
Nhâe, dhoe, pûjâ visthâre,
Baïṭha dhyân lagâe.
10 Dhannâ kahndâ, " Sun, Bhâî Dâdâ ;
Sâ nûn ví'bhagtî lâe."
Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

II.

Brâhmaṇ kahndâ, " Sun, Bhâî Dhanniâ !
Hun dî gharî guzâr.
Tain nûn Thâkur changâ dewân,

* The Bhagat Tarloch or Trilochan. His history is very obscure but he is supposed to have been a fellow countryman and contemporary of the famous Nâmdev, the Bhagat and Marâthâ poet, who was born at Pandharpûr in the Dakhan and flourished in the time of Sikandar Shâh Lodî (1488-1512).

15 Barâ koî muñiâr :
 Sabhnân dã piû ghar hai sãde.
 Tãn chal sãde nãl."
 Dhanne dã Har se lãgã neh : *etc.*

III.

20 Brãhmañ de ghar Dhannã áiã,
 " Dãdã, Thãkur deh."
 Dhunð-bhãl chauserã ditiã,
 " Dhanniã, Thãkur eh !
 Pahle bhet charhavãn main nũn ;
 Sufal hove tere se!"
 25 Dhanne dã Har se lãgã neh : *etc.*

IV.

Dhanne gãu laveri ditiã,
 Le Thãkur, bãhir áiã :
 Tobhe utte bhagat arambhã,
 Bhũrã sitti vichãã :
 30 Nhãe dhoe Thãkur bithlãã :
 Ghar se bhattã áiã.
 " Je tũn khãvũn, tãn main khãwãn."
 Dhanne dirchit lãã.
 Jãnanhãrã, Purakh Vidhãtã,
 35 Govind bhog lagãã.
 Dhanne dã Har se lãgã neh : *etc.*

V.

Kahio Nãrãyan, " Sun, Bhãl Dhanni ;
 Taiñ piã Har bhev"
 Kahio Nãrãyan, " Sun Bhãl Dhanniã ;
 40 Taiñ kinĩ merĩ sev.
 Pherãn halt,* kiãre khaddãn,
 Kam karesãn ev ;
 Gawwãn chãrãn, kam sawãrãn,
 Sabhe jãnãn bhev.
 45 Taiñ tãn main nũn tan man arpiã :
 Sufal hove terĩ sev."
 Dhanne dã Har se lãgã neh : *etc.*

* For *rahat*, a Persian wheel.

VI.

Har de kam hawâle karke
 Dhannâ ghar nûn âiâ :
 50 Aggon istrî puchehhan lâgf,
 " Bâhir kaun biṭhâiâ ?
 Khetî dâ kam kharâ ogharâ ;
 Kis bharoso âiâ ?"
 " Dâde asâ nâl changî kîṭî :
 55 Kâmâ bhalâ ralâiâ."
 Dhannê dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XII.

Dhannâ kahndâ, " Sun, Bhâṭ Dâdâ ;
 Ṭhâkur gawwân châre :
 Ghar de kam sawâre sâre,
 60 Asân koî na sâre :*
 Tere Ṭhâkur oh de kede ;
 Asân, Bhâṭ, mutiâre :
 Sâde Ṭhâkur raj raj khândâ ;
 Taiñ Ṭhâkur bukkhâ mâre !"
 65 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

VIII.

Brâhman kahndâ, " Sun, Bhâṭ Dhanniâ
 Taiñ pâiâ Har bhev : †
 Nische dorî Har se lâgf,
 Miliâ Naranjan Dev :
 70 Maiñ nûn darshan karâvîn, Dhanniâ ;
 Maiñ terâ gur-dev."
 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

IX.

Brâhman nûn lai bâhir âiâ :
 Shâm charâe gâeñ.
 75 " Oh vekh, Dâdâ, gwal-maṇḍa
 Sabhe kam karâeñ."

* For *sawâre*.† For *bhed*.

Dhanne nûn Har nazrî âiâ ;
 Brâhman nûn disdâ nâhîn.
 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

x.

80 Brâhmaṇ kahndâ, "Sun, Bhâi Dhanniâ ;
 Maiñ nûn darshan karâñu ;
 Gurâijî udhâre sikh hazârâñ ;
 Sikh udhârâñ kañ.
 Maiñ vî hân waḍḍ bhâgî, Dhanniâ :
 85 Joṛ paiâ taiñ bânñhîn.
 Asûde tarfoñ bintî karke,
 Dhaïke pairî paññ."
 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

xi.

Dhanne dî Har madat hoïâ ;
 90 Jo âkhe, so manne :
 Bakaliân dî tñḍ chabâi ;
 Bhan chupâe ganne ;
 Roṭî utte sâg khawâiâ ;
 Chhâh piâi chhanne.
 95 "Mere gur ko darshan dîje ?"
 Kûk sunâiâ kanne.
 Dhanno dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

xii.

Dhannê kahndâ, "Suno, Nârâyañ ;
 Mere gur ko darshan dijo :
 100 Ehâ darshan deo, Nârâyañ ;
 Kirpâ karkar, rîjho."
 Kahio Nârâyañ, "Sun, Bhâi Dhanniâ ;
 Maiñ is nûn na dijûñ.
 Janam janam dâ kapṭî Brâhmaṇ,
 105 Karañ bhalle na kîjo :
 Sârî umar gañwâi eviñ ;
 Ajj hî nûñ man na bhijo."
 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XIII.

- 110 Kahio Nârâyan, "Sun, Bhât Dhanniâ ;
 Maini hân Krishn Murârî,
 Jo jo mere sarnî âiâ,
 Kyâ purakhâ, kyâ nârî ;
 Jinhân jinhân Parmeshar bhajjiâ,
 So prânî maini târî.
 115 Brâhman dî hamâyat waddî :
 Oh vî utregâ pârî."
 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

XIV.

- Dhanniâ kahndâ, "Suno, Nârâyan ;
 Prabal terî mâyâ :
 120 Jinhân nûn tûn âp waḍâvîi,
 Kaun bulâve râyâ ?"
 Parmânand sâdh dî sangat :
 Dhanne dhan kahâiâ.
 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh : *etc.*

Tek.

- 125 Dhanne dâ Har se lâgâ neh :
 Dhanne dâ nische lâgâ neh :
 Pâr-brahm, pûran, abnâshî,
 128 Har se lâgâ neh.

TRANSLATION.

THE SACRED SONG OF DHANNÂ.

Refrain.

Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari :
 Dhannâ's devotion was sincere :
 To the supreme, infinite and immortal
 Hari was his devotion.

I.

- 5 Dhannâ was grazing cows in the jungle
 (When) a Brâhman* came out of it :

* Said to have been Tarloch or Trilochan the Bhagat. The tale purports to relate the rebuke of Dhannâ to the Brâhman.

He bathed, washed, spread out his gods for worship,
 Sat down and began to meditate.
 Saith Dhannâ, "Listen, Friend Brâhman;
 10 Bring me also the saintship."
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

II.

Saith the Brâhman, "Listen, Friend Dhannâ!
 Wait now a little while.
 I will give thee a good God,
 15 Big and somewhat stout:
 The father of all (the gods) is my house.
 You come with me."
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

III.

Dhannâ came to the Brâhman's house,
 20 "Brâhman, give me the God."
 He searched about and gave him a four-*sér* weight
 (stone),
 "Dhannâ, this is the God!
 (But) first confer on me a gift
 That thou mayest succeed."
 25 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

IV.

Dhannâ gave him a milch cow,
 And taking his God, went outside:
 He commenced his worship at a pool,
 And spread out a blanket;
 30 Bathed, washed, and placed his God:
 His dinner * came from his house.
 (Said the God), "If you eat I will eat."
 Dhannâ plucked up his courage:
 (And) the Knower-of-hearts, the Creator of man,
 35 Gobind, fell to eating.
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari: *etc.*

* The day's food brought to husbandmen in the fields.

v.

Said Nârâyan* " Listen, Friend Dhannâ ;
You have found out Hari's secret."

Said Nârâyan, " Listen, Friend Dhannâ ;
40 You have done me service.

(So) I will drive your Persian-wheel, I will dig your
field,

Thus will I work ;

I will graze your cows, I will work carefully,
I know all the art.

45 As you have given yourself, body and soul, to me,
Your service shall be fruitful."

Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

vi.

Handing over the work to Hari,
Dhannâ went home :

50 Whereon his wife began questioning,
" Whom have you set (to work) outside ?

Field work is very difficult,

Confiding in whom have you come ?"

(Replied Dhannâ) " The Brâhman has done me a good
turn ;

55 And given me a good workman."

Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

vii.

Saith Dhannâ, " Listen, Friend Brâhman :
The God is grazing the cows :

He watches over all the house and work,

60 I look after nothing :

Your God is just as he was ;

Mine, Friend, is well-liking :

My God eats his fill ;

You are starving your God to death."

65 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

* Hari, Thâkur, Gobind, Nârâyan, Naranjan, Krishn, Murâri, and Shâm, are all names for the same God ; our word is Krishna usually.

VIII.

- Saith the Brâhman, " Listen, Friend Dhannâ,
 Thou hast found out Hari's secret :
 Thy sincere devotion* was to Hari,
 Naranjan, the God, hath met (thee) :
 70 Show him to me, Dhannâ ;
 I am thy priest."
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

IX.

- He took the Brâhman outside :
 Shâm† was grazing the cows.
 75 " Look at him, Brâhman, among the herd
 He is doing all the work."
 Dhannâ could see Hari ;
 He did not show himself to the Brâhman.
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

X.

- 80 Saith the Brâhman, " Listen, Friend Dhannâ ;
 Make him show himself to me :
 The *Gurûs* have saved thousands of followers.
 I (too) would save some followers.
 I also am very fortunate, Dhannâ,
 85 In that I have consorted with you.
 Praying on my behalf ;
 Fall at his feet.
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

XI.

- Hari was the helper of Dhannâ ;
 90 As he said, so he obeyed :
 He ground for him pots of boiled millet ;
 Plucked him sugar-cane to chew ;
 Gave him a relish (greens) to his bread,
 And butter-milk in a brass cup to drink.
 95 " Be pleased to show thyself to my priest ?"
 He called out to him with a loud voice.
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

* Literally, String, rope, cord.

† Sanskrit, Śyâma.

XII.

- Saith Dhannâ, " Listen, Nârâyaṇ ;
 Be pleased to show thyself to my priest :
 100 So show thyself, Nârâyaṇ,
 That thy kindness be pleasing to thee."
 Said Nârâyaṇ, " Listen, Friend Dhannâ ;
 I will not show myself to him.
 In life after life hath the Brâhmaṇ been deceitful,
 105 He hath done no good work :
 All his life hath passed thus :
 To this very day is his mind not upright."*
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

XIII.

- Said Nârâyaṇ, " Listen, Friend Dhannâ ;
 110 I am Krishṇ Murâri,
 Those who give me adoration,
 Whether men or women ;
 Those who repeat (the name) of the Supreme God,
 I bring to salvation.
 115 The Brâhmaṇ (too) is under good patronage ;
 He too shall cross over (to salvation)."
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

XIV.

- Saith Dhannâ, " Listen Nârâyaṇ ;
 Thy (power of) fascination is very great :
 120 They whom thou thyself exaltest
 Who shall call a mustard-seed, (of no account) ?"
 The company of holy men is most blessed :
 Dhannâ hath well said.
 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari : *etc.*

Refrain.

- 125 Dhannâ's devotion was to Hari :
 Dhannâ's devotion was sincere :
 To the supreme, infinite and immortal
 128 Hari was his devotion.

No. IV.

THREE FRAGMENTS ABOUT SARWAR,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI AT FIROZPŪR FROM THE LIPS
OF THE LOCAL BIRĀINS OR BARDS, FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL, IN 1879.

[These fragments, given originally as the whole tale of Sakhi Sarwar (?), are very useful and valuable in filling up gaps and explaining obscure points in more elaborate legends.]

TEXT.

SAKHĪ SARWAR DE GĀWAN.

I.

- Sarwar jammiâ, hoiâ shâdî,
Agge râzi hoiâ Zainn'l-'âbdîn :
Pirân de man-shâdiân ;
Shadiâne wajwâe.
- 5 Lâiq hoiâ, 'ilm wachâre ;
Parhiâ 'ilm kitâbân châre.
Mâi 'Aesha de farzandâ
Mehnat utte dil dhariâ.
Mehnat kardâ walî Allah dâ
- 10 Ayyar picchhe chhiriâ.
Ayyar châre atte parhe Qurân.
Majlisân pirân dâ ahsîn :
'Aesha eh kamâi kitî :
Bakhshish oh nûn miliâ.
- 15 Vich wanân pîr chhachhâ châre ;
Rozâ, khair, namâz guzâre :
Sarwar khorân sânjh rachât ;
Nadî kinâre kanak bijwât :
Râkhâ jâ khalâriâ khorân ;
- 20 Nazar sher de charhiâ.
Dûji wârî Sarwar âi :
Dhan, tû jâiâ 'Aesha Mâi !
Khetar de vich jâ khilôtâ,
Sarwar ghar thîi tûriâ.

- 25 Âke sheṛ kalilân khâve,
 Sarwar utte ghûrî pâve :
 Agge Sarwar namâz parhdâ,
 Pakar khandâ mâriâ.
 Sarwar, mere utte pagar âe !
- 30 Sher jehc tûn, Pîr, mâr gawâe !
 Bâdshâh lâggî turt ghalâe ;
 Kan pûchhal doveñ waddh le âe.
 (Âbî âkhe Sanhâ)* “ Pîrân dâ karâh karâe ! ”
 Ghanûn Pathân bakhsh bakhshân.
- 35 Sarwar râzî kitâ.
 Is Pathân karâmât dekhkar,
 Ghorâ, jorâ, poshâk dittâ.
 Fuqrân sawâl Khudâ dâ pâiâ :
 Sarwar ghorâ dast pharâiâ,
- 40 Kapur pâṛ kitiân lirân,
 Langoṭî paimûn kariâ.
 Dûtiân jáke chughlî khâf ;
 Ghanûn Pathân barât mangwâf.
 Ûpar ghorâ Sarwar ândâ ;
- 45 Dekhkar Pathân hoiâ dil mândâ.
 Ik fuqrân jullî pâf,
 Sâhib agge faryâd sunâf :
 Eh ghorâ jorâ ’arshon âiâ ;
 Ân hawâle kariâ.
- 50 “ Kyâ teri qudrat, Ghanûn Pathânâ,
 Main par zor chalâiâ ? ”
 Bâdshâh hoke khalâ nimânâ,
 Pair piâde âiâ.
- 55 “ Gunâh châbakhshîû, Sayyidâ ;
 Kissî bhulle bhullâiâ.”
 Mîl matte gall samjhâf,
 Hukm shara’ dâ râh batâc :
 Mattî dí khairâyat changf ;
 Âqibat pâṛ langhâve.

* A very curious aside ; as it were a stage direction.

- 60 Bâi dî kurmâi âi :
 Pîrân dushâle ditte :
 Lâggi râzi kîtâ.
 Majlis karke ganḍhe pâiân,
 Khabarân pîrân te pahunchâiân ;
- 65 Nâl Pathân de sâk kariâ :
 Maulla eh kuchh kîtâ.
 Mâyân pâiâ Sarwar dâná :
 Ralke hûrân baddhâ gâná.
 Sarwar de biâh nûn gâná
- 70 Likhiâ harf Qurânâ !
 Change mel sadâe :
 Mâi 'Aesha hukm karâe.
 'Arshon hûrân parîân âiân,
 Gharâ gharôli bharke le âiân.

II.

- 75 Kakkî jammî ghâr tarkhânân ;
 Dekh Sarwar mul karâiâ ân :
 Sarwar agge baith hoi Kakkî,
 Pithon chaurî te titar lakhî.
 Lakkh khurâkân kitiân Sarwar ;
- 80 Mar palâke charhiâ.

Jad Sarwar Kakkî de wârisân de ghar giâ, tad unhân ne
 inkâr kîtâ : karâmat nâl Kakkî bol uṭhî,

- Wanân wakârân
 Pîr diân kahârân
 Pîlûn mang mothon lîâ.
 Poh Mâgh bâr lagâi,
 85 Wan darakht mewâ lagâiâ.

III.

- Dâni âkhe, "Rauzâ-khânâ
 Baithâ râj kare Sultânâ.
 Le tur ân Nigâhe âwan
 Sarwar de darbâre.
 90 Dâni nûn pîr beta dittiâ,

- Sewadâr Sarwar dâ kîâ :
 Kutûn chûrîân kare tayyârî
 Pîrân sadwâiân.
 Unhân pîrân âsâdâr chele kîte ;
 95 Sarwar de unhân ustut kîî ;
 Khatam darûd akhwâiâ.
 Bahiron âiâ Karmâ Dharmâ,
 " Kihâ shor machâiâ ?"
 Dâni âkhe, " Sarwar Pîrâ ;
 100 Us vich was nahîn kuchh merâ."

TRANSLATION.

SONGS ABOUT SAKHÎ SARWAR.

- Sarwar was born ; rejoiced
 And moreover satisfied was Zainu'l-'abdîn : *
 The hearts of the saints rejoiced
 And they beat drums. †
- 5 Growing up he acquired knowledge ;
 He learnt knowledge in the Four Books : †
 The son of Mâi 'Aesha ‡
 Applied his mind to labour.
 Labouring, the saint of God
- 10 Followed his flock to pasture.
 He grazed his flock and read the Qurân,
 (Becoming) chief of the assemblies of saints.
 'Aesha's earning was this :
 This gift was given her.§
- 15 The saint grazed the goats in the jungles ; (and)
 Passed his life in fasting, charity and prayer.
 Sarwar formed a partnership with his enemies,
 And sowed wheat by the river-banks.
 His enemies set him (in the field) as a watchman :
- 20 He fell under the gaze of a tiger.

* Name of Sarwar's father

† Qurân, Tauret, Zabûr, Anjil : i.e. Qurân, Pentateuch, Psalms of David, Gospels.

‡ Sarwar's mother.

§ Idiom : This was the kind of son 'Aesha bore.

- Sarwar's turn came a second time :
 Well done ! Thou son of mother 'Aesha !
 To stand in the midst of the field
 Sarwar left his house.
- 25 The tiger came and showed his teeth,
 And gazed fiercely at Sarwar :
 Then Sarwar repeating prayers,
 Seized his staff and slew him.
 Sarwar, come and be my helper !
- 30 Thou saint (that) hast slain such a tiger !
 The king sent messengers at once ;
 They cut off both the tail and the ears and brought them.
 (Said *Ábí* to *Sanhá**) " Let us make sweetmeats
 (In honour) of the saint ! "
- 35 .hanûn, the Pathân, † gave gifts
 And satisfied Sarwar.
 Seeing his miraculous power, the Pathân
 Gave him a horse, and a suit of clothes and raiment.
 The *faqîrs* begged (them of him) in the name of God. ‡
 Sarwar gave up the horse, §
- 40 And tore the clothes into strips,
 And made waist-cloth and drawers (of them).
 Spies went and slandered him ;
 Ghanûn, the Pathân, assembled his Court.
 Sarwar came (riding) on the horse || ;
- 45 Seeing this the Pathân was ashamed in his mind.
 Together the *faqîrs* had prayed,
 And told their trouble to God :
 This horse and clothes came from hēaven
 And they gave them over (to Sarwar).
- 50 (Said Sarwar) " What power have you, O Ghanûn Pathân,
 That you applied force to me ? "
 The king stood full-of-grief

* Wife and Husband : followers of Sarwar.

† Said to have been ruler of Mûltân.

‡ The ordinary way of *faqîrs* begging.

§ Whereon the *faqîrs* ate it up, as other legends show.

|| Restored to life.

And came (to meet him) on foot.

“Forgive my fault, O Sayyid,

55 Some one has misled me.”

Together the assembly explained the matter (to the king),

And showed the way and orders of the Law :

The charitable decision of the assembly was good

And brought (them) to salvation.

60 Bâi was betrothed (to the Saint) :*

They gave shawls to the saints,

And satisfied the hangers on.

Collecting an assembly they tied the marriage-knot,

And sent news (of it) to the saints.

65 They made (the saint) a relative of the Paṭhân (king).

This much did God (for Sarwar).

Sarwar the wise underwent (the usual) seclusion.

Hûrîs meeting them tied the marriage-knot.

The marriage-knot at Sarwar's marriage

70 Was inscribed with words from the Qurân !

A grand assemblage was called :

Mâi 'Aesha issued all the instructions.

Hûrîs and fairies came from heaven

Bringing the pots and pitchers filled (with water). †

II.

75 Kakkî† was born in the carpenter's house :

Sarwar saw her and came and bought her :

Kakki lay down before Sarwar,

Broad in the back and brown as a partridge. ‡

Sarwar gave her endless food

80 And lept on to her back.

When Sarwar went to the house of Kakkî's owners they refused her : and Kakkî miraculously spoke out (as follows) :—

In the woods and forests

The saint's *doll*-bearers

* Bâi was Ghanûn Paṭhân's daughter and Sarwar's wife. This was “the charitable decision.”

† The concluding ceremony of a marriage.

‡ Sarwar's mare.

Asked me for some *pílú** fruit.
 In January and February the forest became green,
 85 And the *want*† tree bore fruit.

III.

Said Dâni, "In the domed-building
 Sultân‡ sits and rules."
 They started and went to Nigâhâ,
 To Sarwar's shrine.
 90 The saint gave Dâni a son,
 She made him a follower of Sarwar :
 Making ready cakes and sweetmeats
 She called the saints.
 The saints made him a follower and disciple,
 95 And sang-songs in praise of Sarwar,
 And repeated texts from Qurân.
 Karmâ and Dharmâ came from outside,
 "Who is making this noise ?
 Said Dâni, "Sarwar the Saint ;
 100 I had no power in the matter."

* *Quercus arcana* bears fruit in June-July.

† Same as *pílú*. ‡ Sarwar.

No. V.

THE MARRIAGE OF GHÂZÎ SÂLÂR,

AS RECORDED FOR THE AUTHOR FROM THE PRIVATE KÂITHÎ MS.
KEPT BY A SINGER FOR HIS OWN INFORMATION.

This man is in the habit of coming annually to the Ambâldâ Cantonment in May to sing this song at the Chharî kâ Meld, or Fair of the Flags, which is held in honor of Mas'ûd Sâlâr Ghâzî, the great Saint of Bahrdich, and now Patron Saint of the inhabitants of the British Cantonments in Northern India.

[The song, which gives internal evidence of considerable antiquity, is valuable for its language. It has proved exceptionally difficult to translate.]

[Sâlâr Ghâzî, Baro Miyân, Bâle Miyân or Mas'ûd Sâlâr Ghâzî, as he is variously called, was the son of Sâhû Sâlâr and nephew of Maĥmûd of Ghazni. He was fanatically opposed to Hinduism, and was killed when only 19 at Bahrdich in Awadh, in an outbreak caused by his fanaticism on 15th June 1033 A. D. Vernacular accounts of this celebrated hero are to be found in the Persian work *Mirât-i-Mas'ûdî* by 'Abdu'r-Rahmân Chishtî and in the Urdû abstract of the same entitled *Khulâsa Tawârîkh-i-Mas'ûdî* by Sayyid Akbar 'Ali.]

TEXT.

GÎT SHÂDÎ SAYYID SÂLÂR SÂHIB KÂ.

PAHILÂ KHAND.

Sayyid Rânâ ne karî tayyârî;
Ang phûle nahîn samâe.
Sahar Radaulî Gâjan ko lâe.

Tuk.

Sahar Radaulî lâe Gâjan ko ;
5 Sab log dekhne dhâe.
Dhan kok, jahân Sayyid paidâ !
Banrâ sab ke man bahâe.
Sayyid Rânâ ne karî tayyârî :
Sab pharas phanûs karâe.
10 Bichhe gulam galîche, tane lâl chândnî,
Gotakie hâl lagâe.
Sattar Sâlâr kî baiṭhî majlis :
O sarbat pân mangâe.
Gulhal gulâl chhirak dîâ,

- 15 Upar rahe jis ke atar bâs mahkâe.
 Khânâ tayyâr thâ Sayyid ke ;
 O sab ke dast dhulâe,
 Khânâ khilâe, hûe the phârîg :
 Bîvî ne Bhamman ko bîg bulâe.
- 20 Bhamman bulwâe liâ majlis men ;
 O patrî hâl khulâe :
 Greh châlîs parê Gâjan ke :
 Paṇḍit ne hâl batâe.
 Sakhî sahili gâotî mangal :
- 25 Mâmul dil hubb badhâe :
 Hânsî khosî men kaṭî rain,
 Je o sab ko bidâ karâe.

Kaiâ.

- Pânc̥h pakherû chale âge ko,
 O jad Mâmul ghar âe.
- 30 Khusî khusîâl bhain Mâmul ;
 Bîvî ne kul kurmî khes bulâe.
 Bîvî Mâmul ne suratdharî thî bhârî,
 Bîvî ne sahnak kî karî tayyârî :
 Sâtôn suhâgan to aven̄,
- 35 Sahnak Bîvî ke bharâven̄ :
 Bîvî man men hulsâven̄,
 Bîrî Gâjan ko khilâven̄ :
 Bîvî Allah Rasûl ko manâven̄ ;
 " Kîâ karam tû Ilâhî ! "
- 40 Rainâ Allah kî jagâe :
 Sunio jeth̄e, bare bhâî !
 Rahyâ yûn hî chalî âi.
 Bîvî mullân makdûm ko khilâve.
 Hare hare bân̄s to kaṭâve,
- 45 Mâmul marwâ jochhwâve :
 Sandal ke khumbe jo garâve,
 Hîre lâl to ṭakâve :
 Bîvî jau se kalas gothâve :
 Lâle lâle chandwâ to ṭanâve,

- 50 Sandal chaukî to bichhâve,
 Jis par Gâjan ko bithâve :
 Dastoñ kangan to bandhâve :
 Miyân ke kâman tel charhâve.
 O to sakhîân thîn surang :
 55 Machâ tel vich rang :
 O barî haiñ surang :
 Bâje tâl aur mardang.

Jhartî.

- O to jhûmar khûb machâen.
 Mîrâsan jo âven ghare dholâ to bajâven :
 60 Bîvî dâna to lutâven :
 Kharî bel to wahân par pâven :
 Bîvî baithî dâna to lutâven.

Kalâ.

- Bîvî Mâmul ne man rakhâ sabhoñ kâ :
 "Tum Gâjan ho autâre !"
 65 Sayyid Rânâ hulsâve,
 Âtis bajoñ ko bulâe :
 Un kâ dâm to chukâve :
 Thâl mehdî kâ bharâve.
 Wahân sab Sayyid jamâ bhî âe.
 70 Sayyid Rânâ ne mehdî kâ thâl saiwâre :
 Sâhû Sâlâr ke ghar kî chalne kî karî tayyârî.
 Khûb rawâis kîâ Sayyid ne,
 Angintî sâj saiwârâ.
 Gulhal gulâl bandhe takhton se,
 75 Sohine ho ajab hajârâ :
 Kitne phulwâre bandhe takhton se ?
 Jaise gagan chitak rahe târâ !
 Kele kañwal bane at khâse,
 Sarhoñ kâ per nirâlâ.
 80 Main kyâ târîph karûn phûlon kî ?
 Rahe un kâ bhâû nirâlâ.
 Âge sawârî chalî Sayyid kî ;
 Pîchhe log sab jâtâ.
 Jâ pahunche Bahraich sahar meñ :

- 85 Sab log dekhne jâtâ.
 Jâjoi chhuteñ, hath phulre,
 Aur chhuteñ mâhtâb jhalkârâ.
 Kitne pahâr par gaê raushnî ?
 Chamke akâs bîch satârâ.
- 90 Charkhî hath phûl chhutne lâge ;
 Wahân kartâ shor anârâ.
 Main bhûi champâ kî kyâ karûn ?
 Sipat rahe yûn kath gae Nath Mall Lâlâ.
 Raushan pharûs jaleñ : mom kî battî rahî,
- 95 Jis kâ jot ujûlâ.
 Dhûm gajar se pahunchî mehdî,
 Aur pahunche Mâmul ke dwâre.
 Hotâ râg, rang bâjte naubat,
 Luṭ gae khilone sâre.
- 100 Bîbî âdar mân rakhâ sâjan kâ,
 Mehdî ka thâl utâre :
 Khânâ khilâ dîâ Sayyid ko,
 Aur sâjan ko bidâ karâve :
 Mehdî dast rachî Gâjan kî,
- 105 Bîbî kul kunbe khes bulâve.
 Kalâ.
 Rachâ biyâh mere pîr kâ ;
 Mukh barse nûr upâr.
 Leke phauj Râjâ Sohal charhâ :
 Angintî sâjhî dhâr.
- 110 Angintî sâjhî dhar, jî, aur mastak :
 Bhâg un kâ bhalâ.
 Nathû, Nand Lal gwâl rahe khet meñ,
 So le gañûn Râjâ Sohal chalâ.
 Le gañûn Râjâ Sohal chalâ ;
- 115 Kharî Jâso bal lâe,
 “Gahonâ teg, Miyân Gâjanâ,
 Nahin, Jâso bâhur khâe.”
 Tuk.
 Mâmul ghar ânand badhen,
 Rainâ biyâh kî jo-âen :

120 Sohal khabarîn sun pâen;
Miyân kî galân le churâen.

Jhartî.

Ab kyâ Bidhnâ ne bant banâî?
Râjâ galân le jâve.
Kharâ Nandâ pachtâve,
125 Apne jî meñ ghusse khâve
Aur kuchh kahâ na jâve.

Yeh kyâ kartâ hai khel Ilâhî?
Bole Nandâ to ghumîr,
"Sunô Bhâî, tum Ahîr;
130 Dil meñ bândho apne dhîr;
Yad karo Gâjan tum pîr.

Jâke kamar pur karo, Bhâî!"
Pâî gwâlân ne khabar,
Sab mil bandhe kamar,
135 Chhakâ Sohal ke ðagar.
"Ab taiñ jâvegâ kidhar?

Taiñ ne Bâle sang dagâ kamâî."
Bolâ Nande ghusse khâe,
"Sohal, bhâgâ kahân jâe?
140 Kyâ taiñ jî meñ na ðarâe?
Kyâ tere ajal to lâe?"

Nandâ ne apne sâng uṭhâe.
Bolâ Sohal, o Râo,
"Nandâ âge kyûñ na âo?
145 Kyâ tu dhamkî dikhlâo?"

Jhartî.

"Gâjan banṛe ko bulâo :
Tu kyâ dekhegâ teg hamâr?"
Ran meñ Ghosî hai Ahîr,
Dil meñ sanwarâ Gâjan pîr ;
150 Mîreñ khabaraurâ tîr,
Bargâ bhârî paṛe bhîr :

Gwâlân ne jâlim mâr machâe.
Râjâ Sohal hai be-pîr,

155 Jis ne kâṭe sab Ahîr.
Nadî Sarjû ke tîr
Bahotî rukat se nîr.

Jhartî.

Râjâ gaîân le chalâ jâve.
Jâso chhâkâ lene jâve :
Dekhke ran ko dâhlâve
160 Aur kuchh kahâ na jâve.
Apne jî meñ uktâve,
Jâso ultî pichhar khâve,
Burâ hâl to banâve.
Chîrâ lohû meñ dabâve,
165 Sâre badanon meñ lagâve :
Âke banre ko dikhâve.

Jhartî.

Jâso sar ko bâl kharî noche.
Jâso narî
To pukârî
170 "Sun pharyâd tû hamârî!
Râjâ gaîân le giâ sârî,
Aur julam kar giâ bhârî!"

Jhartî.

"Miyân kaṭ gae gwâl sab tumhârî."
Miyân ke sîne charhtâ tele ;
175 Banrâ baiṭhâ chaupur khele.
Sang meñ ajab haiñ naurele ;
Muhammad Ghorî ulbele.

Jhartî.

Huân par Brahnâ Bâbâ chainwar dhulâve :
Jâso kûk to machâve,
180 Banrâ chaupur ko uṭhâve :
Hâth se kangan torâ, bhâî,
Daston mehdî dhuwâî.

Jhartî.

Gâjî Miyân ghare shamsher ko uṭhâveñ.

Kalâ.

- 185 Ghusse jor Gâjan dil khâve,
Chalke pās ammân ke âve.
“Mâmul, ghat ko jo sambhâle,
Kin pe sâjî jûlâ hâlè ?
Ammân bâten sun hamârî :
Râjâ le gîâ gaiân sârî,
190 Aur julam kar gîâ bhârî.”

Jhartî.

“Ham se Jâso ne ânke kahâ, re !”

Kalâ.

“Betâ, tere biyâh kî karî tayyârî !
Tain ne kyâ thâñî ?
Gâjan, dil jânî !”

Tuk.

- 195 “Tain ne kyâ thâñî ?
Gâjan, dil jânî !
Betâ, main terâ biyâh kar lâûn :
Terâ karûn biyâh, dulhan ghar lâûn.
Betâ, jab dil ke hubb mitâûn.
200 Betâ, mere dil mein yehî khusî rahî,
Terâ julwâ wakt dilâûn.
Âj kî rain biyâh kî, betâ !
Terâ saryat sahrâ parhâûn.
Merâ kahâ-mân le, betâ !
205 Aur main terî bal jâûn.”
Wahân palt jawâb diâ Gâjan ne,
“Main jaldî se phir âûn”
Bahî nain to nîr
Nahîn bândhî dhîr.
210 “Suno, Gâjan Pîr ;
Ai betâ, main terî bal jâûn !
Tum ne dâlâ kangan tor, dho dâlî mehdî !
Betâ main dolâ kis se banâûn ?”
“Tum khatar jamâ rakho, merî ammân ;
215 Main jaldî se phir âûn.

Mere dil men chain paregi jad hi,
Jad gafân phir lâûn.

220 Kyâ ! gafân chhor, baith rahûn ghar men ?
Kyâ jag men munh dikhlâûn ?
Mujhe sub milke kyâ kahen, ' bhalâ re ! ' ?
Kyâ kul men dâgh lagâûn ?

Main kâtûn sis Sohal Râjâ kâ,
Aur jad main biyâh rachâûn.
225 Jaisâ phirûn, jab karûn biyâh re,
Nahûn sahrâ kabar charhâûn."

Kalâ.

" Bakso sir, tuphol Khudâ ke !
Sun, Mâmul, merî mâen !
O kaisâ gabar jabbar kahlâve ?
Main jhârûn us kî gumrâhî !"

Kalâ.

230 Baksâ sir mihar kiâ mâi :
" Jâ, betâ ! tere phatte karegâ Ilâhî !"
Gâjan sir baksâve :
Lilli ghorî khol mangâve :
Jîn pâkhar kaswâve :
235 Dohrî tarkas lagâve.

Jhartî.

Age jin ke tabal dharâ re.
Age nakibâ to phirâve :
Sattar yâr wahân par âve ;
Bânâ jangî banwâve :
240 Nahîn koî dhilâ to lagâve.

Jhartî.

Sab Sayyid jamâ to bhîrî ;
Gâjan Rabb ke dil jâni ;
Phaujen bane Bhûbâni,
Sunke Dhartî dahlâni :
245 Râjâ Bâsuk ne Bhû mâni.
Mere rakhio lâj, Khudâ re !
Sattar yâr wahân par thâre :

Muhammad Ghorî silâdharî.
 Gâjan dulhâ ne lalkâre,
 250 Pahunchî phauj hî kî dhârî.
 Jad lohri par phîl chilâre.

Kalâ.

Mârû tabal bajâ us ran men;
 Sun kâir kî sûrat bhulânî.
 Charhe Sayyid to Sâlâr;
 255 Kuchh lagî nahîn bâr:
 Bahî Lillî par aswâr,
 Pakre hâthon men hathiâr.
 Jab khabar ambar sun pâi.

DŪSRÂ KHANḌ.

Sobhâ jalû detî haiñ phaujeñ:
 260 Miyân ke laskar umar chalen sab phaujeñ!

Tuk.

Miyân ke laskar chalen sab phaujeñ,
 Aur kahâ, "Karam Rabb bhînâ!"
 Niyat khair kâ parhâ phâtihâ:
 Harâwal ajît ko kînâ.
 265 Umri phaujeñ sab saras dîn kî,
 Us ko jâc Sarjû par linâ.
 Jab donon phaujeñ huî barâbar,
 "Tain sun, châtâr rang bhînâ!
 Tain ne mâre gwâl, chhîn len gâfân;
 270 Tain, kâphar, dagâ jo kînâ.
 Tum mâno! Dîn chhor! Do gâfân!
 Nahîn, torûn terâ sînâ!"
 "Terî gâfân nâ phirenge, Turkâ!
 Tain sun, Sâhû ke lâl dulâri!
 275 Chhattardhârî dekhûn teg tumhârî."
 Râjâ Sohal jawâb yûn dînâ.
 Pakar shamsher Gâjan Gâjî,
 Gârhâ ghamsâi wahâi par kînâ.

280 Larte Sayyid baghlî, jin ke dastoñ Miyâne sele :
Unhoñ ne kitne dil pele,
Ran meñ châchar jaise khele.

Jhartî.

Âge jin ke tabal dharâ re !
Âge kâphar karte choteñ.
Sayyid sar mukh jad hoten
285 Pare lunḍe muḍe lotheñ :
Wahân lothon par loth pare re !
Larte Bhîm balkâri :
Ran meñ ghâû karte kârî ;
Râjâ Sohal ne himmat hârî ;
290 Jad hotî us kî khwârî.

Jhartî.

Us ne pîchhe ko surat dharî re !
Ran meñ khumbâ wahân gûrâ :
Aur râh barse lohû sârâ :
Gâjan dulhâ ne lalkârâ :
295 Kitne kâpharon ko mârâ ?

Jhartî.

Jad Jogan khappar bharâ re !

Kalâ.

Mârâ tabal bajâ us ran meñ.
Suno, Sohal bhâg chalâ re !
Rabb ne rachnâ yeh rachâf.
300 Paltâ suniyo ! mere Bhâf !
Us kâ kuchh na bas âe.
Kyâ karam Ilâhî !
Wahân ran khumbâ garâ re !

TISRÂ KHAND

Gâjan Miyân ran meñ jî kiâ dalîl :
305 Umak pîth Lillî charhe ; sî pakar lâth meñ.

Tut.

Umak pîth Lillî charhe : sî pakar lâth meñ.
Charhe Sayyid to Sâlâr : o mashhûr Gâjî.

Râjâ Sohal ne phauj phir naî saiwân.

Donon phaujon ke bîch mârû mast bâjâ.

310

Lare Râjpût Ghorî,

Pahine surkh jorî.

“Rakhiyo lâj, Shambû !” kahtâ Râjâ.

Brahnâ jodhâ yâron ke bîch âyâ,

Ghussâ jor khâke, aur soṅṭâ ghumâyâ :

315

“Kahân jâe bhâgâ ? âge âo, Râjâ !”

Lare Nirmal par-hiyâl, sobhî, matwâlâ :

Un ne ânke ran ke bîch bhochkâ ḍâlâ.

“Yâro, Gâjan ke nimak ke rakhiyo tum lâjâ !”

Lare ab ajab : nahîn mukh morâ ;

320

Miyân jabar ghabar kâ, o to sîs ṭorâ.

Gaen bhâg phaujen, âge bhum bâjâ.

Lare Muhammad Ghorî, bândhî dast kaṭârî :

Chhaken gidgîdân Jogan ḍakârî :

Gaen bhâg phaujen : liâ gher Râjâ.

325

Râjâ hânk mârî :

Dhâi phauj sârî.

“Age âo, Turkâ, jin ne bhâî mâre !”

Itnî bêt kahke, Râjâ hâthî sâjâ.

Râjâ farmâve

330

Ṭopen ḍagwâve :

Chhuten kahkahâ karke, bijlî turpâve.

Mârtâ tîr talwâr chalâ âve Râjâ.

Kahte âp Sâlâr, Sâhû kâ dulârî ;

“Laro ân Sohal ! kyûn tum ran men ṭhârî ?

335

Dekhûn teg terî ! Tû kaisâ hî Râjâ ?”

Râjâ hâthî holâ

“Suno, Gâjan dulhâ,

Lillî par sambhâlo, Sâlâr ! kuchh tain bhasam bhûlâ !”

Mârâ khainch ûnâ :

340

Kiâ jor dûnâ.

Kiâ jor dûnâ

Gîâ tût sînâ

Gîâ wâr khâlî : milen hath Râjâ.

Gâjan ghussâ kînâ :

- 345 Lillî ko fr dîná.
 Úrî châl Lillî : nahîn bâr kînâ.
 "Kahân jâe bhâgâ ? tain sun, Sohal bhînâ !"
 348 Lîâ khainch shamsher mâr dâlâ Râjâ.

TRANSLATION.

THE SONG OF THE MARRIAGE OF SAYYID SÂLÂE SÂHIB.

FIRST PART.

Sayyid Rânâ* made preparations ;
 His swelling body could not contain itself (for joy).
 They brought Gâjan† to Radaulî City‡

Song.

- They brought Gâjan to Radaulî City ;
 5 All the people came to look on.
 Fortunate the womb in which the Sayyid was born !
 The bridegroom pleased the minds of all.
 Sayyid Rânâ made preparations :
 Made (ready) the carpets and lamps,
 10 Spread the carpets and rugs, stretched the red canopies,
 And shook out the large cushions.
 Seventy sat down in Sâlâr's company :
 He procured sherbet and betel.
 He sprinkled red powder
 15 After which it came to the perfuming with 'atar (of roses).
 The Sayyid's feast was ready
 And he washed all their hands :
 He gave them a feast and when they had finished
 The lady (of the house)§ quickly called a Brâhman.
 20 She called the Brâhman into the company :
 He explained the state of the horoscope.
 Forty planets influenced Gâjan :
 (As) the *pandit* explained.
 Maids and women sang joyfully.
 25 And kindled love in Mâmul's|| heart.

* The bride's father. † Ghâzi Sâlâr.

‡ In the Bârâ-Bânki District, Awadh.

§ Ghâzi Sâlâr's mother.

|| Name of Ghâzi Sâlâr's mother.

They passed the night in laughter and jokes,
Till he bade farewell to all.

Time.

Five birds* went forth.

When they went to Mâmul's house.

30 Pleased and happy were the sisters and Mâmul :

The lady called all the kith and kin.

The lady Mâmul was very intent (upon it).

The lady made ready the Lady's Plate:†

The seven wives came

35 And filled the Lady's Plate :

The lady was happy in her mind,

And gave Gâjan betel-leaves to eat :

The lady called on the Prophet and God, (saying).

“Thou hast shown grace, O God.”

40 She kept the vigil of God.

Hear O elder brother !

Thus went the proceedings as usual.

The lady fed the priests and high-priests.

Cutting fresh and green bamboos

45 Mâmul set up the house-of-rejoicing: ‡

When she set up the sandal-wood posts

She set diamonds and rubies in them :

The lady twisted green-barley round the pitchers.§

She spread several red canopies ;

50 And placed a couch of sandal-wood,

On which she sat Gâjan.

She fastened the marriage-bracelets on their wrists :

The Miyân's matrons anointed him with oil.

Her maidens were beautiful

55 And anointed (him) with oil amidst laughter.

They were very beautiful,

And the drums were sounded and they clapped their hands.

* Sign of good fortune and success.

† Offering to Fâtima, Muhammad's daughter.

‡ I. e., the temporary shed under which the marriage takes place.

§ In token of the future good fortune of the wedded pair.

Drums.

They sang the chorus loudly.

Songstresses came to the house and beat drums :

60 The lady distributed gifts :

Standing she gave them presents :

Sitting the lady distributed gifts liberally.

Time.

The lady Mâmûl honored them all.

(Saying) " Gâjan thou art a handsome man ! "

65 Sayyid Rânâ was pleased

And called the makers of fireworks :

And settled their price :

And filled the plate of myrtle.

Then all the Sayyids collected.

70 Sayyid Rânâ prepared the plate of myrtle,

And made ready to go to the house of Sâhû Sâlâr.*

The Sayyid made grand preparations,

And set out things innumerable.

Red flowers were fastened on planks,

75 Resplendent with a thousand wonders :

Many fireworks were fastened on planks,

Like stars glittering in the heavens !

Plantain† and lotuses† were made very beautiful,

And exquisite mustard-plants.†

80 How shall I praise the fireworks ?

Their form was very beautiful.

On went the Sayyid's cavalcade,

And all the people followed it.

Fireworks were let off, hand-fireworks blazed,

85 Glittering moon† were let off.

The blaze lighted up many a hill,

As stars glitter in the heavens !

Wheels† and hand-fireworks were let off

As pomegranates† buzzed there !

* Ghâzî Sâlâr's father. † Kinds of fireworks.

- 90 How shall I tell the beauty of the jasmines*?
Solemnly saith Nāth Mall Lālā.†
Lamps were lighted and there were wax candles,
Whose light was very brilliant.
In the early morning the myrtle reached,
95 And they reached Māmūl's house.
There was singing, and many kinds of music was played,
All the toys were distributed.
The lady treated the guests with honor and respect,
And took the plate of myrtle.
100 She gave a dinner to the Sayyid
And bade farewell to the guests :
Gājan's hands were stained with the myrtle,
And the lady called her family and kith and kin.

Time.

- My saint's marriage was celebrated :
105 His face shone forth with a great light.
The Rājā came up with his army,‡
An innumerable following of bandits.
An innumerable following of bandits, sir, and furious :
And their fate was propitious.
110 Nathû§ and Nand Lāl,§ herdsmen were in the field,
And Rājā Sohal took away the (saint's) cows.
Rājā Sohal took away the cows :
Jāso|| stood and made herself a sacrifice, |
"Bind on thy sword, Miyân Gājan,
115 Or Jāso will take poison" (said she).

Song.

Māmūl received happy congratulations in her house,
When the night of the marriage arrived :
Sohal had news of it
And stole the Miyân's cows.

* Names for fireworks. † Composer of the song.
‡ Taking this opportunity to steal the Saint's property.
§ Servants to Sālār. || Wife of Nand Lāl.
|| Swore vengeance.

Drums.

- 120 What hath Fate achieved now ?
 The Râjâ took away the cows.
 Nandâ stood and grieved,
 And was wrathful in his heart
 And could not speak (for anger).
- 125 What caprice of God was this ?
 Said then Nandâ, the wise,
 "Listen, Friend, thou Herdsman ;
 Have patience in thy heart
 And remember Gâjan, thy saint.
- 130 Go and arm thyself completely, Friend !"
 The news reached the herdsmen,
 They all collected and armed themselves,
 And overtook Sohal on the road.
 "Where are you going to now ?"
- 135 "You have cheated Bâlâ *"
 Spake Nandâ in his wrath,
 "Sohal, where are you running to ?
 Why have you no fear in your heart ?
 Why have you brought on your hour of death ?"
- 140 And Nandâ up-lifted his crook.
 Spake Sohal, the king,
 "Nandâ, why don't you come on ?
 Why do you (only) threaten ?"

Drums.

- "Go and call thy beloved Gâjan :
 145 How can *you* face my sword ?"
 In the pasture were Milkmen and Herdsmen,
 And they remembered Gâjan, the saint, in their hearts ;
 They shot penetrating arrows,
 Which fell in very great multitudes :
- 150 The Cowherds raised up a very violent disturbance.
 Râjâ Sohal was without faith,*

* Ghâzî Sâlâr.

† *Lit.*, Without a saint, *i.e.* beyond the pale of ordinary religion.

And he slew all the herdsmen.
On the banks of the River Sarjû
The water was (red) with much blood.

Drums.

- 155 The Râjâ took away the cows.
Jâso went to draw butter-milk :
Saw the pasture and was very agitated
And could not speak (for grief).
She was distressed at heart.
- 160 Jâso fell backwards (in a swoon)
And was in a bad way.
She dipped her clothes in the blood
And spread it over her whole body :
And came and showed it to the bridegroom.

Drums.

- 165 Jâso stood tearing the hair of her head.
Jâso, the woman,
Then cried out,
“ Hear thou my complaint !
The Râjâ has taken off all the cows
170 And great oppression has been committed !”

Drums.

- “ Saint, all thy cowherds have been slain.”
The saint’s breast was anointed with oil ;
The saint was sitting playing at *chaupur* ;
Grand people were in his company,
175 And worthy Muhammad Ghorî.*

Drums.

There Bâbâ Brahnâ† was waving a fan :
Jâso cried out loudly.
The bridegroom picked up the *chaupur* : ‡

* Probably an historical confusion and meant for the great Shahâ-bu’ddîn Muhammad Ghorî, who flourished two centuries after Ghâzî Sâlâr.

† He appears to have been merely some personal attendant on the Saint.

‡ Stopped the game.

180 Tore off the marriage-bracelets from his arms,
And washed the myrtle-stains from his hands.

Drums.

Gâjî Miyân took his sword from his house.

Time.

Gâjan was very angry in his heart,
And went to his mother.
"Mâmul, that art steadfast in thy mind,
185 Upon whom have the robbers made war ?
Mother, hear my words :
The Râjâ has taken off all the cows,
And great oppression has been committed."

Drums.

"Jâso came and told me this, alas !"

Time.

190 " My son, I got ready thy marriage !
What hast thou resolved on ?
Gâjan, my heart's darling !"

Song.

" What has thou resolved on ?
Gâjan, my heart's darling.
195 My son, I must marry thee :
I must marry thee and bring home the bride.
My son, I must strengthen the love of thine heart.
My son, only this joy in my life remained,
To bring thee the time of the unveiling (of thy bride).
200 To-night is the wedding night, my son !
I must bind the bridal chaplet on thy head.
Listen to my words, my son,
And I will be thy sacrifice."
And then Gâjan gave her a ready answer,
205 " I will soon come back."
Then flowed the tears from her eyes,
Nor was she patient.
" Hear Gâjan, my saint ;

Ab, my son, I will be thy sacrifice.

210 Thou hast torn off the bracelet, washed off the myrtle-stains !

My son, whose marriage must I perform ?”

“ Rest assured in thy heart, my mother ;

I will soon come back.

My heart will then rejoice,

215 When I bring back my cows.

What ! shall I leave the cows and sit at home ?

How should I show my face in the world ?

What would all men say of me ? Well done ! ?

Shall I cast a stain on my family ?

220 I will cut off Râjâ Schal's head

And then will I prepare for the marriage.

Just as I return will I perform my marriage,

Else will I place my chaplet in my tomb.”

Time.

“ Grant me of thy milk,* for the grace of God !

225 Hear me, Mâmul, my mother !

What a mighty man he has made of himself ?

I will correct his foolish ways.”

Time.

She gave him her milk, (for) his mother was gracious :

“ Go my son ! God grant thee victory !”

230 Gâjan was granted the milk :

He sent for his mare Lillî :

And fastened on cloth and saddle :

And buckled on a double quiver.

Drums.

Before him the drums and timbrels were sounded.

235 Before him went the heralds :

Seventy friends came there (to him) ;

Dressed in the habiliments of war :

None delayed at all.

* By way of oath.

Drums.

- All the Sayyids collected in crowds, (to)
 240 Gâjan, the beloved of God's heart ;
 Bhawânî* collected the army,
 And hearing it earth trembled :
 Râjâ Bâsak† felt the earth.
 Protect thou my honor, O God !
 245 Seventy friends gathered there :
 Muhammad Ghorî was standard-bearer :
 Gâjan the bridegrom raised the war-cry,
 And the army collected in crowds,
 Till elephants screamed in the field.

Time.

- 250 Drums and timbrels were beaten in the pasture ;
 They that heard them forgot their courage.
 Sayyid Sâlâr went on ;
 There was no delay :
 He mounted and rode on Lillî,
 255 And held his arms in his hands,
 Till the news of it reached the heavens.

SECOND PART.

The army made a splendid retinue :
 All the Miyân's army and camp went forward together.

Song.

- On went all the Miyân's army,
 260 And said, "Gracious is the glorious God !"
 They repeated the prayer of good-fortune
 And the heralds made him glorious.
 The army of each and all his servants collected
 And overtook him (Sohal) at the Sarjû.
 265 When the two armies met together
 (Said Gâjan) "Hear you dextrous one and well-favored !
 You killed my herdsmen and took away my cows ;
 You were an infidel when you did the wickedness.

* A name of Devi.

† Vâsuki, the Serpent, who supports the earth.

Hear you ! Let go my servants ! Give me the cows !
270 Else I will break your breast !”

“Your cows will not return, you Turk !

Hear, you beloved son of Sâhû !

I would see (the prowess of) your royal sword,”

Thus answered Râjâ Sohal.

275 Gâjan, the Ghâzî, seized his sword,

And made a great slaughter there.

Fighting the Sayyids vaunted, with daggers and spears
in their hands,

And pierced many a heart,

280 As if they were dancing *cháchar** in the pasture.

Drums.

Before them were sounded drums and timbrels !

And the infidels were hurting them.

When the Sayyids met them face to face

Corpses fell lopped and shorn ;

285 There they fell corpse on corpse.

Fighting like the warrior Bhîm, †

They inflicted mighty wounds in the pasture ;

Râjâ Sohal’s courage failed him :

And trouble came upon him.

Drums.

290 He bent his mind to flight !

In the field (Gâjan) set up pillars (of victory) :

And all the blood was spilt upon the way :

Gâjan the bridegroom set up the war-cry :

And killed many infidels.

Drums.

295 And a blood offering was made to Jogan ! ‡

Time.

Drums and timbrels were beaten in the pasture.

Hear ye ! Sohal fled away !

* A dance round a pole at the Holi festival.

† Bhîma, one of the Pândavas.

‡ Yogiñi, i.e. Durgâ or Kâli.

- God performed this deed.
 Hear the revenge ! my friends !
 300 His (Sohal's) power came to naught.
 How great is God's mercy !
 They set up pillars (of victory) in the pasturethere !

THIRD PART.

Gâjan Miyân thought it over in his mind :
 All at once he mounted Lillî and seized his sword in his hand.

Song.

- 305 All at once he mounted Lillî and seized his sword in his hand.
 On went Sayyid Sâlâr : he the well known Ghâzî.
 The Râjâ raised again a new army.
 In both armies loud drums were beaten.
 Ghorî fought the Râjpût,
 310 Clothed in a scarlet suit.
 "Have mercy, Shambû!" * said the Râjâ.
 Brahuât the warrior came amidst his friends,
 He was in great wrath and whirled his staff, (saying)
 "Where are you running to? come on Râjâ!"
 315 He fought with Nirmal, † the brave, the splendid, the
 furious :
 Coming in to the pasture he astonished them.
 "My friends, be true to the salt of Gâjan!"
 They fight continuously : no face turned back ;
 The Miyân struck off the head of the swaggerer. §
 320 Away fled that army and songs (of victory) were sung.
 Muhammad Ghorî fought with his dagger in his hand :
 Trembling seized them and they called on Jogan.
 Away fled that army and the Râjâ was surrounded.
 The Râjâ gave the word,
 325 And his army rushed forward.

* *I. e.* Śiva.

† Sohal's brother.

† Sâlâr's servant.

§ *I. e.* Sohal's brother.

- "Come on, you Turk, that killed my brother!"
 Saying this, the Râjâ got ready his elephant.
 The Râjâ gave the order
 And the cannons were let off:
 330 And being let off thunders bellowed and lightnings
 flashed.
 Slaying with arrow and sword on came the Râjâ.
 Then spake Sâlâr himself, the beloved of Sâhû,
 "Come and fight, Sohal! why do you tarry in the
 pasture?
 I would see your valour (sword)! what sort of Râjâ
 are you!"
 335 The Râjâ goaded his elephant;
 "Hear, Gâjan bridegroom,
 Look to yourself riding on Lillî, Sâlâr! you have made
 a mistake!"
 He drew his sword and struck;
 He used immense force.
 340 He used immense force
 And hurt his chest.
 He missed his aim and the Râjâ fell into the (Sayyid's)
 hands.
 Gâjan was very angry,
 And spurred on Lillî.
 345 Swiftly went Lillî and made no delay,
 "Where are you running to? Hear you fine Sohal!"
 347 He drew his sword and slew the Râjâ.
-

No. VI.

THE LEGEND OF GURU GUGGĀ, AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGĀDHRĪ AT THE HOLĪ FESTIVAL IN THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[It has been difficult to describe this poem. In the vernacular it is called a *Swāng* or metrical play, and as such it is actually played by the natives. In it however are introduced purely narrative passages in the third person, and some passages also which merely explain the movement of the tale. On the other hand characters are constantly made to speak without introduction as in a real play. In practice the characters are assigned to different persons, and these speak the narrative and explanatory portions of their parts as portions of their speeches.]

[The whole story of Guggā is involved in the greatest obscurity. He is now-a-days one of the chief Muḥammadan saints or objects of worship of the lower classes of all sorts, and is also known as Zāhīr Pīr. In life he appears to have been a Hindū and a leader of the Chauhān Rājput̄s against Maḥmūd of Ghaznī about A.D. 1000. His habitation was probably in Bikāner. This tale would connect him with the Rājput̄s reigning in Kābul before the Musalmān rule there, but Tod disputes the identity of the Rājput̄ Gajnī with Ghaznī. The story here given of Guggā's marriage with a princess of what appears to be the line of the Aham rulers of Kāmrup in Assam is very curious. Tod, Malcolm and Elliot all mention Guggā : Tod does so three times, and each time with a distinct tale.]

TEXT.

SWÂNG GŪGE RÂJPŪT BÂGAR DES KÂ.

Sârad Mâtâ, tû barî ! Dharte terâ dhyân !
 Kirpâ apnî kijîye ! karo chhand kâ gyân !
 Karo chhand kâ gyân, Mât merî ! man ichhâ bar pân.
 Tû hai, Mâtâ, buddh kî dâtâ ! Charnon ab niwâûn.
 Karo buddh pargâsh ! ânke nis din tujhe manâûn.
 Kar hirde man bâsh, sâng Gûge kâ chhand banâûn !
 Ari Shâkumbharî Mâtî !
 Terî hai jot siwâî,
 Kahtâ Bansî Lâl; ânke karo sahâî

- 10 Bâgar Des suhâunâ ; Jewar Râjâ nâm.
 Rahe dharm men nit : sadâ nahîn pâp se kâm.

TRANSLATION.

THE LEGEND OF GŪGÂ, THE RÂJPŪT, OF BÂGAR.*

O mother Sârad† thou art great ! Blessed be thy worship !
 Grant me thy grace ! Give me knowledge of poetry !
 Give me knowledge of poetry, Mother mine, that I may
 obtain the desire of my heart.

Thou, Mother, art the giver of wisdom ! I lay my head at
 thy feet.

- 5 Grant me the light of wisdom, that day and night I may
 come and worship thee !

Dwell in my heart and soul, that I may sing the legend
 of Gûgâ.

Ah, Mother Shâkambharî ! ‡

Excellent is thy light !

Saith Bansî Lâl, ' come thou and help !'

- 10 Pleasant was the land of Bâgar, Jewar was the Râjâ's
 name.

He dwelt ever in the law and never at all committed sin.

* Bâgar is usually placed in Bikâner. It was really however a tract, occupied by Chauhân Râjpûts mostly, and situated in parts of what is now Gujarât and Mâlwa.

† I.e. Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning.

‡ The Herb Cherisher, a name of Devî, the great Goddess.

Nahîn pâp se kâam : rahe beâkul din râti.
 Nahîn chit ko chain : ren nindrâ nahîn âti.

Râjâ Jewar.

- 15 “ He Prabhûjî ! Nâ âge sautan : jatan kuchh ban nahîn âve.
 Yeh Karmon kî rekh likhî : ab kaun hatâve ?
 Nâ âge koî putar râj kâ thâmanhârâ.
 Sochat hûn din ren : kaun kînf, Kartârâ ?
 Prabhû, yeh kyâ gat kînf ?
 Hûâ dukh mujh ko bhârî :
 20 Karm rekh balwân, nahîn tartî hai tîrî.”

Râni Bâchhal.

“ Dosh kaun ko dijîye ? Apnâ nirbal bhâg !
 Binâ putar, Râojî, lagî badan men âg.
 Lagî badan men âg : suno yeh bât hamârf.

He had committed no sin, (yet) remained uneasy
 day and night.
 No joy was in his heart and sleep came not at night.

Râjâ Jewar.

- 15 “ O Lord ! I have no offspring to leave, nor have I any
 resource !
 This is the decree of Fate : who shall now withstand it ?
 I have no son to leave as guardian of the kingdom.
 I brood over it day and night, what hast thou done to
 me, O God ?
 Lord, what misery is this thou hast caused ?
 My grief is very great :
 20 The decree of Fate is strong and waits not for
 postponing.”

Queen Bâchhal.

“ Whom wouldst thou blame ? Thy fate itself is evil !
 Without a son, Râjâ, thy body is aflame.*
 Thy body is aflame : listen to these my words.

* I.e. In very great grief.

- Main kis ko dîn dosh ? main hîn Karmon kî mârî !
 25 Ai Prabhûjî ! kabhî nahîn dînâ dân : man Harkâ nahîn lînâ !
 Yûn hîn umar dî khôî : bhajan man meû nahîn kînâ.
 Pichhle kinî pâp : wahî ab âge âe.
 Jis bidh likh dîe ank, soî main ne bhar pâc."

Râjâ Jewar.

- "He Rânî ! Is jagat meû Har bin kaun sahâî ?
 30 Bin karnî sansâr meû kaun pâr ho jâe ?
 Kaun pâr ho jâe jagat meû ? ochhe bhâg likhâveû !
 Binâ putar nahîn gatî jagat meû shakal bed sab gâveû.
 Is duniyâ ke bîch ânke birthâ janam ganwâveû.
 Yeh sansâr saupan kî mâyâ ; nit soche pachhtaveû.
 35 Ik âwat, ik chalâ jât hai ; karam kare phal pâve.
 Main nir-bhâg, karam kâ hînâ, soch mujhe nit khâve."

- Whom should I blame ? I, too, am Fate's victim !
 25 O Lord ! I gave no alms : I took not the name of Hari !*
 Thus I wasted my life : I praised thee not in my heart.
 I committed sins in my former lives : † now have they
 come up against me.
 The decree that fate has written down against me have
 I suffered in full."

Râjâ Jewar.

- "O Queen ! without Hari what help is there in the world?
 30 Who can be saved in this world without good deeds ?
 Who can be saved in this world ? our fate has been
 recorded as wretched !
 Without a son is no salvation in the world, (as) all the
 scriptures have sung.
 Our life has been wasted fruitlessly in this world.
 This world is an illusory dream ; we ever sorrow and grieve.
 35 One comes, another goes ; if fate will they reap a reward.
 I am unfortunate and the victim of fate ; sorrow ever
 wears me out."

* Vishnu.

† Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

Râni Bâchhal.

- “ Râjâjî ! Sun lîjîye man mere kî bât.
 Binâ putar beâkul rahûn, jûn chakwî ko rât :
 Jûn chakwî ko rât, Râo, main rahûn beâkul dîn râtî.
 40 Nâ bâlak khelâ angan men, bhar bharâve chhâthî.
 Kyâ, Bidhnâ, tain likhî karam men ? nit sîs dhanû pachhtâtî.
 Main nir-bhâgan parî taraphî ; nâ kuchh pâr basâtî.”

Râjâ Jewar.

- “ He Râni ! Sun lîjîye : kyûn soche dîn rât ?
 Man kî chintâ dūr kar : bhale karen Raghunâth.
 45 Bhale karen Raghunâth. Suno tum man chit lâke.
 Jab pûran ho bhâg us se dîn âp bulâke.

*Queen Bâchhal.**

- “ O Râjâ, listen to the thoughts of my heart.
 Without a son I am uneasy as a *chakwî* † at night.
 Like the *chakwî* at night, Râjâ, I am restless day and
 night.
 40 No child plays in the yard and my heart is very full.
 What, Fate, has thou written in my fate ? that I grieve
 with lowered head.
 I unfortunate have fallen into sorrow, nor have I any
 resource.”

Râjâ Jewar.

- “ O Queen ! Listen : why grieve day and night ?
 Keep the sorrow of your heart afar : God ‡ is gracious.
 45 God is gracious. Listen with heart and soul.
 When our fate is accomplished He will Himself call us to
 pleasure.

* Bâchhal was the favorite wife of Râjâ Jewar.

† The *chakwî* is a water-fowl, the *anas casarca*. It has a very plaintive cry at night, which is the conventional simile for the cry of unrequited love in India, and also for cries of grief.

‡ Raghunâth in the text: *i.e.* Râma, or in modern times, simply ‘God.’

He Rânjî ! karam dharam ik barâ ; inhîn chhoṛo mat koî.
In ke bal se Surg mukat donoñ gat hoî.

He Rânjî ! Jo hotî aulâd karam meñ, tum se hotî.

50 Pare Swât kê bûnd, sîp bin hoi na motî."

Pandit Rangâchâr.

" Râo, soch mat nâ karo : bhale karen Raghbîr.

Man kî chintâ dîr kar : man meñ rakho dhîr.

Man meñ rakho dhîr, Râo : ab soch karo mat bhârî.

Is mâyâ sansâr bîch meñ dukh bahot nar nârî.

55 Honge putar tîn, Mahârâjâ : mâno bāt hamârî.

Ik putar aisâ ho, râjâ parjâ nîwen sâre !

O Queen ! Faith and works are a great thing ; let go
neither of them.

Through their aid Heaven and salvation will come to us
both.

O Queen ! If posterity had been decreed in my fate, it
would have been through you.

50 Drops of rain may fall in Swât,* (but) without shells
there are no pearls."

Pandit Rangâchâr.†

" O Râjâ, grieve not : God‡ is gracious.

Keep the sorrow of thy heart afar : keep courage in thy
heart.

Keep courage in thy heart, Râjâ : grieve now no more
greatly.

In this illusory world is much sorrow to many men and
women.

55 There will be three sons, Mahârâjâ : mark my words.

One son shall be such, that all kings and subjects (alike)
shall bow to him !

* *Swât* is Arcturus : the popular belief is that if a rain drop fall into
a shell when the moon is in *Swât* it becomes a pearl.

† Pandit Rangâchâr was the family priest of Râjâ Jewar.

‡ Raghbir in the text is the same as Raghunâth.

- Is chintā ko dūr karo ; hūi pūran ās tumhārī.
 Yeh tujh ko bar diā, Rāo : main sach : māno kahī hamārī !”
- Ik same ke bīch meñ pahunche Gorakhnāth ;
 60 Bāgh bīch bistar kīā ; pūran haiñ karāmāt.
 Pūran haiñ karāmāt : nāth ne bistar diā lagāe.
 Ho gae pūran kām Rāo ke ; bhāg jagā chhin māñhū.
 Jo kuchh kare āp woh kartā, us ke hāth sahāī :
 Binā bhāg nā mile jagat meñ, karā nā birthā jāe.
 65 Mālī āyā daurke.

Mālī.

“ Suno, Rāo Mahārāj ;
 Āke utarā bāgh meñ ik sādhu hai āj.
 Āke utarā āj bāgh meñ : pūran bhāg tumhārī.

- Keep this sorrow afar, for your desire is fulfilled.
 I have told you this word, Rājā : I am true : mark my
 words.”
- In the mean time Gorakhnāth* arrived.
 60 He rested in the garden : full is he of miraculous power.
 Full is he of miraculous power : the saint made his bed to
 rest himself.
 The object of the king is fulfilled ; his fortune prosperous
 in the twinkle of an eye.
 What can be done he (the saint) doeth ; protection is in
 his hand.
 Without (the favour of) fate nothing is obtained in the
 world, and good deeds are never useless.
 65 The gardener came running.

Gardener.

“ Listen, Sir King,
 A saint has come into the garden to-day.
 He has come into the garden : your fate doth prosper.

* He appears to have been the Brāhmanical opponent of the Free-thinking reformers of mediæval India headed by Rāmānand, Kabir and others, who flourished in the 14th and 15th centuries A.D.

Chalo hamârê sang, Râojî; mâno bachan hamârî.
Chand chakor sûrij kî kireñ aisî rûp nihârî ?

70 Darshan karo ; pâp kat jânge ; mukat rûp ho jârî?"

Râjâ Jewar.

" Sâdhû darshan kî mujhe rahtî soch hamârî.
Ab chalke darshan karûn. Kaisâ hai darvesh, piârî ?
Kaisâ hai darvesh, piârî ? mânî bât tumbârî. "

Mali.

" Rath, ghoṛâ aur pînas pâlkî, saj kî châlî sawârî."

75 Sâl, doshâlâ, motî, mûnge, bhar kanchan kî thâlî :
Hâth joṛ parnâm kare, dhar denî baith âgârî.

Râjâ Jewar.

" Sâdh darshan hai durlab ! karûn man lâke sewâ !
Katchen janam kî pâp ; pâr ho jâtâ khewâ ! "

Come with me, Râjâ; hearken to my words.

His beauty is glorious as the glories of the sun.

70 Visit him and thy sins will be forgiven and thy salvation
will be glorious."

Râjâ Jewar.

" My anxiety is to see the saint.

I will go now and visit him. What sort of saint is he ?
my friend.

What sort of saint is he, my friend ? I hearkened to thy
words."

Gardener.

" Carriages, horses and *pâlkîs* ; he comes with a splendid
retinue."

75 Shawls and hangings (he took), and filled a golden
platter with pearls and coral;
With joined hands he made salutation, placed them down
and sat before (the saint).

Râjâ Jewar.

" To visit saints is honorable ! I serve thee heart and soul !
May my sins be forgiven ! may I reach the farther shore ! "*"

* May I obtain salvation.

Rānī Bāchhal.

- “ He Bāndī, jaldī jāo ! yeh hī karo tum kār !
 80 Kaisā ghulba ho rahā mahilon̄ ke darbār ?
 Mahilon̄ ke darbār, rī Bāndī ! abhī jhapṭke jāo !
 Kaisā shor huā hai, Bāndī ? jaldī ān sunāo.
 Jāke pūchho dṵwārpāl se : mat dil meñ ghabarāo !
 Yeh hī bāt tum pūchho jāke : phir mujhe samjhāo.”
- 85 Itnī sun, bāndī chālī : nahīn lagāī bār.
 Kaisā raulā mach rahā ? Bhīr̄ jorī pachwār.
 Bhīr̄ jorī pachwār : karī hai sundar sajī sawārī :
 Rath, ghoṛā aur pīnas pālki, soran jaṛī anbārī.

Bāndī Hīrā Dē.

- “ Nā ghar janamā putar Rāo ke : ho rahī jaisī jīkārī !
 90 Dṵwarpāl, jald se mujhe kaho haqīqat sārī.”

Queen Bāchhal.

- “ My maid, go quickly ! this is your work !
 80 A great disturbance is going on in the court of the palace.
 In the court of the palace, my maid ! Run off now and
 quickly !
 What is this noise (about), my maid ? Come and tell
 me quickly.
 Go and ask the door-keeper and do not lose your head !
 This is what you must ask and then explain to me.”
- 85 Hearing this the maid went off and tarried not.
 There was a great noise and a crowd assembled in the
 courtyard.
 A crowd assembled in the courtyard : they were pre-
 paring a beautiful and splendid cavalcade.
 Carriages, horses and *pālki*s covered with untold gold.

*The Maid Hīrā Dē.**

- “ No son is born to the king and they hold such rejoicings !
 90 Door-keeper, tell me quickly the whole story.”

* Rānī Bāchhal's private servant.

Sipâhî.

- “Hirâ Deî Bândî, suno ! kahûn tumhâre pās.
 Ik sâdhû utarâ bâgh men ; hai sûrij kâ pargâsh :
 Hai sûrij kâ pargâsh : khilâ hai jaise phûl hazâre ;
 Mohan marwâ, râî, chambelî ; dî rahî ajab bhârî.
 95 Darshan karne lage Râjâ ; is kâran sâjî sawârî.
 Sun, Hirâ Deî, bāt : kahî main tujhe haqîqat sârî.”

Bândî Hirâ Deî.

- “He Rânî ! Is bâgh men â utarâ parmans :
 Aisî astûtâ kar rahe, jûn Sarwar kâ hans.
 Jûn Sarwar kâ hans, bâgh men utarâ âe.
 100 Main kahtî kar jo ; karo tum darshan jâe.
 Aisâ sundar rûp, kahn sab nar aur nârî ;

Door-keeper.

- “Thou maid, Hirâ Deî, listen and I will tell thee.
 A saint has come into the garden as glorious as the sun :
 As glorious as the sun is he ; blooming as a thousand
 flowers,
 Sweet marjoram, mustard, jasmine : he is showing great
 wonders.
 95 The Râjâ goes to visit him, and for this is the glorious
 cavalcade.
 Mark my words Hirâ Deî : I have told thee the whole
 tale.”

The Maid Hirâ Deî.

- “O Queen ! a mighty saint* has come into this garden.
 They praise him as being like the swan of Sarwar.†
 Like the swan of Sarwar he has entered into the garden.
 100 I tell thee with joined hands and to go and visit him.
 Very great is his beauty say all men and women ;

* *Parmans* in the text : should be *param hans*, i.e., an ascetic of the highest order.

† For the Mânsarobar Lake, the fabled dwelling of the *hansâ* on Mount Kulâsa in the Himâlayas. *Sansk.* Mânasa—sarovara. It is used later however in this song for a lake in the garden.

Nā Indrāsan bīch rūp kisī ko hai bhārī.
He Rānījī! Sab mil darshan karo. Bāt yeh mān hamārī.
Maiñ kahtī kar joṛ, ās pūran ho tumhārī.”

- 105 Jab Rānī ne turt hī solah kī singār,
Karī, panjpāñ, jhāñwarāñ, sab abran līā sār :
Sab abran līā sār : hāth meñ motīñ thāl sujāyā ;
Khil rahī jot ākās gagan, jūñ bhāñ nikas chhāyā.
Hāth joṛ ohñ gurū charnoñ meñ sīs niwāyā.

Rānī Bāchhal.

- 110 “Ho tumharī partāp, Nāth ! jab sīl ho gaī kāyā !”

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

“He Māī ! Tū kaun hai ? yehāñ āī kis kām ?
Kaun tumhārā nagar hai ? kaun tumhārā nām ?

No (maid) in Indra's Court* hath greater beauty.
O Queen, let us all visit him together. Hearken to my
words.
I tell thee with joined hands, thy desires will be ful-
filled.”

- 105 Then the Queen at once dressed herself in her best.†
Bracelets, rings and anklets, each and all her ornaments;
Each and all her ornaments: and took a platter of
pearls in her hand.
Her glory shone as a star in the heavens, as the sun
driving away the shadows.
With joined hands she bowed her head at the feet of
the Gurū there.

Queen Bāchhal.

- 110 “If thou cherish me, Saint, then will my body rejoice.”

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

“My lady ! who art thou ? Why hast thou come here ?
Where is thy home ? What is thy name ?

* The conventional abode of beauty and licentiousness.

† *Lit.*, Put on the 16 appliances for decoration.

Kaun tumhârâ nâm ? kaho tum mukh se sachî bânî.
Ai Mâî, tû dekhî mujhko bhale gharon kî Rânî.”

Rânî Bâchhal.

115 “Nâ kuchh man mein chhô !”

Ronke bolî mukh se bânî.

Itnî kahke bât, nâth ke bharâ nain se pâñî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

“Hâth joṛ bintî karûn ; suno, Gurûjî, bât.
Main to binâ aulâd kî hûn, beâkul din rât.
Hûn beâkul din rât : rahî tan kî sudh jâtî.

120 Hâth malûn, sir dhunnûn, nahîn kuchh pâr basâtî.
Binâ putar, Mahârâj, rahûn man bîch udâs,
Jaise jal bin mîn rahe thal ûpar piyâs.
Main dokhâ dokhî bharî ; karo merî pratipâlâ !
Mujh pâpan kâ âj karo mukh chandar ujâlâ.”

What is thy name ? Tell the truth with thy lips.
O lady, thou seemest to me to be a Queen of a great
line.”

Queen Bâchhal.

115 “I have no pleasure in my heart.”

Weeping (thus) spake she with her lips.

When she spake thus the saint's eyes filled with tears.

Queen Bâchhal.

“With joined hands I pray thee: hear, Saint, my words.
I am without a child, miserable day and night.
Miserable day and night am I: pleasure hath left my
body.

120 I wring my hands, I dash my head, I have no resource.
Without a son, Mahârâj,* sorrow remains in my heart,
As a fish without water lies thirsting on the sands.
I am a great sinner; be thou my protector!
Make thou my sinful face bright and happy to-day.”

* Form of address to Brâhmans.

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- 125 "Is mâyâ sansâr meñ dukh hai âthon jâm.
 He Mât, is jagat se nahûñ mujhe kuchh kâm.
 Nahûñ mujhe kuchh kâm jagat se ; alakh-purakh, abinâs,
 Brahmâ wohî, Bishn wohî hai, sahasr wohî râp Kailâs :
 Us kâ nâm le : mukat hûñ likh, chhut jâ jîn chaurâsî.
 130 Jâo mahil ke bîch, Mât ; kyûñ rudan kare hai yehûñ sî?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

- "He Gurū Gorakhnâthjî, tum ho kirpâ nidhân !
 Maiñ dâsî hûñ charan kî ; pûran kîjo kâm.
 Pûran kîjo kâm : dhyân charnoñ se lâññ.
 Dijo mukh se bachan, dâñ putar kâ pânñ.
 135 Khân pân sab te jâ rahûñ beâkul din râññ,

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- 125 "In this illusory world grief is always present.*
 My lady, I have nothing to do with this world.
 I have nothing to do with this world: the invisible
 Being, the imperishable,
 Brahmâ is he, Bishn† is he, Kailâs‡ is he of the thou-
 sand forms :
 Take thou his name : salvation is written down for thee
 (by fate), thou art released from the eighty-four
 lives.§
 130 Go to thy palace, Lady: Why art thou grieving here?"

Queen Bâchhal.

- "O Gurū Gorakhnāth, thou art the home (ocean) of
 mercy !
 I am (but) a slave-girl at thy feet : fulfil my desire.
 Fulfil my desire: I worship at thy feet.
 Speak a word from thy lips and I shall obtain the gift
 of a son.
 135 I cannot eat or drink at all, miserable day and night,

* *Lit.*, Throughout the 8 watches.

† Vishnu. ‡ Śiva.

§ The eighty-four *līkhs* of lives: the conventional expression for the transmiration of souls.

Jûn jangal ke bîch phirî hai maknâ hâthî,
 Jûn bhojan bin rahi hai durbal kâyâ.
 Mainî pâpan nirbhâg ! nahîn sukh mainî ne pâyâ.”

Rânî Kâchhal.

- “ He Bândî ! tum se kahûn ; yeh hî karo tum kâr.
 140 Chalo sangat, ham se abhî dekhan bâgh bahâr.
 Dekhan bâgh bahâr, rî Bândî : kahûn tujh se samjhâke,
 Pân, supârî, mewâ, misrî, lâo thâl menî pâke.
 Khabar kisî ko nâ ho, piârî : sunîyo chit lagâke.
 Jaun bâgh menî utarâ sâdhû, kîjûn darshan jâke.”

Bândî.

- 145 “ Bachan tumhârâ mânke abhî karûn tatkâl ;
 Ab tumhâre hukum ko nek karûn, nahîn tâl :
 Nek karûn, nahîn tâl ; suno, Rânî, ik arzî hamârî.

As a tuskless elephant wandering in the forests.
 As a body growing weak without food.
 I am a miserable sinner ! I have received no joy !”

*Queen Kâchhal.**

- “ My maid, I tell thee, this must thou do.
 140 Come with me, we must visit the beautiful garden at
 once.
 See the garden at once, my maid ; I tell thee.
 Betel leaves and nuts, fruits, sugar-candy, bring me on
 a platter.
 Tell no one, my dear : listen with all thy heart.
 The saint that has come into the garden must I go and
 visit.”

Maid.

- 145 “ Obeying thy order I will do it forthwith ;
 I will now carry out your order well, there shall be no
 delay :
 I will carry it out well without delay ; Listen, Queen, I
 have a tale.

* Sister of Queen Bâchhal. The scene changes here.

Wâ gaî darshan karan sant ke, Bâchhal bahin tumhârî :
 Jab woh âve mahil bîch men kahûn haqîqat sârî.
 150 Dhîraj kar, Rânî, man mân : yeh mâno kahî hamârî."

Jab Rânî ne soch men baithî sangam rât :

Rânî Kâchhal.

" He Bândî, ut̄h jâgîye ! hun lagî prabhât :
 Hun lagî prabhât ! karo sukh ! Har simran ut̄h, piârî.
 Jal se yeh bharî dharî sundar kanchan kî jharî ;
 155 Lîâ jaldî âshnân karûn : kyâ kartî soch bachârî ?"

Phir basan bhoshan Rânî sang sâkhî hûi sârî

Â charnon men parî.

Rânî Kâchhal.

" Gurû ! hove pîtran âs hamârî !

Tum ho âp dayyâ, sukh sâgar, nem dharam, Brahmchârî !"

She has gone to visit the saint, has Bâchhal, thy sister :
 When she returns to the palace I will tell the whole story.
 150 Have patience, Queen, keep a (brave) heart : hearken
 to my words."

The Queen then remained in sorrow all night.

Queen Kâchhal.

" My maid, wake up, it is already dawn.

It is already dawn ! take comfort ! get up and worship
 Hari, my dear.

This beautiful golden ewer filled with water has been
 placed here ;

155 Taking it I will quickly wash : why should I grieve
 sorrowfully ?"

Then donning ornaments the Queen with all her attendants
 Came and fell at (the saint's) feet.

Queen Kâchhal.

" Gurû ! may my hope be accomplished !

Thou art full of pity and mercy,* observer of the law, a
 teacher of religion !"

* *Lit.*, Pitiful and an ocean of pleasure.

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- “ He Mâi, tû kaun hai ? kaho mukh sachî bât.
 160 Kaun nagar se âunâ ? kaun nagar ko jât ?
 Kaun nagar ko jât ? Bât to kah de mukh se, Mâi.
 Kyâ hai kâm ? Kaho jaldî se. Kis kâran yehân âi ?
 Tû hai kutal kathor nâr ! taiñ chhalke duniyâ khâe !
 Mârûn bâns ! Chalî jâ yehân se ! kyûn martî biu âi ?”

Rânî Kâchhal.

- 165 “ Hâth jor bintî karûn : kîjo merî sahâî.
 Berâ parâ samundar men : dîjo pâr langhâe.
 Dîjo pâr langhâe ! kar jor ! sahâî !
 Tum ho pûran, brahmthârî, mâyâ nahîn pâi !
 Ho tumhârâ partâp, rahe jag nâm tumhârâ.
 170 Jo ho jâ ik putar âp kâ jî jîkârâ.”

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- “ My Lady, who art thou ? Tell the truth with thy lips.
 160 From what home hast come ? To what home art going ?
 To what home art going ? Tell me with thy lips, Lady.
 What is thy desire ? Say quickly why hast thou come
 here ?
 Thou art a black and hard-hearted woman ! Thou hast
 deceived the whole world !
 I will beat thee with a bamboo ! Be off from here ! Why
 dost thou court death ?”

Queen Kâchhal.

- 165 “ With joined hands I pray : be my protector.
 My bark is on the sea ; make it to cross over.
 Make it to cross over ! With joined hands ! Protection !
 Thou art perfect, a spiritual guide, without illusion.
 May thy splendor (increase), and my name remain in
 the world !
 170 If there be a son through thee may thine heart
 rejoice.”

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- “Ik bachan merā suno : man meñ bāndho dhīr.
 Is chintā ko dūr kar : sadā bhajo Raghbīr.
 Sadā bhajo Raghbīr, bāwarī ! Kyūñ dil meñ ghabarāo ?
 Sād̄h sant kī sewā karnī, man ichhā phal pāo.
 175 Yeh s̄gar sansār karam k̄ā ; kyūñ nāhaqq pachhtāo ?
 Yeh māno tum bachan hamārā. Abhī mahil ko jāo.”
- Us rāt nakhand̄ gaī sab jag karat ārām ;
 Rānī* mahilon se chalī dhar Gorakh k̄ā dhyān :
 Dhar Gorakh k̄ā dhyān ; jabhī Rānī bāgh meñ āī,
 180 Hāth joṛ, ādhūñ hūī, charnon meñ sīs niwāī.

Rānī Bāchhal.

“Binā putar main phirūñ taraptī ? tan man huā sudāī.

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- “Hear one word of mine : take courage in thy heart.
 Keep this grief afar : worship always Raghbīr.
 Worship always Raghbīr, thou fool ! why art confound-
 ed in thy heart ?
 Serve saints and holy men, and receive the desire of thy
 heart.
 175 This world is full of fate, † why dost grieve for nothing ?
 Hearken to these my words. Go to thy palace at once !”
- That night at midnight when all were at rest ;
 Queen (Bāchhal) left the palace and worshipped
 Gorakhnāth.
 Worshipped Gorakhnāth : when the Queen came into the
 garden
 180 With joined hands she saluted him and bowed her head
 at his feet.

Queen Bāchhal.

“Without a son I live in sorrow ! my body and mind
 are in trouble.

* *Scil.* Bāchhal.

† *Lit.*, Ocean of fate.

Karo, Nâth, man ichhâ pûran : is kâran chal âi.”

Gurû Goraknath.

“Jâ kâ tan tashnâ âdhik so andhâ kar deh :

Pâp pun jâne nahîu châhat karan sneh :

185 Châhat karan sneh : kahûn main mukh se sachî bânî.

Yeh duniyâ hai khân kapat kî : tûn kyûn hûî dîwânî ?

Jo kuchh ank likhâ Kartâ ne, lag gaî karam nishânî.

Jâ ghar ! Baiñh raho mahilon meñ, Har se dhyân lagânî.”

Râni Bâchhal.

“Jo châho, soî karo ! Tum sat ho, Gorakh !

190 Is duniyâ ke bîch meñ nâm mahârâ râkh !

Nâm mahârâ râkh : hâth tumharî hai dorî !

Jo châho, so karo ! tumheñ kis kî hai chorî ?

Bhû sâgar meñ bahî ! karo merâ nastârâ !

Dhirag jîtn jagat bîch ; binâ putar hai hârâ.”

Fulfil, saint, the desire of my heart : for this am I come.”

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

“Whose body is full of envy it makes him blind.

Not knowing right from wrong he would be loving :

185 He would be loving : I speak truth from my lips.

This world is a pit of deceit : why art become mad ?

The fate that god has written, the sign of that fate has
been made.

Go home ! sit in the palace, worshipping Hari.”

Queen Bâchhal.

“Do as thou wilt ! Be thou true, Gorakhnâth !

190 Protect my name in this world !

Protect my name : the power* is in thy hand !

Do as thou wilt ! whom dost thou fear ? †

I am afloat on the sea of the world ! Grant me salvation !

Accursed I live in the world, ruined (by being) without
a son !”

* *Lit.*, The thread.

† An idiom. *Lit.*, From whom is concealment to you ?

Bānī Káchhal.

- 195 "Hāth joṛ bintī karūn, he Gurū Gorakhnāth !
 Bahot dinon sewā karī : lāj tumhāre hāth.
 Lāj tumhārē hāth, Gurū ! main tum se 'araz lagāī :
 Jis par kirpā hūī tumhārī, pār-karē chhinmāe.
 Dhan dhan bhāg pūran haiin un ko, jis ghar janam
 le āe !
- 200 Amar nām un kā hai jag meñ ! Dhan hai jantī māī !"
 Jholū meñ se nāth ne do phal līe nikāl.

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- "Jā Māī, tujh ko dīe ! janamenge do la'ī :
 Janamenge do la'ī. Jāo, ab mat na kījo derī.
 Jān līā main bahot dinon sewā karī gherī.
 205 Phir kabhī ānā nahīn yehān se ! kabhī manīye merī.

*Queen Káchhal.**

- 195 "With joined hands I pray, O Gurū Gorakhnāth !
 Many days have I served thee : my honor is in thy
 hands.
 My honor is in thy hands, Gurū ! I make my prayer
 to thee :
 On whom is thy mercy is saved at once.
 Happy fates were fulfilled to them in whose house thou
 wert born !
- 200 Immortal is their name in the world ! Happy is thy
 bearing mother !"

The saint took two flowers from out of his wallet.

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- "Go lady, I have given to thee ! Two sons will be born :
 Two sons will be born. Go. make no delay now.
 I know that thou hast done me many days of service
 and worship.
 205 Come here again no more ! Hearken to my words :

* The scene changes here.

Kis kis ko den putar ? doltî denâ phirî bahotêrî.”

Bhar lâ garwâ dūdh kâ : lâ apne hâth :

Râni Bâchhal.

“Dayyâ karo hamesha apnî, ai Gurû Gorakhnâth !”

Rûgnî.

210 “Karo kirpâ, Gurû mere !
Charan kî dâsî hûn terî !”
Yeh hî kah ro parî Rânî.
Nain meñ bhar âyâ pânî.
215 “Putar bin hîn hûn nârî !
Ren chakwî ko jûn bhârî,
Yeh hî gat ho rahî merî !
Gurû, main dâsî hûn terî !
Karo pûran merî âsâ !
Met man kâ shakal sânsâ !”

Shall I give a son to every one ? Child-giving is a constant request.”

She*filled a cup of milk and gave it (the Gurû) with her own hands.

Queen Bâchhal.

“Have mercy always, O Gurû Gorakhnâth !”

Song.

210 “Have mercy, my Gurû !
I am a slave at thy feet !”
Saying this the Queen fell to weeping,
And her eyes were full of tears.
215 “I am indeed a woman without a son !
As the night is wearisome to the *chakwî*,
So is this evil plight to me.
Gurû, I am thy slave !
Fulfil my desire !
Wipe out all my sorrows from my heart !”

I.e., Bâchhal not Kâchhal. Scene changes again.

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- “Jā, laṇḍī kī ! Bhāg jā ! jo jīwat chāhe prān.
 220 Tiryā ko nahīn mārṇā ; hot dharm kī hān.
 Hot dharm kī hān. Chālī jā ! mat nā sūrat dikhlāve !
 Kal dīnī do phal tere ko ; zarā lāj nahīn āve !
 Is duniyā se rahe akelā : nā kisī ko patyāve !
 Is kal jug kā yeh hī rūp hai : sab dharm ur ho jāve !”

Rānī Bāchhal.

- 225 “Jhūṭ bachan bolūn nahīn, he Gurū Gorakhnāth !
 Koī tum ko chhal le gaī tiryā chanchal zāt.
 Tiryā chanchal zāt 'aqal har le gaī tumhārī.
 Kyūn bhole, Mahārāj ? ulaṭ qismat gaī mahārī !
 Nā tumharā kuchh dosh : phirūn karmoṅ kī mārī !

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

- “Go, thou daughter of a cur !* Be off ! If thou wouldst
 preserve thy life.
 220 One should not strike a woman ; it is against the law.†
 It is against the law. Be off ! show thy face no more !
 I gave thee two sons (fruits) yesterday ; thou hast no
 shame at all !
 One must live alone in this world and trust no one !
 This is the condition of this age : ‡ all religion has fled
 away !”

Queen Bāchhal.

- 225 “I speak no lie, O Gurū Gorakhnāth !
 Some wanton woman has deceived thee.
 Some wanton has misled all thy discrimination.
 Why dost frown, Mahārāj ? My fate has become un-
 fortunate !
 No blame is yours : I live a victim of fate.

* A term peculiar to *faqīrs* as abuse.

† I.e., religious law.

‡ The Kali Yuga, the 4th or present age of the world, always considered as very degenerate.

- 230 Jân chakwî ko ren hûî, aisî gat mahârî !
 Jân yatîm bin rain rahe sab abran phîkâ !
 Jân jal bin rahe mân, hâl bîte merî jî kâ !

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- “ He Rânî, roiye matî ! kyûn soche har bâr ?
 Jâ ! Tere sat hovegâ Gûgâ Râjkuwâr !
 235 Gûgâ Râjkuwâr hovegâ, sâr, bîr, kallâdhârî.
 Janamat sâr lage gîn par, jis se parjâ bhûnî sârî.
 Ghar ghar thapî dî nagar meî : gâven mangal nârî.
 Jo han ko woh se gaî chhalke, he pâpan hatyârî !
 Janamat sâr maregî jannî : parî nipat atî bhârî :
 240 Bârah baras kî hûî 'umar kî. Rakhîye yâd hamârî.”

Rânî Bâchhal.

“ Âj mujhe yeh bar huâ, man meî kîâ ânand.
 Janam janam ke kaṭ gae mere shakal dukh phand.”

- 230 As the *chakwî's* at night, so has my plight become (evil) !
 As a deserted wife without a husband remains devoid
 of ornaments !
 As from a fish without water the joy of my life has de-
 parted !”

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- “ Weep not, my Queen ! Why art always sorrowful ?
 Go ! Thy son will be the Prince Gûgâ !
 235 The Prince Gûgâ will be, beautiful, brave, miraculous.
 From his very birth shall he work miracles that the
 whole world may be his subjects.
 In every house shall be congratulations throughout the
 city : the women shall sing songs of rejoicing.
 The woman who deceived me, the deceitful sinner !
 She shall die at their birth, very heavy sorrow shall fall
 on her.
 240 Twelve years shall their life last. Remember my words.”

Queen Bâchhal.

“ To-day has my boon been granted, rejoicing my heart.
 The meshes of the sorrows of all my lives have been cut.”

Râgnî.

245 "Kaṭe dukh janam ke sûre !
 Bhâg nirmal hûe mahâre !
 Hûi kirpâ Gurû tuhârî !
 Phirûn thî karam kî mârî :
 Râkh, lajjâ lie maharî !
 Gurû ! main dâsî hûn tuhârî.
 250 Bipat men sukh mujhe dinâ :
 So phal jag men hûa jînâ."

Sabîr Deî.

"He Bâchhal ! Is jagat men tain dî lâj ganwâe !
 Jogî râkhâ bâgh men : nit uṭh us par jâe.
 Nit uṭh us par jâe : bhûrî zarâ lâj nahîn âi.
 Nit uṭh ta'na dî haiñ sarîke : ho gaî jagat haisâl.

Song.

245 "The griefs of all my lives have been blotted out !
 My fate has become propitious !
 Thy mercy, Gurû, has come upon me !
 The victim of fate did I live,
 But thou hast preserved my honor !
 Gurû ! I am thy slave.
 Thou gavest me joy in my sorrow :
 250 So my fruit hath ripened in the world."*

Sabîr Deî.†

"O Bâchhal ! Thou hast destroyed thy honor in the
 world !
 Thou didst keep the *jogî* in the garden, always going to
 him.
 Always going to him : no shame came to thee at all.
 Our relatives are always blaming thee, and the whole
 world jeers.

* The desire of my heart is accomplished.

† The sister of Râjâ Jewar.

- 255 Khoî dî kul kî marjâdâ jab se biyâhî aî.
 Ghar ghar charchâ râhe râtan: hanste log lagâe.
 Is jîne se marnâ behtar: ab kyûn sûrat dikhâî ?
 Aisâ zulm kîû taiû, pûpan: zarâ lâj nahîn aî.”

Rânî Bâchhal.

- “ Pâp pun jânûn nahîn: suno hamârî bât.
 260 Kyûn khoṭe mukh se kahe? nâ âve kuchh hâth.
 Nâ âve kuchh hâth: kahe mukh koṭî bânî.
 Kyûn kartî badnâm: âp ho, betî, syânî!
 Bin dekhan, bin sunan, kahe jo mukh se bânî.
 Yâ le! Nische jân! Narak meñ jâe prânî.
 265 Bigrat hai parlok dharm apnâ jo hâre.
 Un kâ sat nâ rahe kahâ patî kâ jo dâre!”

- 255 The honor of the family has been lost since thou wast
 married into it.
 All night are scandals in the house and the people have
 begun to jeer.
 Better die than live thus: how canst thou show thy
 face now?
 Such wickedness hast thou done, thou sinner, that no
 shame comes at all!

Queen Bâchhal.

- “ I know nor good nor evil: listen to my words.
 260 Why speak evil with your lips? No good comes of it.
 No good comes from speaking evil with the lips.
 Why do you give me a bad name: thou art a wise
 woman, my girl!
 Speaking evil with your lips without seeing and without
 hearing.
 Take this (to heart). Know this for certain! Thy life
 will be passed in Hell.
 265 Who forsakes the law will be destroyed in the next world.
 Her virtue remains not who disobeys her husband's
 word!”

Sabir Deī.

- “ Jo bātān taiñ ne karī : aisī karī na koī.
 Bāgar des Chauhān kī dīe lāj sab khoī.
 Dīe lāj sab khoī, Bahū : main sun Kāchhal se āī.
 270 Awandī Jewar bhayyā ko dūn mahilon se kharwāī.
 Nahīn kām mahilon meñ terā : jit chāhe ut jāīye !
 Kyā mukhrā dikhlāve jag meñ : maro, zahar bas khāīye.”

Rānī Bāchhal.

- “ Jo karnī so kar chuko ! mat nā kījo tār !
 Jo mukat meñ likh dīā nā koī metanhār.
 275 Nā koī metanhār : karo jo tum ko bhāve.
 Tujh ko tīn talāq mahil se nā kharwāve.
 Jo tū mukh se pher kahegī khoṭī bānī,
 Marūngī kaṭārī khāe : tajūngī ab zīndagānī.

Sabir Deī.

- “ As thou hast done hath no one done.
 All the honor of the Chauhāns* of Bāgar is lost.
 All the honor is lost, my sister : I heard it all from
 Kāchhal.
 270 I will go to my brother Jewar and have thee turned out
 of the palace.
 Thy place is not in the palace : go where thou wilt !
 Why dost show thy face in the world : take poison and
 die !”

Queen Bāchhal.

- “ Do you what you have to do ! Delay not !
 What is written in one's fate † none can blot out.
 275 None can blot out : do as you please.
 I swear to thee thrice. Get me turned out of the palace ! ‡
 If you speak evil words again with your lips ;
 I will stab myself and die ; I will destroy my life at once.

* Gūgā was a Chauhān Rājput.

† A curious use of *mukat*.

‡ I.e. do your worst.

- Nâ jîûn pal ik : prân chhîn meñ kho dîngî !
 280 Dhur dargahon bîch pakar pallû terâ lîngî !”

Sabîr Deî.

- “ Are bhâî Jewar mere ! kahûn tum hîn se âj !
 Bâgar des Chauhân kî târ dharî hai lâj !
 Târ dharî hai lâj bairan meñ : samjhâûn tujh koî.
 Aisâ zulm kîâ Bâchhal ne jag meñ hûa nâ hûî.
 285 Jogî rakh bâgh meñ : le bhojan nit jâe :
 Adhî râî nikhad gâî thî jab mahilon meñ âî.
 Zulm is ne kîâ bhârî :
 Lâj sab khoî hamârî.
 De mahilon se karh !
 290 Nahûn, us ko de mârî !”

I will not live a minute: I will destroy my life in a moment!

- 280 I will bring you to account for it in the next world*”

Sabîr Deî.

- “ Ah Jewar, brother mine ! I would speak with you to-day !
 The honor of the Chauhâns of Bâgar has been taken away.
 Honor has been lost through an enemy : † I will tell it all (to you).
 Such wickedness as Bâchhal has done has not been since the world has been.
 285 She kept the *jogî* in the garden and was always going and giving him food :
 It was dead of night at midnight when she returned to the palace.
 Great wickedness has she done :
 All our honor is gone.
 Turn her out of the palace
 290 Or else destroy her.”-

* *Lit.*, I will seize and take the hem of thy garment in the midst of the distant court.

† *I.e.* Bâchhal: *bairan fem.*

Rājā Jewar.

- “Sunke tumhare bachan ko, gñā krodh tan chhāe :
 Ab jīwat chhoṛūn nahīn : dūngā prān gañwāe.
 Dūngā prān gañwāe : abhī mahiloñ se dūñ khaṛwāe.
 Mār koṛūn, khāl upā dūñ : rahā krodh tan chhāe.
 295 Main jānūñ thā hai satwantī : augun rahī chhipāe.
 Tiryā jāṭ ’aqal mat hīnī ; nā mukh karo baṛāe.
 Mahā kapaṭ kī khāñ jāñ līe ! hogī jagat hañsāe.
 Itnī hī sanjog likhā thā : Bidhnā bāt banāñ.”

Sabir Deī.

- Ai Bhāī, soche matī : kījo ik upāe.
 300 Kyā ? tū bhijwā us ke bāp ko : nahīñ dījo jāñ gañwāe.
 Nahīñ dījo jāñ gañwāe : baran main kahūñ tujhe samjhāke.
 Nahīñ chorī kī bāt rahī : tū pūchh mahil meñ jāke.

Rājā Jewar.

- Hearing your words my body is full of anger :
 I will not now let her live ; I will destroy her life.
 I will destroy her life : I will turn her out of the palace
 at once.
 I will beat her and flay off her skin : my body is full of
 anger.
 295 I thought her virtuous and secretly she was vile.
 Womenkind are without thought or mind : praise them
 not with thy mouth.
 Hold them as the very pit of deceit ! The world will
 jeer (at her).
 My connection with her is at an end.* Fate hath done
 this.”

Sabir Deī.

- “Ah Brother, grieve not : make a plan.
 300 What ? Send her to her father ; do not destroy her life.
 Do not destroy her life : I will tell thee a plan.
 It is no secret : go and ask the whole palace.

* *Lit.*, This much connection (fate) had written.

Dekh ! turt mukaregî Rânî, sau sau qasmân khâke.

Mat nâ karo 'itbâr kisî kâ : mare zahar khilâke.

- 305 Mat karo soch bichâr : baran kyâ hâth lage pachhtâke ?
Anhonî hûî rît hamârî isî jagat meñ âke."

Râjâ Jewar.

"Itnâ hî sanjog thâ : Bidhnâ rachî ûpâr."

Jhat khunî se târke lâ hâth katâr.

Lâ hâth katâr.

Râjâ Jewar.

"Piârî, kadhî kâm nahîn âyâ.

- 310 Aî parîr sâr, Bhâî, main jîs khâtir tû haṭâyâ."

Aisî kahke bâṭ, Râo ke nainon meñ jal chhâyâ.

Nahîn miyân ko chhore khândâ ! He Gorakh kî mâyâ !

See ! the Queen will at once deny, swearing a hundred oaths.

Believe none of them : they will kill thee with poison.

- 305 Grieve not : what sorrow has come to grieve about ?
An unexpected evil has come upon in this world."

Râjâ Jewar.

"So long we were connected : Fate hath decreed separation."

He took his dagger in his hand immediately from off the peg.

He took his dagger in his hand.

*Râjâ Jewar.**

"My beloved, never have I used thee."

- 310 A heavy sorrow, friend, has come for which I draw thee.

When he said this the king's eyes filled with tears.

The blade would not leave the scabbard, through Gorakhnâth's power !

* Speaking to the dagger

Rânî Bâchhal.

“ Binâ khatâ, taqsîr bin, kyûn mâro Mahârâj ?
 Kaun pâp ham se hûâ ? kyâ bigrâ kuchh kâj ?
 315 Kyâ bigrâ kuchh kâj, Pati ? sun 'araz hamârî.
 Kyûn tain kînâ krodh ? nîr nainon se jûrî ?
 Kyûn lâ khândâ hâth men ? surkhî kyûn chhâî ?
 Dîjîye sách batâe. Tum hîn hai Râm dohâî !”

Râjâ Jewar.

“ Jo, Rânî, tû ne karî aisî karî nâ koî.
 320 Bânh pakarke dhâr dînâ adhar daboi.
 Dînâ adhar daboi : tû hai kamzât lugâî.
 Jab se prît kasî jogî se, ho gal jagat haüsâî.
 Yeh Bidhnâ ke hâth bêt hai : jît châhe âwat jâe.
 He pâpan nirbhâg, samajh le : tujhe soch nahîn âî !”

Queen Bâchhal.

“Why slayest thou (me), Râjâ, without crime, without
 fault ?
 What crime have I committed ? What injury have I
 done ?
 315 What injury, O my Lord ! Hear my prayer .
 Why art thou angry ? Why fall tears from thy eyes ?
 Why hast thou taken the sword in thy hand ? Why are
 (thine eyes) full of redness ?
 Tell me the truth. Thou art my God and protector !”

Râjâ Jewar.

“ O Queen as thou hast done none hath done.
 320 Seizing my arm thou hast plunged me into the stream
 (of sorrow).
 Plunged me into the stream : thou art an evil woman.
 Since thou hast made love to the *jogî* the world has
 laughed.
 This matter is in the hands of Fate, which does as it
 pleases.
 O miserable sinner, listen : thou didst not dread (the
 result) !”

Rânî Bâchhal.

- 325 "Kaun Bidhâtâ dukh dââ ? kîjo ân sahââ ?
 Kyûnî biptâ dînî mujhe, jo dukh sihâ na jâe ?
 Jo dukh sihâ na jâe, Bidhî : taîn kyâ gat karî hamârî ?
 Tap tap ansû par dharan par : nîr nain se jârî."

Kis bidhî karat bilâp mahil meñ ? Jabhî kûk mukh mârî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

- 330 "Yeh man uṭhat biyog : marûn, main tan meñ khâe
 kaṭârî."

Chalî mahil se bâhir nikas ; jhaṭ karî turt aswârî.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Likhî karm kî rekh, dekhîyo, yeh gat hûî hamârî.
 He Prabhû ! sun lîjîye ! Lâj tumhâre hâth !

Queen Bâchhal.

- 325 "O Fate what misery hast thou given ? come and pro-
 tect me !
 Why hast given me such grief that I cannot bear the
 pain (of it) ?
 I cannot bear the pain, Fate ; why hast thou made me
 so wretched ?
 My tears drop upon the ground : tears fall from my eyes."

What wailing there was in the palace when she cried
 out from her mouth !

Queen Bâchhal.

- 330 "My heart will (not) bear this separation : I will die,
 stabbing myself with a dagger."

She went outside the palace and at once entered a
 carriage.*

Queen Bâchhal.

See, this was written in the lines of Fate : this misery
 of mine.

O God ! Hear me ! My honour is in thy hands !

* A rath or native lady's carriage drawn by bullocks.

Binā bulāf main chālī : kyā kahenge pitū māt ?
 335 Kyā kahenge pitū māt mujhe ? ‘ ab kis kâran tū âi ? ’ ”

Garh Gajni kī hūī rastā, lambā kūnch karāī.
 Is bidh karat bīchār : bhān jhaṭ gīā sukh par āī.

Rānī Bāchhal.

“ Chār gharī bisrām karo ; yehān jal, pīo, lo nahāe.
 Yeh biptā ban ghor hī : garjī ān paī mujh pāe.
 340 Kyā janūn thī aisī hogī ? detī prān gānwāe ! ”

Gārīwān.

“ Chār gharī bisrām kar : sikhar bhān gīā āe.
 Main in bailon ko abhī yehān lāūn jal piāe.”
 Yehān lāūn jal piāe.”

Bail le jhaṭ sāgar pe āyā :

I go uninvited ; what will my parents say ?
 335 What will my parents say to me ? ‘ why hast thou come
 now ? ’ ”

Her road lay to Ghazni Fort, a long march she made.
 Sorrowing thus (was she when) the sun rose quickly and
 she rested herself.

Queen Bāchhal.

“ Let us rest an hour* : here is water, let us drink and
 bathe.
 This is a dreadful grief that has come upon me : I have
 received the sorrow that has come to me.
 340 Had I known it would be thus I would have destroyed
 my life.”

Coachman.

“ Let us rest an hour : the full sun has come (on us).
 I will drink these bullocks and return here soon.
 I will drink them and return here.”

He took the bullocks at once to the river :

* *Chār gharī* = 96 minutes.

Lage pîwan pânî sâgar men bhachîr dhang lagâyâ.

345 Kât-sâr gir paṛe dharan par : bhawar Baikunṭh lok ko dhâyâ.

Lagâ shîsh dharnî se mâran : kûk mâr mukh royâ.

Gariwân.

“ Ai Bâchhal, sun le mujh ko : Bhâvé ne ân dabâyâ !
Tú to phirî Karne kî mârî ! main kyâ pâp kamâyâ ? ”

Rânî Bâchhal.

“ He Bhâvé, tain kyâ karî, is jangal men âe ?

350 Bail hamâre mar gae ; lîe sarap ne khâe.

Lîe sarap ne khâe : dié biptâ kyûn bhârî ?

Nâ jîwan kî âs : chalî ab jân hamârî.

Is jangal ke bîch nahîn koî hamrâ sâthî.

Hâth malûn, sir dhunnûn : gharî woh mere hâth na âtî ! ”

355 Is bidh karat bilâp, jab tan murchhâ gae âe.

They began to drink in the river where a serpent was on the bank.

345 Bitten they fell to the ground, and their life went to the next world.*

He began to dash his head on the ground and cried out and wept.

Coachman.

“ O Bâchhal, hear me : Fate has come and destroyed me !
Thou art the victim of Fate ! but what harm have I done ? ”

Queen Bâchhal.

“ Ah Fate, what hast thou done in this desert ?

350 My bullocks are dead, bitten by a snake.

Bitten by a snake : why hast given me great sorrow ?

I have no hope of life : now will my life depart.

In this desert I have no friend.

I wring my hands, I dash my head : do what I will it is in vain ! ”

355 Thus did she cry out till she swooned away ?

* *Baikunṭh, Paradise.*

Jab Gūge ne udar mán parchâ diâ lagâe.
Parchâ diâ lagâe.

Gūgā.

“ Soch mat karní Mât hamâri !
Gadî niche kharâ nîb : ik toro us kî dâli ;
Le Gorakh kâ nám : ân sudh legâ abhî tumhâri.
360 Kaun chîz hai zahar ! utar jâe, lage na pâl kî derî.
Ik takâ dhar Gurû Gorakh kâ : ho pûran âs tumhâri.
Itná kâm karo, Mâtâ : yeh mâno kahî hamâri !”

Râni Bâchhal.

“ Yeh supnâ mujh ko âyâ : kyâ kahûn ? kahî na jâe !
Gadî niche nîb kâ perâ diâ batâe.
365 Perâ diâ batâe nîb kâ : aisâ supnâ âyâ.
Hai ik bâlak barâ sohanâ sâ : pas hamâre âyâ.

Then did Gūgā from within her womb work a miracle.
Work a miracle.

*Gūgā.**

“Grieve not, mother mine !
Near the carriage stands a *nîm*† tree, cut one of its
branches ;
Call on Gorakhnâth : he will come and protect thee.
360 What is there in poison (after all) ? It will go away
without a moment's delay.
Lay aside a mite for Gurû Gorakhnâth and thy hope
will be fulfilled.
Do this much, Mother, and hearken to these my words !”

Queen Bâchhal.†

“Thus did I dream : what shall I say ? I cannot say it !
It showed me a *nîm* tree near the carriage.
365 It showed me a *nîm* tree : such was my dream.
It was a very lovely child that came to me.

* Speaking from his mother's womb.

† *Melia indica.*

‡ To the coachman.

Bhojâ pakarke kar lîe baiṭhe, yeh mukh se farmâyâ ;
 ‘ Gurû Gorakh kâ nâm batâ ! gae antar dhyân lagae ! ’ ”

Kalâm Râni Bâchhal kâ Gurû Gorakhnâth se.

“ Ai Gurû Gorakhnâthjî ! kariye merî sahâî ! ”

- 370 Lekar dâli nîb kî : dhar dîâ ṭakâ chauhâî.
 Dhar dîâ ṭakâ chauhâî ; jabhî mukh Gorakhnâth manâyâ.
 Paṛh paṛh mantar aṣṭ kulî ke jab gâṛar ko gâyâ.
 Utarâ zahar jabhî ik chhîn men, jab oh ne sîs hilâyâ.
 Turt khare ho gae bail ! Gûge ne parchâ lâyâ !

Râni Bâchhal.

- 375 “ Kirpâ hûi Gorakhnâth kî : sârî hamârî kâj ;
 Sab jag pâlanhâr ho ! baṛe gharîb nawâj !

He caught my arm, took my hand, sat down and said
 with his lips.

‘ Call on Gurû Gorakhnâth ! The difficulty will go as
 you worship ! ’ ”

Prayer of Queen Bâchhal to Gurû Gorakhnâth.

“ O Gurû Gorakhnâth ! Be thou my helper ! ”

- 370 She took the branch of the *nîm* tree and placed the
 offering of a mite.
 Placed the offering of a mite : and called on Gorakhnâth.
 She repeated the charms for the eight kinds (of snakes)
 and then sang the praises of the charmer.
 Then the poison went away in a moment, and they lifted
 their heads.
 And the bullocks stood up immediately ! Gûgâ worked
 this miracle !

Queen Bâchhal.

- 375 “ (Through) the mercy of Gorakhnâth my desire has been
 fulfilled.
 Thou art the supporter of the whole world : the great
 cherisher of the humble !

Bare gharīb nawāj, Nāthjī ! Pahile tujhe manâûn !
 Ab jân lâ niche : nit charnoñ dhyân lagâûn !
 Karî kirpâ mujh ûpar tum hî. Main bâbal ghar jâûn.
 380 Mil dusotâ mujh birhan ko, phir nâ hatke âûn."

Jab Rânî wahân se chalî, dhar Gorakh kâ dhyân ;
 Majal majal kar, â gaî Garh Gajni âsthân.
 Garh Gajni âsthân, jabhî Rânî mahiloñ men âî,
 Bhojâ pasâr milî mâtâ se ; parî dharan par jâe,
 385 Umang umang bharâve chhâtî ! kyâ kahûn ? kahî jâe !

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Wâ din kyûn na dîe mâr main jis din janam le âî ?"

Great cherisher of the humble, O Saint ! First of all
 I worship thee.
 Now I know thee well : always will I worship at thy
 feet !
 Thou hast shown mercy to me. I will go to my
 father's house.
 380 I, the unfortunate, have been dismissed, never will
 I return."

Then the Queen worshipped Gorakhnâth and went on.
 Stage by stage she journeyed and reached her house in
 Gajni* Fort.
 Her house in Gajni Fort : when the Queen entered the
 palace,
 She met her mother with extended arms and fell on the
 ground.
 385 Great longing filled her breast : How shall I say ? It
 cannot be said.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Why didst thou not slay me the day I was born ?"

* *I.e. Ghazni.*

Mâtâ Râni Bâchhal kî.

- “ He betî, kyûn rotî? Kyûn man kîâ udâs ?
 Kaun bât kâ dukh tujhe ? Kahq hamâre pâs !
 Kaho hamâre pâs, ai betî ! Kyûn man udan lagâe ?
 390 Kyâ patî, nand, bahin terî ne mukh bhar ta'n sunâe ?
 Kadhî nahîn itnâ dukh pâyâ jab se janam le âî.
 Ab mukh se kah de, tû betî ! Kis kâran chal âî ? ”

Râni Bâchhal.

- “ He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye ! kahûn, tumhen samjhâe.
 Jogî utarâ ânke, karî sewâ man lâe.
 395 Karî sewâ man lâe nâth kî : man charnon chit lâe.
 Nand merî ne jâ Râjâ se aisî chughlî khâî.
 ‘Jogî râkhe, târ diâ hai : sârâ mâl lutâe.
 Yâ tû dijîye mâr, nahîn mahilon se dîe kharwâe.’
 Barî soch raktî mujhe, nâ jîwan kî âs !

The Mother of Queen Bâchhal.

- “ My daughter, why dost weep ? Why dost sorrow in thy
 heart ?
 What troubles thee ? Tell me !
 Tell me, O my daughter ! Why is sorrow in thy heart ?
 390 What reproach have husband, sister-in-law and sister
 cast on thee with their lips ?
 I have borne no such sorrow as this since I was born.
 Tell me with thy lips, my daughter ! Why hast come here ? ”

Queen Bâchhal.

- “ O mother hear me ! I will explain and tell it you.
 A jogî came (into the garden), I went and worshipped
 him.
 395 I went and worshipped the saint . I laid my heart and
 soul at his feet.
 My sister-in-law went to the Râjâ and slandered me thus.
 ‘She has kept the jogî and bestowed gifts on him and
 squandered all her property.
 Either do you kill her or turn her out of the palace.’
 (So) I am in great sorrow and have no hope in life !

- 400 Nahīn bālak paidā hūā, lāgā bārwin mās !
 Lagā bārwin mās, rī Mātā ! kyā gat hūī hamārī ?
 Jab se paīā gharab meñ mere yā gat hūī hamārī !
 Tyāg dīe Rājā ne mujh ko, aisī bāt bichārī.
 Main nīr-bhāg janam kī ! Aisī hūñ pāpan hatyārī !”

Kalām Gūge kā Shikam meñ.

- 405 “ Māt hamārī ko rahī yā chintā din rāt.
 Us kā dukh niwār do, he Gurū Gorakhnāth !
 He Gurū Gorakhnāth ! ānke kījo bīg sahāī !
 Māt hamārī man apne meñ rahī bahot dukh pāe.
 Hogā mujh ko ta'n jagat meñ, jo yehāñ janam le āe.
 410 Pitā mere ko de parchā, merī mātā ko le jāe.
 'Araz sun lījo mahārī, dhyān charnoñ se lāyā !
 He Gurū Gorakhnāth ! Barā dukh pāyā !”

- 400 My child is not yet born, though this is the twelfth
 month (of my pregnancy).
 Though this is the twelfth month, Mother ! what a sad
 plight am I in ?
 Since he came into my womb I have been in sorrow !
 The Rājā dismissed me thinking such (evil) things.
 I was born ill-fated ! I am such a dreadful sinner !”

Gūgā speaks from the Womb.

- 405 “My mother lives in sorrow day and night.
 Take away her sorrows, O Gurū Gorakhnāth !
 O Gurū Gorakhnāth ! come and succour her quickly !
 My mother lives on with great sorrow in her heart.
 I shall suffer great reproach in the world if I am born
 here.
 410 Show my father some miracle that he take back my
 mother.
 Hear my prayer that worship at thy feet !
 O Gurū Gorakhnāth, we are in great trouble !”

Rájá Jewar.

- “Sowan thâ sukh chain meñ, sukh se âsan lâe.
 Nahîn hosh tan kî rahî, paṛâ dharan par jâe :
 415 Paṛâ dharan par jâe ; merî sab rahî sudh jâtî.
 Beâkul hûâ, hosh nahîn mujh ko, nâ mukh barnî jâtî.
 Kahe mujh ko, ‘Sun, múrakh Rájâ ; kyûn ’aqal rahî jâtî ?
 Jo Rânî ko nahîn lâvegâ, mar paṛe din râtî.’ ”

Hâth joṛ Mantrî kahe.

Mantrî.

“Suno Râo Mahârâj !

- 420 Rânî ko lâo abhî sidh hoñ sab kâj.
 Sidh hoñ sab kâj, Râojî ! Mâno bât hamârî.
 Jo Rânî ko nahîn lâoge jâegî jân tumbârî.
 Tûn har Chauhân bair lag jûegâ : jaldî karo tayyârî.

*Rájá Jewar.**

- “I was sleeping in ease and comfort : I lay down at ease.
 I lost consciousness of myself and lay on the ground :
 415 I lay on the ground and lost all consciousness.
 I was restless though unconscious : no words came from
 my lips.
 (Something) said to me, ‘listen, foolish Rájâ ; why have
 thy senses left thee ?
 If thou bring not thy Queen back, sorrow will fall on
 thee day and night.’ ”

Said his Minister with joined hands :

Minister.

- “Hear my Lord Mahârâj !
 420 Bring back the Queen at once, and all will be well.
 All will be well, Sir King ! Hearken to my words.
 If you bring not the Queen back your life will be lost.
 All the Chauhans will be your enemies : so make ready
 quickly.

* Speaking to his minister : the scene changes.

Rath, hâthî, aur pînas pâlkî, lejâ sab aswârî.”

425 Itnî sunkar bât, Râo ne man men yeh hî bichârî :

Râjâ Jewar.

“ Ganpat Deo manâe, dekh mahûrat ko karûn tayyârî.
Âd Sârdâ simarke dharâ Ganpat kê dhyân ;
Ast sidh nau nidh ke bar dâyak Hanumân !
Bar dâyak Hanumân ! Râkhîyo ! yeh hî lâj tumhârî !”

430 Garh Gajnî ke ho lîe rastâ ; kûnch majal kiâ bhârî.
Jâ pahunche haiñ bâgh bich men, sundar sajî sawârî.
Jab yeh khabar hûî Râjâ par, kushî hûî man bhârî.

Carriages, elephants, and *pâlkis*; take your whole
cavalcade.”

425 When he heard this the Râjâ thought thus in his mind.

Râjâ Jewar.

“ I will worship Ganpat,* find out the favourable time
and make ready.
First I will worship Sâradâ† and then I will worship
Ganpat.
O Hanumân‡ granter of the heart's desire §
Granter of desires, Hanumân ! Preserve us ! This is to
thine honor !”

430 He took the road to Gajnî Fort; and marched many
stages.

He reached the garden with a splendid and glorious
cavalcade.

The news of it reached the Râjâ and his heart was very
pleased.

* Ganeśa, the Elephant-headed God. He is always worshipped on the commencement of any project, such as a journey, a new house, a new well, a new book of accounts, and so on.

† Sâradâ = Saraswati.

‡ The Monkey-God.

§ *Lit.*, The 8 perfections and the 9 riches.

Itni sun Râjâ chale, le mantrî ko sang :
Hâth joṛ âge kharî, man meñ bahot umang.

435 Man meñ bahot umang.

Râjâ Chandarbhân.

“ Bajâ jagat meñ bhâg hamârâ !

Barî kirpâ hûî ham par, Râjâ : darshan hûâ tumbhârâ.
Kushal tumbhârî des ! kushal hai sab parwâr tumbhârâ !
Bahot dinon se milne kî nit kar rahâ soch bichârâ.
Ab pûran hûî âs hamârî mahilon meñ pag dhârâ.

440 Hath joṛke paṛe charan meñ : main hûn dâs tumbhârâ.”

Râjâ Jewar.

“ Ab rukhsat mâhe dîjo. Suno Râo Mahârâj.
Ab Har ne pûran kîe shakal tumbhârî kâj :
Shakal tumbhârî kâj, Râo. Ik mâno bât hamârî.
Bahot roz ho gae, Mahârâj ; jaldî karo tayyârî.

Hearing (of it) the Râjâ came, taking his minister with him.
With joined hands he stood, very pleased in his heart.

435 Very pleased in his heart.

Râjâ Chandarbhân.

“ Great is my good fortune in the world !
Great is thy kindness to me, Râjâ, that thou hast
visited me.
Happy be thy country ! Happy be thy household !
For many days have I had a continual desire to see thee !
Now is my desire fulfilled since thou hast put thy foot
in my palace.

440 With joined hands I fall at thy feet : I am thy slave.”

Râjâ Jewar.

“ Grant me leave now ! Hear, my Lord Mahârâjâ.
Now hath Hari granted all thy desire.
All thy desire, Râjâ. Hear a word from me.
Much time has passed, Mahârâjâ : let us make ready
quickly.

445 Ab ichhā haigî chalne kî ; mujhe soch hai bhârî.
 Chhan-chhan hot, â bair mere ko : soch rahe nar nârî.
 Hâth joî adhîn kabûn : ab mukh se bâram bârî.
 Âiye mahil se bâhir, Râo : ab ' Râm Râm ' lo hamârî."

Jab Râjâ wahan se chale, man meî bahot umang,

450 Daline tîtar boltâ, aur bâven rahe Bhûlang.

Pandit Rangâchâr.

" Bâven rake Bhûmang, Râo : main changâ shugan
 bichârâ.

Hogî putar kallâdhârâ : hai pûran bhâg tumhârâ.

Khûb taraḥ se khoj khoj jotish kâ ank nikâlâ.

Janamat sâr dekh, Mahârâj : nivegâ jag sârî.

455 Bhâdon tith hai ashtamî, jin meî zâhir dîwân.

445 Now my desire is to go ; my anxiety is very great.

Quarrels arise, my enemies come upon me : all men and
 women are anxious.

With joined hands I pay my respects : answer me with
 your lips.

Come out of the palace, Râjâ, and bid adieu to me."*

When the Râjâ departed thence he was very pleased in
 his heart ;

450 On the right a partridge called, and on the left was a
 snake.†

Pandit Rangâchâr.

" On the left is a snake, Râjâ ; I think the omen good.

Thy son will be a miracle-worker : thy good fortune is
 accomplished.

I have examined the decree of the stars thoroughly.

Look to the commencement of his life, Mahârâjâ, all the
 world will honour him.

455 The eighth day of Bhâdhonî is the propitious time (for
 his birth), in which he will make his appearance.

* *Lit.*, Take my ' Râm, Râm' : my parting salutation.

† Signs of good omen

‡ The month of August-September.

Phûlon ke pankhe charhe aur nîle chhaṛī nishân.
Nîle chhaṛī nishân.”

Râo ne janam hâ adh-râtî.

Jî jîkâr hûf mahilon men : pariân mangal gâtî.

Naubat-khâna bajen Râo ke : ik âve, ik jâte.

460 Ghar ghar hûf ânand : kahe koî, ‘ Nâ karmon kâ sathî.’

Rao ne bhale bichâre :

Dân kû hai bhârî :

Bâgar Des anant rahe :

Ho jî jîkârî.

Râjâ Jewar.

465 “ He Mantrî tum se kahûn : kar hirde meû gyân.

Râj tilak de Kanwar ko : kahâ hamârâ mân.

They will use fans of flowers and set up blue standards.
Set up blue standards !”*

The Râjâ (Gûgâ) was born at midnight.

The palace rejoiced : lovely maidens sang songs of joy.

The drums of the Râjâ were sounded, † one after the
other. ‡

460 Every house rejoiced : saith one, ‘ There is no fathoming
fate.’

The Râjâ thought that it was well :

He gave very many gifts.

The land of Bâgar rejoiced,

And was glad at heart

Râjâ Jewar.

465 “ O Minister, I say to thee : take it to thy heart.

Put the sign of royalty on the Prince (Gûgâ) : obey
my command.

* A tall pole covered over with a blue and white striped cloth, surmounted with a large tuft of peacock’s feathers, is the peculiarity of Guggâ’s festival in the autumn.

† The custom at the birth of a boy.

‡ *Lit.* One comes, another goes.

- Kahâ hamârâ mân : abhî paṇḍit ko big bulâo.
 Jab kâ nikse lagan mahûrat, so ham ko batlâo.
 Rahe râṭ din soch mujhe : yeh sunâ merî manâo.
 470 Mangal châr karo mahilonî meñ : bâje subhe bajâo.”

Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.

- “Bâchan tumhârâ mânke, abhî chalûn tat kâl.
 Jo Râjâ kâ hukum ho kaise kar dîn tâl ?
 Kaise kar dîn tâl ? Bachan main mânûn tuhâre.
 Le yûn pushtak hâth, chalûn main sang turhâre.
 475 Kis kâran meñ âj Râo ne big bulâyâ ?
 Kaho hamâre pâs : nahîn ? Kyûn bhed batâyâ ?
 Âe Râj darbâr, kahûn mukh imrat bâñî :
 ‘Kaho mukh se, Mahârâj, âp jo man meñ thâñî !’”

Râjâ Jewar.

“Charan tumhâre main lagûn, he Paṇḍit dujrâj !

Obey my command : send for the priest at once.
 When the auspicious moment has been found, tell me.
 Day and night have I thought this over : obey my
 command.

- 470 Let there be rejoicing in the palace : let joyful music
 be played.”

*Paṇḍit Rangâchâr.**

- “Hearing thy command, I will go now without delay.
 How shall I delay the Râjâ's orders ?
 How shall I delay them ? I will obey thy order.
 Taking the book thus in my hand I will go with thee.
 475 Why has the Râjâ sent for me so quickly to day ?
 Tell me : no ? why *make* it a secret ?
 When I reach the Râjâ's presence I will speak sweet
 words with my lip .
 ‘Say with thy lips, Mahârâjâ, what thou hast resolved
 in thy mind !’”

Râjâ Jewar.

“I fall at thy feet, O thou High Priest !

* Speaking to the Minister.

- 480 Dekh mahûraj khojke râj tilak kê sâj.
 Râj tilak kê sâj : yeh hî âblâkh hamârî,
 Jo kîjoge tilak khush hain sab nar nârî.
 Yeh jag âwan jân, banî jhûtî rushnâî.
 Khat, munî, jan, sant, baid ne nische gâe.
 485 Nâ pitu, nâtâ, bharât : nahîu apnâ hai koi :
 Sab swâratk ke nît janam yeh britlâ jâe.”

Pandit Rangâchâr.

- “Khub bêt tum ne kahî : main ne lîc bichâr.
 Âj mahûrat âsal se : karo râj kê kâr.
 Karo râj kê kâr, Râo : mere yeh hî samajh meû âî.
 490 Is larke sûraj athon gâe âj se âî.
 Hogâ bahot ânand, Râo ; kuchh dîjo dân karâe.
 Nahîu karnî kuchh soch, Râo ; kuchh bhale karen Raghâe.”

- 480 Enquire and ascertain the auspicious moment for
 putting on the signs of royalty :
 For putting on the signs of royalty : this is my desire.
 All the men and women are pleased that you should
 put on the marks (on Gûgâ).
 This world is fleeting, its appearances false
 Sages, saints and doctors have always sung this.
 485 Nor father, nor mother, nor brother, nor any one is a
 friend.
 All are always for self : this life is worthless.”

Pandit Rangâchâr.

- “Thou hast well spoken : I have thought it over.
 To-day is the really auspicious time : make the investiture.
 Make the investiture, Râjâ : this is what I think.
 490 From to-day this boy will enter on the eight kinds of
 wisdom.
 There will be great rejoicing, Râjâ ; grant me some alms.
 There is no necessity for anxiety, Râjâ : God* will grant
 some blessing.”

* Raghâe=Ragunâth=Raghbir=Râma, as before

Râñî Bâchhal.

- “ He Râjâ ! sun lîjîye : kahûñ tumhâre pâs.
 Us din Pañḍit ne kahâ lagâ dusrâ mâs.
 495 Lagâ dusrâ mâs, Râo ; sun araz hamârî !
 Ab, kahûñ, gâo ho bhûl jaun hirde meñ dhârî
 Main kahtî, kar joḡ ; araz merî sun lîjo.
 De gadî biṭhlâe ! der pal kî nâ kîjo !”

Râjâ Jewar.

- “ Ganpat Deo manâcke lenî panch bulâo.
 500 Hâth joḡ tum se kahûñ karîyo merî sahâî.
 Karîyo merî sahâî : Bipr ke charnoñ sîs niwâyâ.
 Dekh mahûrat lagan ghaḡî : kyâ main tum ko farmâyâ ?
 Ab nâ kîjo der, Gurû : main charnoñ sîs niwâyâ.
 Hâth joḡke khaḡî âgâḡî, bâr bâr samjhâyâ.”

Queen Bâchhal.

- “ O Râjâ, hear me ; I would speak to thee.
 It is two months since the day the Priest spoke.
 495 It is two months, Râjâ ; hear my prayer !
 I tell thee, thou hast now forgotten the intention of
 thy heart.
 I tell thee with joined hands : hear my petition.
 Seat him on the throne ! make not a moment's delay !”

Râjâ Jewar.

- “ Worshipping Ganpat I have sent for the nobles.
 500 With joined hands I say to you do my desires.
 Do my desires : I have laid my head at the Brâhman's
 feet.
 See the auspicious hour and moment : have I not order-
 ed thee ?
 Make no delay now, Gurû : I lay my head at thy feet.
 With joined hands I stand before thee, earnestly* do I
 beseech thee.

* *lit.*, Time after time.

505 Prât hûf : uṭhkar jabhî, aisî karî bichâr.

Gûgâ.

“Yâ mere man meñ âf, kahîn chalen shikâr.

Kahîn chalen shikâr : âj aise man ko bhâe.

Dînâ ghoiâ chher chalâ, chalûn maiñ is jangal ke mâñ.

Ham Chhatrî Râjpût, phire bin nâ kabhî baithâ jâe.”

510 Ho yehân bhân sarchhâyâ, tan murchhâ gae âe.

Dînâ ghoiâ chher, Râo jhaṭ khûf par gae âe.

Gûgâ.

“Ho Dâdî ! mujhe pânî pîlâ de ! nahîn mukh bolâ jâe.

Mujhe pânî de piâe,

Khûñ meñ tumhâre tâñ.

515 Hûâ hâl behâl !

Nahîn mukh bolâ jâe.”

505 It was dawn, and when he (*Gûgâ*) arose thus thought he.*

Gûgâ.

“This is in my heart, that I go somewhere for the chase.

I will go for the chase somewhere: this is the desire of my heart to-day.

I will spur on my horse and will go into this forest.

I am a Rajput warrior, I can never stay at home without wandering (at times).”

510 The sun's rays here became scorching and his body was aweary.

He spurred on his horse and the Râjâ quickly reached a well.

Gûgâ.

“O Brâhmanî ! Give me a drink of water ! I can hardly speak with my lips.

Give me a drink of water,

From the well by you.

515 I have come into misfortune !

I can hardly speak with my lips.”

* Scene changes : very probably a quantity of verses have been forgotten here.

Brāhmanī.

- “ Ai beṭā Gūgā mere, kahūn tumheñ samjhāc.
 Maṭī kā bartan merā : kis bidh deūn pilāe ?
 Kis bidh deūn pilāe, ai beṭā ? sun le bāt hamārī.
 520 Jo lag jāge chhīnt bigar jā hai maṭī kī jhārī.”
- Is bidh kahke bāt, jabhī chalne kī karī tayyārī.
 Thākar doghar dhare sīs. Man kartī soch bichārī.
 Itnī sunkar bāt, jāb dhar Gorakh kā dhyān,
 Jhat kāndhe se ṭarke līnī hāth kumān.
- 525 Līnī hāth kumān, jabhī man krodh hūā hai bhārī ;
 Māre khainch gulēl, jabhī yeh phūṭ gaī har jhārī.
 Bhīj gae sab bashan, jabhī man ron karī hai bhārī.
 Jitne the wāhān khāre khūnīn pe soch karen ati bhārī.

Brāhmanī.

- “ Oh, my boy Gūgā, I will tell thee and explain.
 My pitcher is an earthen one : how can I give thee to
 drink (without pollution) ?
 How can I give thee to drink, my boy ? Hear my words !
 520 An earthen pot is polluted if even a drop of water* falls
 on it.”
- Having said this she made ready to go.
 She lifted up and put the two pitchers on her head †
 He (Gūgā) was grieved in his heart (at the insult) ;
 Hearing her words he worshipped Gorakhnāth.
 Quickly he took his bow from his shoulder into his hand.
 525 He took his bow in his hand and was angry in his heart.
 He drew his bow and let fly and both pitchers broke at once.
 All her body was drenched and she began to weep (and
 sorrow) in her heart.
 And all who were standing by the well began to be
 very anxious.

* I.e., from the mouth of one of a lower caste.

† The *dogharā* or *doghar* is the practice of carrying two pitchers on the head, one on top of the other.

Brâhmanî.

“ Jaise tain karî waiso karî na koe !
Nâ khâî, nâ bilsâî : ”

530

Yûn kahtî ro roc.

Ragnî.

“ Kahûn mukh so yeh hî bânî :
Nâ ho jag meñ, terî jiwânî !
Maro, Gugâ, terâ yânâ !
Nahîn tuk ho kabhî syâyâ !
535 Lago dhokâ tujhe dhan kâ !
Hâl dekho mere tan kâ :
Phor do garhe dîe mahâre :
Târ gharat lie sâre. ”

Rânî Bâchhal.

“ Hâth jor bintî karûn : mat nâ ho dilgîr.
540 Jo bhij gae hain sûtrû, lejâ, resham chîr.

Brâhmanî.

“ As thou hast done hath no one done.
530 Mayest thou not live or prosper ! ”
Thus spake she weeping.

Song.

“ I tell thee this from my lips :
Mayest thou not live in the world !
Gûgâ, may thy children die :
May their youth be never attained !
535 May thy good fortune come to naught !
Look at the state of my body.
Thou hast broken my two pitchers,
And made me thoroughly ashamed. ”

Queen Bâchhal.

“ With joined hands I pray thee : be not sorrowful.
540 For thy coarse clothes that have been wetted, take
silken cloths.

- Lejâ resham chîr : phûṭ gaṭ gâgîr torî ;
 Wâ mâṭî ki gaî : jâo kaṭhor le kalas jhârî.
 Bole bachan kaṭhor : nahîn larzî hai kâyâ !
 Yo bâlak nâdân, inhîn barjo bhân koî.
 545 Na in ko kuchh gyân : karen man âve soî."

Râjâ Sanjâ.

- "He Paṇḍit, sun lîjye : vâ muḥ ko âblâkh.
 Chharyâl Râjkuîwâr kâ jâe karo kahîn sâk.
 Jâe karo kahîn sak : kahîn dekho sundar Râjkuîwârâ.
 Jâ jaldî se : der karo mat : mâno kahâ hamârâ.
 550 Hai ik bhâp Des Bâgar kâ ; aisâ Jewar nâm uchârâ :
 Ho kul changâ sîlwant : koî achhâ ho gharbârâ.
 Âge bhâg rahâ beṭî kâ : nahîn kisî kâ chârâ.

Take silken cloths : thy pitchers were broken.
 They were of earth, go and take pitchers of brass.
 Thou hast spoken hard words and thy body does not
 tremble !
 This is an unthinking child : there is no confidence in
 his deeds.

- 545 Nor has he any wisdom, however much you warn him."

*Râjâ Sanjâ.**

- "Thou Priest, listen : this is my desire.
 Go and find somewhere a match for the Princess Chharyâl.
 Go and find her a match : seek somewhere a handsome
 prince.
 Go quickly : delay not : hearken to my words.
 550 There is a king of the land of Bâgar : they say his
 name is Jewar.
 He is of a good virtuous line : his family has some wealth.
 The rest is my daughter's fate, (over which) none hath
 power.

* Scene changes again. Sanjâ, king of (?) Kâmrûp in Assam, was father of Chharyâl, Sariyâl, or Siriyâl, wife of Gûgâ. Her name may be a corruption of Sâradyâ Devî, still worshipped at the Kâmâkhyâ shrine near Gauhâtî in Assam. Sâradyâ=Saraswatî.

Jaldî jā : mat der karo : ab mat kar soch bichârâ.”

Paṇḍit Gunmân.

“ Khûb bāt tum ne kahî : pûran ho gaî kâj.

555 Ganpat Deo manâeke, sidh karûn, Mahârâj.

Sidh karûn, Mahârâj. Âj main Ganpat Deo manâyâ.

Pûrab, Pachham, Utar, Dakhan ; châr dissâ phirâyâ.

Chheh mahîna ho gae phirte, nahîn mujhe bhar pâyâ

Ai Siriyâl ! tû bhî dukh bhariye, jaisâ main dukh pâyâ !

560 Kaun gharî khotî thî shâid* men ghar se chalâyâ ?”

Is bidh soch hûî man men, chal ghar Jewar keâyâ.

Râjâ Jewar.

“ Charan tumhâre main lagûn, he Paṇḍit Gunmân !

Kaun des se ânâ ? kaun nagar âsthân ?

Go quickly : delay not : waste not time in thinking.”

Paṇḍit Gunmân.†

“ Well hast thou said : the work shall be accomplished.

555 Worshipping Ganpat, I will complete it, Mahârâjâ.

I will complete it, Mahârâjâ. To-day will I worship
Ganpat.

East, West, North, South, all four have I seen wander-
ing.†

Four months have I spent wandering and attained
nothing ;

O Siriyâl ! may you suffer as I have suffered (for you) !

560 What an evil hour it was, the moment of my leaving
home !”

Grieving thus in his mind, he reached Jewar's house.

Râjâ Jewar.

“ I fall at thy feet, O Paṇḍit Gunmân !

From what land hast thou come ? where is thy home
and city ?

* For Sâ'at.

† Family priest to Râjâ Sanjâ.

‡ There is a break here, and this speech is said on the road to Râjâ Jewar's house

- 565 Kaun nagar āsthān ? kaho tum mukh se imrat bānī.
 Raho sukh se nit mahil bīch meñ, he Paṇḍit surgyānī.
 Kyūn nit ut̄h rahe soch tere ko ? nahīn bhāve ān
 pānī !
 Kah de sachī bāt āp mukh, jo hirde meñ thānī.”

Pandit Gunmān.

- “ Sat samundar pār hai Dhūpnagar āsthān.
 Rājā Sanjā nām hai, jis kā karūn bakhān.
 570 Jis kā karūn bakhān, Rāo : main chār khunṭ phir āyā.
 Yeh Bidhnā ke hāth, Rāo : jī āj mujhe parāyā.
 Karūn sagāī Gūge kī ; main is kāran chal āyā.
 Tilak karūn Rājā ke mastak : yeh mere man bhāyā.”
 Khabar hūī yeh mahil meñ : khūsh hūī man mahīn.

Where is thy home and city ? Speak pleasant words with
 thy lips.

- 565 Remain at thy ease in my palace, O sage Paṇḍit.
 Why art thou ever in thought ? that thou canst neither
 eat nor drink !
 Tell the truth with thine own lips, what thing thy heart
 hath resolved.”

Pandit Gunmān.

- “ My home Dhūpnagar is across seven rivers.*
 The Rājā's name is Sanjā, whose order I obey.
 570 Whose order I obey, Rājā : I have wandered over the
 four Quarters.
 This is in the hands of Fate, Rājā, that to-day I have
 succeeded.
 I would betroth Gūgā : for this am I come hither.
 I would put the marriage-mark on his forehead : this
 is the resolve of my heart.”
 The news reached the palace and joy entered their
 hearts.

* Conventional expression for a long way off.

- 575 Bhâiband sab nagar ke lînî turt bulâe.
Lînî turt bulâe.

Râjâ Jewar.

“Lâj yeh hâth tumhâre, Bhâî.
Jis bidh us se samajh tumharê, kyân nahîn hamen sunâi ?
Âi lachhmî ko nahîn haîâîn, lûngâ man chit lâe.”

Ho rahâ mangal-châr mahil : Gûge kî hûî sagâî.

Pañdit Gunmân.

- 580 “He Râjâ, sun lîjîye, pûran hûe sab kâm.
Rukhsat ham ko dîjîye ; khushî raho jujmân !
Khushî raho jujmân ! tumhârî sadâ raho rajdhânî !
Yâ hai merî sîs, Râojî : so phal hamârî bânî !
Hîre, motî, lâl, jawâhir : nâ mukh jât bakhânî !
585 Karî sagâî bidâ huâ : mere man kâ brahm mitânî.”

- 575 They sent for all their relatives in the city at once.
At once they sent.

Râjâ Jewar.

“My honor is in your hands, Friends.
As the matter seems to your understandings why do you
not explain to me ?
I will not rebuff the bride that has come, I will take her
heart and soul.”

There was joy in all the palaces : Gûgâ was betrothed.

Pañdit Gî mân.

- 580 O Râjâ, listen : all the work has been performed.
Give me leave : may my patrons rejoice !
May my patrons rejoice ! may'st thou ever remain a
ruler !
This is my blessing, Râjâ : may my words be fruitful !
Diamonds, pearls, rubies, jewels : so the blessing leaves
my lips !
585 The betrothal over I take my leave : the anxiety of my
heart is blotted out.

Rânî Bâchhal.

“ He Bhâvê ! tain kyâ karî ? kyûn biptâ dfe dâr ?
 Man kî man mân rah gai ! piyâjî gae Surg sidhâr !
 He Piyâjî, tum gae Surg sidhâr ! kaun gat hûî, jî,
 hamâri ?
 Nâ koî thâmbanhâr ! Dî biptâ kyûn bhârî ?
 590 Ai Pṛabhûjî ! sukh meñ dukh de dîâ ! Nahîñ karmon kû
 sâthî !
 Nahîñ nikat haiñ prân : paṛî taraphûñ dîn râtf.
 Ho gae ang be-dhang ! hamen kit chhoṛo jâe ?
 Ik bâr mukh se bol, hamen dîjo batlâe ?”

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ Hûî soch mujh ko ghanî : jagî badan men âg.
 595 Ai betî Siriyâl merî ! Khoṭî terî bhâg !

*Queen Bâchhal.**

“ Ah Fate ! what hast thou done ? why hast thrown
 misfortune (on me) ?
 The desires of my heart have remained in my heart ! †
 My husband has gone to Heaven.
 O Husband, thou art gone to Heaven ! what misery is in
 heart !
 There is none to protect (me) ! why is such trouble
 given (to me) ?
 590 O Lord ! thou hast given griet in the midst of joy !
 There is no fathoming Fate.
 My life will not go : I am fallen in grief day and night.
 My body has become unkempt ! whither hast gone
 leaving me ?
 Speak one word with thy lips and tell me !”

Râjâ Sanjâ ‡

“ Great is my anxiety : my body is aflame.
 595. Ah Siriyâl my child ! untoward is thy fate !

* Scene abruptly changes, for Râjâ Jewar is now dead.

† I.e., have been unsatisfied.

‡ At his own place on hearing of Râjâ Jewar's death.

Khotî terî bhâg, rî betî, jis din se tû jât.
 Nahîn rahâ sukh un ke ghar men, jab kari sagât.
 Hai nirbhâg janam kî hînî khotî qismat lâê.
 Rah gaf man kî man men mere ; na kuchh honî pâî.
 600 Yeh thâ châo mere man mân, ' main dîn us ko parnâî.'
 Yeh Bidhnâ ke hâth : nahîn kuchh hotî man kî chât."
 Jab aisî chitthî likhî, man men karat biyog.

Râjâ Sanjâ kî Chitthî.

" Ham nâtâ karte nahîn : na de nâm sanjog.
 Na de nâm sanjog, Râojî : sunîyo bêt hamârî.
 605 Nahîn karen ham biyâh tumbârâ : ' Râm Râm' lo hamârî."
 Is bidh chitthî likhî Râo ne : dîe bêt kah sârî.
 Itnî sunke bêt Rânî ne, jabhî kûk mukh mârî.

Untoward was thy fate, my girl, from the day thou
 wert born.
 There has been no joy in the (bridegroom's) house from
 the time of thy betrothal :
 Anevil fate brought a bad and wretched destiny at thy birth.
 The desires of my heart have remained in my heart :
 nothing has been accomplished.
 600 This was the desire of my heart, that I should promise
 thee to him (Gûgâ).
 It was in the hands of Fate that the desire of my heart
 should come to naught."

Then he wrote a letter that he desired a separation.

Râjâ Sanjâ's Letter (to Gûgâ).

" I will not make the connection : take not the name of
 relationship.
 Take not the name of relationship, Râjâ : hear my words.
 605 I will not give her in marriage : take my adieus."
 Thus the Râjâ wrote the letter : said all his say.
 As soon as the Queen* heard it she cried out.

* Bâchhal.

Râni Bâchhal.

“ Ai Prabhû ! tain kyâ dî biptâ ? Râjâ mare pachhtârî :
Nahîn jânûn thî aisî hogî jag men hâns hamârî !”

Gúgâ.

- 610 “ He Mâtâ, kyûn rotî ? kyûn hûi hâl be-hâl ?
Kyûn mukh se nahîn boltî ? kyûn pâre sir bâl ?
Kyûn pâre sir bâl, rî Mâtâ ? kyûn man ron lagâe ?
Pichhlî bātân, he Mâtâ, kyâ yâd tumhârî âi ?
De hama ko batlâe, rî Mâtâ ! tujh ko nâth dohâi !
615 Kyâ ? kisî ne tujh ko mukh se koî khoṭî bāt sunâi ?”

Râni Bâchhal.

“ He betâ, sun lîjiye man mere kî bāt :
Hûi sagâi haṭ gaî ; yûn sochûn din râṭ.
Yûn sochûn din râṭ, Kanwar : merî khoṭî qismat âi.

Queen Bâchhal.

“ O Lord ! what misfortune has thou brought ? I was
grieving for my dead Râjâ :
And I did not know that the world would thus jeer
at me !”

Gúgâ.

- 610 “ Why dost weep, my mother ? Why art so miserable ?
Why dost thou not speak ? Why dost thou tear the hair
of thy head ?
Why dost thou tear the hair of thy head, mother ? Why
is grief in thine heart ?
Why dost thou brood over things that are past, mother ?
Tell me, mother ; may the saint protect thee !
615 What ? Has any one spoken evil to thee with his lips ?”

Queen Bâchhal.

“ My son, hear the words that are in my heart :
Thy betrothal is broken off : that is why I sorrow day
and night.
Thus do I sorrow day and night, Prince : an evil fate is
on me.

Pitâ tumbhâre Surg sidhâre jab yeh haṭî sagâî.
 620 Kîâ kisî bhâî dushman ne, jâ khoṭî kharî sunâî.
 Nâ jîwane kâ dharam hamârâ rahâ jagat ke mâhîi.”

Mâtâ kâ sunke bachan gîâ krodh tan chhâe :
 Jâ jangal bayâbân meñ lîñî bîn banâe.
 Lîñî bîn banâe Râo, jab Gorakhnâth manâve.
 625 Kahîñ tarwar kî baiṭh chhâû meñ Râg Bhairavî gâve :
 Chheh râg, chhattis râgnî, sabhî bîn meñ gâve.
 Moh lîe parsû panchhî ban ke murlî adhar bajâve.
 Jab Bâsak ne âwâz sunî hai, man apne khansâve.

Bâsak Nâg.

“ Aisâ kaun balî hûâ jag meñ, sote nâg jagâve ?

When thy father went to heaven the betrothal was
 broken off.

620 Some unfriendly relative has done this, going and
 speaking evil.

I have no right to live on in the world now.”

Hearing his mother's words his body was filled with anger.

Going into the wild forest he took and made a flute.

The Râjâ made a flute and called on Gorakhnâth.

625 Sat somewhere under the shade of a tree and sang the
*Râg Bhairavî**

Six *râgs* and thirty-six *râgnis*, † all he played on his flute.

He played his flute with his lips so that the beasts and
 birds of the forest were pleased.

When Bâsak ‡ heard the sound he was displeased in his
 heart.

Bâsak Nâg.

“ Who hath such power in the world, that he should
 wake the sleeping snake ?

* The Song of Defiance and War.

† The conventional movements of a complete musical composition.

‡ *Sansk*, Vâsuki, the chief of the snakes

- 630 Kaun balî paidâ hûâ, dîe mukh bîn bajâe ?
 Mrit-maṇḍal ke bîeh meñ dîe sab nâg jagâe !
 Dîe sab nâg jagâve. Khabar jald se jâkar lâo.
 Kyûñ dîe bîn bajâe ? yeh hî sab hâl pûchhke âo.
 ‘Kyâ biptâ tum par parî ? mukh se bol sunâo !’
- 635 Sabhî bât pûchho : yeh jâke zarâ der mat lâo.”

Tatîg Nâg.

- “ Ai Bhâî, tû kaun hai ? kaho mukh sachî bât !
 Kaun tumbârâ nagar hai ? kaun tumbârî zât !
 Kaun tumbârî zât ? Hameñ to de sachî batlâe.
 Is jangal bayâbân bîch meñ kyûñ taiñ bîn bajâe ?
- 640 Main bhijâ Râjâ Bâsak ne, kahîye, tumbârî tâñ.
 Nahîñ, mârûñ phunkâr kop ke, turt bhashan ho jâe !”

- 630 Who is this strong man that is born that plays the flute
 with his mouth ?
 He has waked all the snakes in this transitory world !
 He has waked all the snakes. Go quickly and bring
 news (of him).
 Why has he played the flute ? Go and ask the whole
 story.
 ‘What misfortune has fallen on thee ? tell me with thy
 lips !’
- 635 Ask the whole tale : Go now and make no delay.”

*Tatîg Nâg.**

- “ My friend, † who art thou ? speak the truth from thy
 lips !
 Where is thy city ? What is thy caste ?
 What is thy caste ? Tell me the truth.
 Why art thou playing the flute in the wild forest ?
- 640 Râjâ Bâsak has sent me to speak to thee.
 (Speak) or I will blow on thee in anger and thou wilt
 at once become ashes.” ‡

* The servant and priest of Bâsak Nâg.

† Speaking to Gûgâ.

‡ It is a common notion that the breath of the cobra can scorch.

Gûgâ.

- “Potâ Râjâ Amar kâ, Gard Darerâ gâon,
 Betâ Jewar Râo kâ, Gûgâ merâ nâon.
 Gûgâ merâ nâm : Gorakhnâth ne yeh hî tahrâyâ.
 645 Hûi sagâi haṭ gaî merî. Is kâran chal âyâ.
 Sat samundaron pār kahîn haiñ ; Sanjâ nam batâyâ.
 Bîhar pare main yâd karen haiñ. Is kâran chal âyâ.”

Bâsak Nâg.

- “He Tatîg, tum se kahûn ; ab sunîye man lâe :
 Jo Gûge ka hukum hai, abhî karo tum jâe.
 650 Abhî karo tum jâe ; der pal kî nâ matî lagâo.
 Hai Gorakh kâ chelâ piyârî, us kâ hukum bajâo.
 Binâ hukum jânâ nahîn, Bhâi : kyûn socho pachhtâo ?
 Abhî khabar lâo jald se, pâs hamâre âo.”

Gûgâ.

- “I am grandson of Râjâ Amar, my village is Gard
 Darerâ.*
 I am Râjâ Jewar's son, my name is Gûgâ.
 Gûgâ is my name, given me by Gorakhnâth.
 645 My betrothal has been broken off. This is why I have
 come.
 He (the injurer) lives across seven rivers ; his name
 they call Sanjâ.
 I came to the forest to complain. This is why I have
 come.”

Bâsak Nâg.

- “O Tatîg, I tell you : listen now with all your heart.
 Whatever Gûgâ orders go and do thou now.
 650 Go and do thou now : delay not a moment.
 He is the beloved follower of Gorakhnâth, † obey his orders.
 Leave him not without his command, my friend : why do
 you hesitate and think ?
 Go now and bring me news of him, and come back to me.”

* Probably Darerâ in Bikâner.

† Gorakhnâth is fabled to have had special power over snakes.

Tatīg Nāg.

- “Jo bāt tum ne kahī main līe khūb bichār.
 655 Jo mukh se tum ne kahī, soī karūngā kār.
 Soī karūngā kār āp ne jo mukh se farmâyā.
 Jahān kahīn bīhar paṛe, Mahārāj, kariye merī sahāt !”

Itne kahke mukh apne se chal Gūge pe ayā.
 Hāth joṛ parnām karī, charnoñ meñ sīs niwâyā.

Tatīg Nāg.

- 660 “Jo kuchh hukum kaho mukh satī : pās tumhāre ayā.
 Main Bāsak ne tum pe bhijā, bin sune uṭh dhyâyā.”

Gūgā.

- “He Bhāī, tum se kahūn : aisā kījo kām.
 Sat samundaron pār hai ; Dhūpnagar hai nām.
 Dhūpnagar hai nām ; Rāo kī Siriyal Rājdulārī.
 665 Karī sagāī ; mukar gīā hai. Wā hai māng hamārī.

Tatīg Nāg.

- “I have thought carefully over what you have said.
 655 What you have ordered with your lips, I will do it all.
 I will do it all as you have spoken with your lips.
 Wherever I may be in the forest, Mahārājā, be my help !”

Saying this with his lips he went to Gūgā.
 With joined hands he saluted him and bowed his head
 at his feet.

Tatīg Nāg.

- 660 “If thou hast any command say it with thy lips : I am
 come to thee.
 Bāsak Nāg sent me to thee : worshipping thee without
 hearing thee.”

Gūgā.

- “My friend, I command thee : do this.
 It is across seven rivers : its name is Dhūpnagar.
 Its name is Dhūpnagar : the king’s daughter is Siriyal.
 665 She was betrothed (to me) and then he drew back.
 This is what I want.

Ye itnâ hî kâm hamârâ ; kahî haqîqat sâri.
Kârû Des, Kamachhyâ Debî, 'ilm ghazab hai bhâri."

Tatîg Nâg.

" Dhûpnagar âsthân kâ sunûn jabhî se nâm,
Rom rom meñ bas gîâ, âe badan meñ prân.
670 Âe badan meñ prân ; abhî mañ Dhûpnagar ko jâñ.
Ik phir kâ hai rastâ, nâ dil meñ ghabarâñ.
Lungâ kâyâ palat sarap kî, Brâhman kâ rûp banâñ.
Is bidh mahilou bîch jâe Siriyal kâ darshan pâñ."

Gûgâ.

" Jo châho so hî karo, hai tumharâ ikhtiyâr.
675 Lâj hamarî râkh le, aur biyâh de Siriyal nâr.
Biyâh de Siriyal nâr, hamarî sab sudh bisrâe.

This is all I want : I have told the whole facts.
The country is Kârû ; the Goddess Kamachhyâ ;* (the
people) are great sorcerers."

Tatîg Nâg.

" Since I heard the name of the city of Dhûpnagar,
It has dwelt in every hair (of my body) life has come
into my body ; †
670 Life has come into my body. I will go to Dhûpnagar
at once.

It is a journey of a moment and I will not lose my head.
I will drop my snake's body and assume the form of
a Brâhman.

Going thus into the palace I will see Siriyal."

Gûgâ.

" Do as thou wilt, it rests with you.
675 Guard my honour and marry me to Siriyal, the damsel.
Marry me to Siriyal, the damsel ; and all my joy will
come about.

* Kâmâkshî, a form of Devî worshipped at Kâmâkhyâ near Gauhâtî in Assam. This celebrated shrine is in the District of Kâmrûp=(?) Kârû. If so Dhûpnagar is Gauhâtî.

† Meaning, I can never forget : common idiom.

Mukh se karte ta'n sarīke jab se hūi sagāi.
 Aisī khoṭī bolī bānī mukh se log lagāe.
 Nit ut̄h ron karī hai Bāchhal, yeh dukh suhān jāe."

680 Jab itne mukh se sune, bharā nain meū nīr.

Tatīg Nāg.

"He Gurū Gorakhnāthjī, ān bandhāo dhīr.
 Ān bandhāo dhīr ; nīr nainou se jāri.
 Is biptā ke bīch ān sudh le hamāri."

Chhor dīā sab des nagar Sanjā ke āyā :
 685 Phirke chārou taraf, aur bāgh meñ bistar layā.
 Sāt sahelī sangat hain Siriyal Rājkanwār,
 Āwat dekhī bagh meū. Līe dhartī nichkār.
 Līe dhartī nichkār ; banā koī hai buḍhā Brahamehārī.
 Hāth laṭhīā, kāndhe dhotī, jab durbal de dhārī.

My relatives have reproached me with their lips ever since
 the betrothal.

Very wicked words have the people said with their lips.
 Continually is Bāchhal weeping : charm away her grief."

680 When he (Tatīg) heard this from his lips, his eyes filled
 with tears.

Tatīg Nāg.

"O Gurū Gorakhnāth, come and give me courage.
 Come and give me courage : my eyes are dropping tears.
 Come and give me joy in the midst of this misfortune."

He left all the country and came to the city of Sanjā.

685 He wandered all round it and rested himself in the
 garden.

The Princess Siriyal was with her seven maidens,
 She came to see the garden. He was lying quietly on
 the ground.

He was lying quietly on the ground, dressed up as an
 old Brāhman priest :

Stick in hand, kerchief on shoulder, and lean in appear-
 ance.

Tatig Nâg.

690 "Dijo dân ! mahâ pun hogâ ! Hûn buḍhâ Brahamchârî !
Dharm phaile bâbal ghar tere ! yeh hai âsîs hamârî !"

Siriyal Râjkanwâr.

"Yeh Brâhman kyâ mângtâ ? aur ho rahâ hâl behâl !
Arî Sahelî pûchhiye ! kyûn paḍâ hamâre khiyâl ?
Paḍâ hamâre khiyâl, rî Bândî ? pûchho us ko jâe."

695 Nau mâshe kâ angustânâ dînâ kâḍh lagâe.

Siriyal Râjkanwâr.

"He Buḍhe, tû thâ le is ko ! dîâ tumhâre tântû !"

Tatig Nâg.

"Mailâ dân nahîn lene kâ, yeh nir-phal ho jâe."

Jab Siriyal jhûlan lagî, gâ rahî râg tilâr ;

Tatig Nâg.

690 "Give alms ! it will be a good work ! I am an old Brâh-
man priest !

May virtue increase in thy father's house ! This is my
blessing !"

Princess Siriyal.

"What does this Brâhman want ? why is he so
wretched ?

Ho, my maid, ask him ! why does he trouble about me ?
Why does he trouble about me, my maid ? Go and ask
him."

695 She gave him a ring of nine *mâshas** covered with dirt.

Princess Siriyal.

"Here, old man, take thou this ! it is given thee !"

Tatig Nâg.

"I cannot take a dirty gift, this would not profit thee."

Then Siriyal began swinging and singing a song ;

* A *mâsha* is $\frac{1}{16}$ tola or $\frac{1}{16}$ th weight of a rupee.

- Bahot khushī man ko hūī, ab dāū lagākar tār.
 700 Dāū lagākar tār, jabhī yeh palṭ līe jhīkâyā ?
 Uṛke jā baithā dālf par, basīr rūp banâyā.
 Sahaj sahaj kar lagā utarne, rachke apnī mâyā ;
 Palak uṭhāke dekhī Siriyal, paṛī dharan bhae khâyā.

Tatīg Nāg.

“ He Prabhū, tain kyā karī āj hamāre sāth ? ”

- 705 Lagā dāūn, khālī gae, roe mal mal hāth :
 Roe mal mal hāth.

Tatīg Nāg.

“ Bāt yeh gaī : hāth nā āve !
 Aur jatan kyā kartūn āj meñ ? Na kuchh pār basāve.
 Aisā kartā jatan āj meñ, jo mere man bhāve ;
 Jo lag jātā dāūn hamārā sab sūnā miṭ jāve.”

He was very pleased at heart, for now his chance had come.

- 700 His chance had come ; so he quickly changed his form.
 Slipped up a branch (of the tree) in the form of a snake.
 Slowly and slowly he came down, planning his deceit ;
 Siriyal raised her eyes and saw him and fell to the
 ground in her fright.

*Tatīg Nāg.**

“ O Lord, what hast thou done to me to-day ? ”

- 705 The opportunity came and was lost, he wept and wrung
 his hands.

He wept and wrung his hands.

Tatīg Nāg.

“ This opportunity has gone : nothing came
 of it.

What other plan can I make to-day ? I have no resource.
 I made the best plan I could to-day in my mind ;
 The opportunity that came to me has been altogether lost.”

* Now speaking in his snake form.

Siriyal Rājkanwâr.

- 710 "Ake sarwar tâl par lagî sakhî sab nahân :
 Khâi thî, par bach gaî ; lîe bachâ tan prân.
 Lîe bachâ tan prân, Sakhî ; main kyâ kahûn mukh se
 bânî ?
 Dekh sûrat bhae lagâ, mere ko kâl nishânî.
 Thî gudîyon meñ nâgdaun, mere nahîn kisî ne ânî."
- 715 Itnî kah mukh ron karî ; hai bharâ nain meñ pânî.
 Jab Siriyal ne turt hî bistar lîe utâr ;
 Lagî sahelî nahân sab karke man mân piyâr :
 Karke man mân piyâr. Jabhî mukh Gorakhnâth manâyâ.
 Nahîn lagâi bâr, turt hî basîr rûp banâyâ.
- 720 Jâe barhâ pâni ke bhîtar ; nazar kahûn nahîn âyâ.

Princess Siriyal.

- 710 "I came to the lake to bathe with all my maidens.
 I was nearly killed, but was saved : I saved the life in
 my body.
 I saved the life in my body, my maids ; how shall I tell
 it with my lips ?
 I saw him (the snake) and was very much afraid, the
 signs of death were on me.
 I had a specific * among my playthings and no one
 would come to me (and bring it)."
- 715 Saying this she began to weep, and shed many tears.
 Then Siriyal quickly spread out her sheets and took off
 (her clothes).
 And all her maids began to bathe loving her in their
 hearts:
 Loving her in their hearts. Then he called ou Gorakh-
 nâth.
 He made no delay, quickly put he on the snake's form.
- 720 Went into the water and no one caught sight of him.

* *Nâgdaun* is a fabulous kind of wood for taking off fetters, curing snake-bite, &c.

Tatig Nâg.

“Phirûn dhûndtâ Siriyal ko, main jis kâran chal âyâ.”

Jab wahân dâû lagâ aisâ gunth pe dank lagâyâ.

Pîr hûî tan ko us ke bhârî; itnâ dukh pâyâ.

Itnâ bât kahî Siriyal ko kâh phanâ dikhlâyâ.

Siriyal Râjkanwâr.

725 “Khâe lîe main is basîr ne, jabhî zahar chaḥâyâ.

Is basîr ne khâe !

Zahar tan meñ chaḥâe !

Nahîn bachtî hai jân !

Kâl ne ân dabâe !”

730 Udan karî, beâkul hûî, paṛi dharan paṛ jâe.

Siriyal khâe sarap ne, gîâ zahar tan chhâe.

Gîâ zahar tan chhâe, jabhî Râjâ pe khabar pahunchâî.

Tatig Nâg.

“I wander searching for Siriyal, for whom I am come.”

When an opportunity came, then he so bit her on the toe,
That great pain came into her body and she was in
great trouble.

Having done this to Siriyal* he showed his hood.

Princess Siriyal.

725 “This snake has bitten me and the poison ran up me
at once.

This snake has bitten me !

The poison has run up my body !

My life cannot be saved !

Death has come upon me !”

730 She moaned and became restless and fell upon the
ground.

The snake bit Siriyal and the poison ran up her body.

The poison ran up her body and the news reached the Râjâ.

* *Lit.* Having said so much to Siriyal: probably some passage has been omitted.

Saheli.

“ Siriyal Râjkanwâr tumhârî abhî sarap ne khâe.
Nâ âve mukh sâns, parî hai tan kî sudh bisrâe.

735 Nahîn bachan kî âs, Râojî; main kahe tumhâre tâin.”

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ Jab janamî kyûn nâ marî, Siriyal Râjkanwâr ?
Ab mujh ko dukh dî chalî! kyâ kînî Kartâr ?
Kyâ kînî Kartâr ? Hûâ dukh mujh ko bhârî!
Ik bâr mukh se bol, merî pranon kî piyârî ?”

740 Ho gîâ mahil andher, ron karte nar nârî ;
Sab bcâkul hue pare, kareû mukh ‘ hâ hâ ’ kârî.
‘ Nahîn mânî taiin kahî : bâgh men pekhan âî :
Thî khoṭî woh gharî, lie basîr ne khâe ! ’

Maiden.

“ A snake has just bitten thy royal daughter Siriyal.
No breath comes from her mouth and her body lies
lifeless.

735 There is no hope of saving her, Râjâ, I tell thee.”

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ O Siriyal, my daughter, why didst thou not die at thy
birth ?

Now grieving me thou art gone ! What has God
done ?

What has God done ? Great is my grief !

Speak but one word with thy lips, thou darling of my
life !”

740 Dark was the palace, men and women wept ;
All were miserable, crying ‘ ah ! ah ! ’ with their
lips.

‘ Thou didst not obey, we told thee : thou wouldst go to
see the garden :

Unhappy was the hour : the snake bit thee ! ’

Tatig Nág.

- “ Mañ tum se yûñ pûchhtâ, kaho mukh se bāt :
 745 Na churiân karîân thârî ! kyûñ nahîñ nâk meñ nâth ?
 Kyûñ nahîñ nâk meñ nâth ? Des meñ bhonḍî châl tumbâri !
 Nâ mukh se kare bain ; nain meñ bhare nîr kyûñ thârî ?
 Tap tap aṅsû paṛe nain se, bashan bhij gañ sârî !
 Aisî ghar ghar phiro ḍaulati, juñ phirtî hatiyâri !”

Panhâri.

- 750 “ He Dâdâ, sun lîjiye : mukh se kahî na jâe.
 Siriyal, beṭî Râo kî, lie sarap ne khâe !
 Lie sarap ne khâe ; nagar meñ is bidh sog ho âe :
 Des des ke âe gârṛû, nâ kuchh pâr basâe.
 Gard Dareṛa mang lie, haṭî rahî binâ purânî.

*Tatig Nág.**

- “ I ask this of thee, tell me with thy lips :
 745 Thou wearest neither bracelets or anklets ! why hast
 thou no ring in thy nose ?
 Why hast thou no ring in thy nose ? wretched is thy
 plight in the land !
 Thou speakest not with thy lips ; why are thine eyes
 filled with tears ?
 The tears drop from thine eyes and all thy clothes are
 wet (with them) ?
 Thou goest from house to house with uncertain step as
 wanders a disgraced woman !”

(Female) Water-Bearer.

- 750 “ O Brâhman, listen : I can hardly say it.
 The king's daughter, Siriyal, has been bitten by a snake !
 Has been bitten by a snake : so there is weeping in the city :
 The charmers of every land have come, but they availed
 nothing.
 She was betrothed at Gard Dareṛû, it was given up and
 not carried out.

* To the female water-bearer, in his form of a Brâhman.

755 Jâkar nahân lagî sâgar pe, khoṭî qismat âf !”

Tatig Nây.

“ Panhârî, sun lîjye ! kaho Râjâ pe jâe,

‘ Âyâ hai ik gaṛrû ; lîjo us se bulâe :

Lîjo us se bulâe, Râojî, kahûn tunhâre tâin.

Woh kahtâ hai mukh apne se, dūngâ us se jiwâf ;

760 Hai kyâ chîz zahar mere âge ? dūngâ turt urâe ;

Gae sâns paidâ kar dūn : ik hai bidhiâ mujh pâf. ”

Ituf sunke, Râo ke.â gâe tan prân.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ Lâo jald se abhî ; hai paṇḍit gunwân ! ”

Râgnî.

“ Abhî jald se le âo !

765 Der pal kî matî lâo.

Chalo, Paṇḍit Mahârâjâ,

755 She went to bathe in the lake (ocean) and an evil fate befell her !”

Tatig Nây.

“ Water-bearer, listen ! Go and tell the Râjâ,

‘ A charmer has come ’ : send for him.

Send for him, Râjâ, I tell thee.

He says with his lips, ‘ I will restore her to life ;

760 What is poison in my presence ? I will send it off at once ;

Fleeted breath I will restore : it is an art I have acquired ! ”

Hearing, life (and hope) came into the Râjâ’s body.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ Bring him here at once, he is a worthy priest !”

Song.

“ Bring him here at once !

765 Delay not a moment.

Come, Sir Priest,

770 Hâth tumhâre rahe lâjâ !
 Shakal dukh kaṭ gaî hamârî :
 Gurû darshan kîe thârî.”
 Chîr mukh se jabhî târî,
 Áwan man meñ kyâ bhârî ?

Tatig Nâg.

“ Ân sahâî kîjo, he Gurû Gorakhuâth !
 Ab is ko baiṭhî karo, lâj tumhâre hâth.
 Lâj tumhâre hâth ”

775 Nîb kî dâîf lîe mangâî.
 Pahile lâ likhâe jabhî Gûge kâ biyâh sagâî.
 Paṛh paṛh mantar, lagâ jhârne, jab Siriyal muskâî.
 Le gae gonṭh mukh apne meñ, lâ chûs chhin mâñ.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, charnoñ sîs niwâe :

770 My honor is in thy hands !
 All my grief is taken away :
 (Since) the priest's visit had delighted me.”
 When he removed the shroud from her face,
 How great was the grief in his heart !

Tatig Nâg.

“ Come and succour us, O Gurû Gorakhnâth !
 Make her sit up now, the matter is in thy hand.
 The matter is in thy hand.”

775 He borrowed a branch of a *nîm* tree :
 But first he obtained in writing (a promise) of betrothal
 and marriage to Gûgâ.
 He repeated some charms and began to exorcise, and
 then he moved Siriyal.
 He took her toe in his mouth and sucked out the poison
 at once.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ I adore thee with joined hands, I lay my head at thy feet.

Siriyal Râjkanwâr kî dîe haiñ prân bachâe.

- 780 Dîe haiñ prân bachâe ! bât main kah dî apnî man kî.
Sât roz kâ biyâh dîâ main, kamî nahîn koî dhan kî.
Chale âo, le khatke biyâhan ; samajh lîe, hai man kî.
Pûran âs hûî hai mahârî, der nahîn chhan pal kî.”

Jab chitthî biyâh kî lîe, pûran hûe sab kâm.

- 785 Chalne kî tayyârî karî, dharâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Tatîg Nâg.

“ Dharâ Gurû kâ dhyân, chalâ, main ik phir men âyâ.
Sab chintâ hûî dûr hamârî ; man ichhâ phal pâyâ.
Yeh hai chitthî biyâh kî apnî. Kyûn dil men ghabarâyâ ?”
Sât roz rah gae phire men, jab man mân bhae khâyâ.

Thou hast saved the life of the Princess Siriyal.

- 780 Thou hast saved her life. I will tell thee my heart's
desire.

In seven days shall her marriage be ; there shall be no
lack of wealth.

Come and obtain the bride ; hearken ! it is my desire.
My hope has been fulfilled : delay not a moment.”

Then he (Tatîg) took the letter of (consent to the)
marriage, and his work was accomplished.

- 785 He made ready to go and worshipped the Gurû
(Gorakhnâth).

Tatîg Nâg.

“ Worshipping the Gurû I started and I came in a
moment.

All my anxieties are afar, the fruit of my desire is ful-
filled.

Here is his own letter of (consent to the) marriage.
Why should I be disconcerted ?

It was seven days to (the time of) returning (to Dhup-
nagar) and fear came into his (Gûgâ's) mind.*

* Because the time given him was so short.

Gūgā.

790 "Ān khabar lījo abhī, he Gurū Gorakhnāth !
Bhūr paṛe ke bīch meñ ! lāj tumhāre hāth."

Rāgnī.

795 "Lāj rākho, Gurū, mahārī,
Karo ab biyāh kī tayyārī.
Soch mujh ko hūī bhārī :
Bīpat aisī mujhe dārī.
Pār kījo merā khewā !
Tū hai Pat ! Rākhīye dīwā !
Bhagat tain ne sabhī tārī .
Merī bar kyūñ hūī niyārī ?"

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

800 "Kyūñ soche bhū meñ parā ? Man meñ bāndho dhīr.
Uṭh jaldī : ashnān kar : oṛh basantī chīr.

Gūgā.

790 "Come and tell me now, O Gurū Gorakhnāth !
I am fallen into the midst of trouble ! my honor is in
thy hand !"

Song.

795 "Preserve my honor, Gurū,
Make ready my marriage now.
I am in great trouble :
Great anxiety overwhelms me.
Bring me to the other shore.*
Thou art Lord ! Preserve my honor !
Thou hast aided all the saints :
Why has my turn been otherwise ?"

Gurū Gorakhnāth.

800 "Why art fallen on the ground in grief ? Take courage
in thy heart !
Get up quickly and bathe and put on splendid garments.

* Of the ocean of trouble.

O!h basantî chîr, bâore ! kyûn man ron lagâe ?”

Le Gûge ko sang jabhî ik chhin meñ pahunche jâe,
Dhûpnagar ke gaure jâke tambû dîe lagâe.

- 805 Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, hain yeh mere Gur bhâi :
Lîâ chautarfâ gher, ânke aisî nâdh bajâe :
Rath, hâthî aur pînas pâlkî, nâ gintî gintî gâe.
Dekh barât hosh gae sab ke.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ Yeh kyâ âfat âi ?

“ Nahin jânûn thâ aisî hogî ! khoṭî qismat âi !

- 810 Hâth jor bintî karûn, tum sir kâ sirtâj.
Main tum ko betî dîe : râkh hamârî lâj !

Put on splendid garments, thou fool ! why art sad at heart ?”

Taking Gûgâ with him then he (Tatîg) arrived in the twinkling of an eye.

Arriving at the fields of Dhûpnagar they pitched their tents.

- 805 Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth (were there), my brother Gurûs.*

They wept all round it and sounded their conchs.

Carriages, elephants and *pâlkîs*, beyond all number.

Seeing the procession all were astonished.

Râjâ Sanjâ.

“ What devilry is this ?

I did not know it would be like this ! An evil fate hath come ! †

- 810 With joined hands I adore thee, thou art the crown of my head.

I gave thee my daughter : preserve thou my honor !

* ? Of Gorakhnâth.

† The procession was so large, that he felt unable to stand the expense and attend to their wants, and feared that therefore Gorakhnâth would curse him.

Râkh hamârî lâj : âj main dâmanîr tumhârâ :
 Châhe râkho, châhe mâro mujh ko, karo merâ nistârâ !
 Yeh jitne jatî satî sant haiñ, main karûñ darshan ik bârâ.
 815 Main âdhîn saran lîe tumhârî, kahûñ mukh bâram bârâ !”

Jab Râjâ ne turt hî háthî lîe sangâr :
 Hîre, motî, la’l hî, bhar lîe kanchan thâr.
 Bhar lîe kanchan thâr ; Râo ne háth meñ thâyâ :
 Le Gorakh ke dharâ âgârî, charnoñ sis niwâyâ.
 820 Lîe janet, karî sewal, bhojan khûb jamâyâ.
 Karak lagan meñ hainge phere ; pañdit ne batlâyâ.

Pañdit Gunmân.

“ He Râjâ, sun lîjîyo : mân hamârî bât.
 Lagan samâ ab â gîâ, rahî phir ik rât.

Preserve thou my honor: to-day I am thy humble
 servant.

Keep me or slay me, but be my salvation !
 I would visit once each of these holy and revered saints.
 815 Respectfully I place myself under thy protection, speak
 a word to me !”

Then the Râjâ quickly got all his elephants :
 With diamonds, pearls, rubies he filled a golden platter.
 He filled a golden platter: the king took it in his own
 hands.

He placed it before Gorakhnâth and laid his head at his
 feet.
 820 He received the procession and worshipped and spread
 a grand feast.

The marriage was held under Cancer,* as the priest had
 directed.

Pañdit Gunmân.

“ Oh Râjâ, hear me : listen to my words.
 The proper time has now come, there remains but one
 night.

* The most propitious time of all.

Rahî phir ik rât, Râo : main dekhâ lagan lagâe.”

- 825 Jab Paṇḍit ne bedî rachke Gorakh lâ bulâe.
 Gaurî sut karke pûjan, pherî dîe diwâe.
 Gâ rahî mangalchâr sakhî, sab sâj artâ lâe :
 Koî gorî, koî patlî sundar, nainon̄ meñ chhab chhâe !
 Man meñ hûâ ânand, ‘âj Siriyal kê biyâh rachâe.’
- 830 Bidâ hûe, ghar ko chale, bahot kê het piyâr.

Râni.

- “ He Siriyal, merî lâdlî, gal bhayân le dâr !
 Gal bhayân le dâr ! Âj ham se hûi niyârî !
 Jhaṭ gîâ ham se neh, hûâ dukh mujh ko bhârî !
 Ho gîâ mahil andher, merî prânôn̄ kê piyârî !
- 835 Nâ jîwan pal ik : mârûngî khâe katârî !”

There remains but one night, Râjâ : I have ascertained the time.”

- 825 Then the priest raised an altar and called on Gorakhnâth
 He worshipped Gaurî's son* and performed the
 marriage.
 The maidens sang songs of joy and all the ceremonies
 were performed.
 Some were fair, some were slim and beautiful, their
 beauty filled all eyes !
 Their hearts rejoiced, ‘ To-day have we performed
 Siriyal's marriage.’
- 830 They bade adieu and went home with many a loving
 parting.

The Queen.†

- “ Ah, Siriyal, my darling, put thy arms round my neck !
 Put thy arms round my neck ! I am desolate to-day !
 My love has left me and great is my grief !
 Darkened is the palace, darling of my life !
- 835 I will not live a moment ; I will stab myself and die !”

* I.e. Ganeśa, before commencing the ceremonies.

† Siriyal's mother.

Siriyal Rājkanwār.

“ He Mâtâ, sun lijīye mujh bharan kī bāt.
 Main tum bin kaisī jīūn ; bhachar gae pitu mât.
 Bhachar gae pitu mât ; âj se yeh gat hūî hamârî.
 He Mâtâ, main prân tajūngî ; uâ hūî ik pal niyârî ! ”

- 840 Itnî kahke bāt, mât ke gal meñ bhayân dârî.
 Kabhî nahîn bhacharî thî ik pal, jab se sūrat sambhâlî.

Siriyal Rājkanwār.

“ Kahân gaî merî sang sahelî ? thî pranon kî piyârî ! ”
 Nâ man kî rahî hosh, ronkar bhūl gaî sudh sârî !

Gurū Gorakhnâth.

- “ ‘ Râm Râm ’ sab ko kahûn, jitne bhūp nares !
 845 Dudh putar, dhan sab phalon, khushî tumhârâ des !

Princess Siriyal.

“ Ah Mother, listen to my wretched words.
 How shall I live without thee ; lost are my father and
 mother.
 Lost are my father and mother : from to-day is this my
 sad plight.
 O mother, I will leave this life : I never had a moment’s
 grief (till to-day) ! ”

- 840 Saying this, she threw her arms round her mother’s neck.
 Never had she been parted from her for a moment since
 she had made her appearance (been born).

Princess Siriyal.

“ Where have my maiden companions gone ? They were
 the beloved of my life ! ”

Reason left her mind and weeping she forgot all joy !

Gurū Gorakhnâth.

- “ I pay my adieus (Râm ! Râm !) to all you kings and
 rulers !
 845 May you have flocks and herds, sons and all wealth, and
 happiness to your land !

Khushî tumhârâ des, Râojî; yeh hî asîs hamârâ.”

Hâth jor parnâm kare, jhaṭ bîr lîe aswârî:
Âe gae haiñ Gard Dareṛe, khushî hûṭ nar nârî.

Gurî Gorakhnâth.

“ He Bâchhal, main lâ dî biyâh kî Siriyal bahû tumhârî.
850 Raho khush mahilon meñ apne, miṭ gañ soch tumhârî.”

Itñî kahke, chale Nâthji, mau meñ yeh hî bichâr.

Gûgû.

“ He Mâtâ, tum se kahûñ, jor âgûṛî hâth:
Un jauron ko milan kî hai chiniâ din rât.
Hai chiniâ din rât, Mât rî, man meñ yeh hî hamârî.
855 Woh bhâñ mâwasî ke bete, haiñge prân hamârî.
Bin dekhe nahîñ chain mujhe, we haiñ sîrat miṭwâre.

Happiness to your land, Râjâ: these are my blessings.”

With joined hands they adored him, and quickly the
cavalcade started:

They reached Gard Dareṛâ; all men and women rejoiced.

Gurî Gorakhnâth.

“ O Bâchhal, I have brought in marriage to thee thy
daughter Siriyal.

850 Rejoice in the palace, all thy sorrows are blotted out.”

Saying this the Saint went away, thinking thus in his
heart.

*Gûgû.**

“ O Mother, I say to thee with joined hands before thee:
I have a desire day and night to visit the twins.†
I desire it day and night, Mother: this is in my heart.
855 They are the sons of my aunt and very dear to me.
Without seeing them no joy is in me, pleasant are they
to behold.

* Scene completely changes.

† Urjan and Surjan, sons of Kâchhal, as promised to her by Gorakhnâth through her deceit.

Jab se merâ janam hââ, maini ik din nahîn bisâre.”

Lîe biñhâ godî meñ apnî, hit karke puchkârî.

Gúgá.

“Bin dekhe nahîn chain mujhe ; maini kahtâ pás tum-
hâre.”

Surjan.

860 “ He Bhâî, tumhare binâ nahîn hameñ chit chain.

Bin dekhe kaise jîen ? nâ nakse mukh bain !

Nâ nakse mukh bain ! Rahî hai binâ patî jûñ nârî :

Jaisî ren sasâ bin sũuf, yâ gat hûî hamârî :

Bin dîpak sũnâ hai mandar, kaun kare rakhwâli ?

865 He Bhâî, ham ko dîjo, kuchh âve samajh meñ tuhârî.”

Gúgá.

“ Ai Bhâî taini kyâ kahî aisî khotî bāt ?

Kyûñ bole karwe bachan ? nâ âve kuchh hâth !

I have not forgotten them a moment since I was born.”

She sat him on her knee and loved and caressed him.

Gúgá.

“ Without seeing them I have no joy, I tell thee.”

Surjan.

860 “ Ah Brother, I had no joy in my heart until I saw thee.

How could I live without seeing thee ? Nor could I speak
with my lips !

Nor could I speak with my lips ! I was like a woman
without her lord.

My life was desolate like a night without the moon : this
was my state.

As a house without a lamp (son), who shall guard it ?

865 Ah Brother give me something* as it becoms thy
heart !”

Gúgá.

Ah Brother, why hast spoken such evil words ?

Why speak bitter words ? They come to no good !

* *I.e.*, a share in the hereditary property.

- Nâ âve kuchh hâth ! Are Bhâî, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ ?
 Lâkh bâr samjhâyâ tujh ko, nahîn samajh men âyâ.
 870 He mûrakh, nâdân, dekh ! Kyâ bâtân kahke lâyâ ?
 Bahot dinon se rahe fikar yeh nâ man ko samjhâyâ !”

Surjan.

- “ Âdhâ mujhe batâe de, nâ is men kuchh zor :
 Tû apnâ man samajh le, bole bachan khor.
 Bole bachan khor, Baran ; taiñ kyâ man men jânî ?
 875 Ham len âdhoñ âdh batâe, bole khoñî bânî.
 Jâ pûchho ab Mân Bâchhal ko ; wo kyâ haigî yânî ?
 ‘ In ko mile jawâb,’ aj taiñ yeh hirde men thâni.
 Jo mukh se kuchh burî kahegâ, khus jâgî rajdhârî.
 In bâton men hâth nâ âve, jo taiñ man men thâni.”

Gûgâ.

- 880 “ He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye man mere kî bêt.

They come to no good ! Ah Brother, who has led thee
 on ?

- Thousands of times I have told thee and thou hearest not.
 870 Ah fool and ignorant, look ! What is it you have said ?
 Long have I grieved that you did not understand this !”

Surjan.

- “ Give me half in share ; there is no unfairness in that :
 You look to your interests and speak hard words.
 Speak hard words, my brother : what is in your heart ?
 875 We will take half shares each : you spoke evil words.
 Go and ask Mother Bâchhal ; is she a fool ?
 ‘ They have been disinherited,’ this is resolved in your
 heart to-day.
 If you speak evil words from your lips, you will lose
 your kingdom.
 No good will come of the thing you have resolved in
 your heart.”

Gûgâ.

- 880 “ O Mother, hear the words of my heart.

- Surjan ne mujh ko burī ân sunâi bāt.
 Ân sunâi bāt; kahûn, sun, Mâtâ, pās tumhâre.
 Chahīye rahe surkhī nainon meñ, bole bachan karāre :
 ‘ Yâ tū bāñt hamen de ādhâ, bhalâ chāhe jo piyārī.’
 885 Le man soch bichâr, Mât: main kah dīe pās tumhâre.
 Samjhâo un ko bulwâke, mat ho bīran niyārī!
 Jo tumharī woh kahī mân len, mat karīyo soch bichârī.”

Râni Bâchhal.

- “ Ai betâ Surjan mere, kyûn hotâ dilgīr ?
 Râj karo, Betâ, raho man meñ bândho dhīr.
 890 Man meñ bândho dhīr : Putar, main tum par wârī.
 Mân mât ke bachan, matī kar soch bichârī.
 Jhûtâ sansâr hûâ : banī sab jhûtī mâyâ.
 Jhûtâ hai sansâr, jhût ke bas meñ âyâ.
 Jhûtâ patī, sut, nâr : jhût ne dharam gainwâyâ.
 895 Is mâyâ ke bīch ânke man bhar mâyâ.”

- Surjan came and said an evil thing to me.
 He said an evil thing : I will tell thee, Mother; listen !
 Your eyes will become red, he spoke (such) bitter words.
 ‘ Give me half (the property) as my share, if you would
 keep your loved ones safe.’
 885 I am grieved in my heart, Mother : and I have told thee.
 Call them and make them hear, that brothers be not
 separated.
 They will hear thy words, be not anxious.”

Queen Bâchhal.

- “ Ah Surjan, my boy, why art thou down-hearted ?
 Be a king, my son ; keep courage in thy heart.
 890 Keep courage in thy heart : my son, I am thy benefactor.
 Hear thy mother’s words, and do not grieve.
 This world is false : it is all a false illusion.
 This world is false : we are in the power of falsehood.
 False is husband, son and wife : falsehood has destroyed
 religion.
 895 The mind is full of illusion in the midst of this illusion !”

Surjan.

“ He Mâtâ, aisî kahî gyân tath kî bât :
 Kyûn nahîn hamen diwâtî ? jo aisî hai dharmât !
 Jo aisî hai dharmât : Mât, hamen gyân sunâî.
 Hai tere ikhtiyâr, Mât rî, jo tumhare man bhâve.
 900 Ham ko kahtî bâr bâr, nahîn Gûge ko samjhâve.
 Kyûn badnâmî le nâhaqq ? main soch aur pachhtâve.”
 Hâth jo: âge khaî, kar man men hit piyâr.

Surjan.

“ Â, Bhâî, khilan chaleñ ham tum âj shikâr.
 Ham tum âj shikâr : hamâre aisî man men âî.
 905 Ham Chhatrî Râjpût ; hamârâ yeb hî dharm hai, Bhâî.”
 Aisâ gerâ jâl ânke, turt lâ bharmâe.

Surjan.

“ O Mother, that speakest such words of wisdom :
 Why dost thou not give me (my share) ? If thou be so
 upright !
 If thou be so upright ! Mother, thou hast taught me
 wisdom.
 It is in thy power, Mother ; as thy heart desires.
 900 You speak to me often, you do not speak to Gûgâ.
 Why did you blame me needlessly ? I am grieved and
 sorrowful.”
 He stood before him (Gûgâ) with joined hands, loving
 him in his heart.

Surjan.

“ Come Brother, let us, you and I, go hunting to-day.
 Let us, you and I, go hunting to-day : this is in my
 heart.
 905 We are Râjpût warriors : this is a law to us, Brother.”
 Thus he came and spread a net (of deceit) and quickly
 beguiled him.

Ho ghoṛe aswâr pār, pal kī nâ turt lagâi.
Is jangal bayâbân bîch meñ nâ kuchh diâ dikhâi.
Khel rahâ sar kâl, phireñ yûñ tînon hûe sūdâe.

Gúgā.

- 910 “ He, Bhâi Surjan mere, hûâ chit beḥâl.
Lagî piyâs, beâkul hûe ; kîje kaun aḥwâl ?
Kîje kaun aḥwâl ? âj yeh hûi kaun gat mahâri ?
Nâ jânûñ is jangal meñ ab jâegî jân hamâri !
Lîe kâl ne gher ânke, gîâ bhûl sudh sârî.
915 He Gurû Gorakhnâth, bāt yeh, aisî kaun bichâri ? ”

Urjan.

“ He Bhâi, sun lîjîye ; kyûñ dil meñ ghabarâe ?
Kaun soch tum ko hûi ? dîjo sach batâe !
Dîjo sach batâe : âj kyûñ man meñ soch batâe ? ”
Jab Urjan ne turt biḥâke bâton Râo bharmâe ;

They mounted their horses : there was not a moment's
delay.

Nothing could see them in that wild forest.

Death hovered overhead and thus these three wandered
madly.*

Gúgā.

- 910 “ O Brother Surjan mine, my heart is in distress.
Thirst is on me, I am wretched : who will help us ?
Who will help us ? what plight is this we are in to-day ?
Who can tell whether we shall save our lives in this forest !
Death has surrounded us, all our joys are forgotten.
915 O Gurû Gorakhnâth, who would have thought such a
thing as this (would happen) ! ”

Urjan.

“ Ah Brother, listen, why art upset in thy mind ?
Why art in grief ? Tell me the truth !
Tell me the truth : why dost show such grief to-day ? ”
Then Urjan sat him down and beguiled the Râjâ with
words ;

* *I.e.*, not knowing what was in store, rushed madly on death.

- 920 Jab Surjan ne khainch miyân se pahilî wâr chalâî.
Hai Bidhnâ ke hâth bât; jhaṭ lînâ Râo bachâê.
Phir dusrî kîâ wâr, jab nâ kuchh pâr basâe.

Surjan wa Urjan.

“ Bin mâre ham nahîn chhorengē; denge prân gaiwâî!”

Gúgá.

- 925 “ He Gurû Gorakhnâthjî, kyâ mujh ko giê bhûl ?
Kyâ ? mere ber so gae ? baith rahe kahîn tûl ?
Baith rahe kahîn tûl ? Ânke lîjo khabar hamârî.
Phir âke kyâ karo, Gurû, jab jâegî jân hamârî ?
‘ Ab kî wâr lagâ hai merâ,’ kahtâ hûn lalkârî !”

Khainch miyân se, liâ hâth meñ jhaṭ Urjan ke mâre.

- 930 Dûjâ wâr kîâ jaldî se, lînâ sîs utâre.
Lâe liâ, ghore ke hanne dhar diâ, jâe âgârî.

- 920 And then Surjan drew (his sword) from the scabbard
and struck him one blow.

The matter was in Fate's hands and she saved the Râjâ
at once.

He again struck a second time, but nothing came of it.

Surjan and Urjan.

“ We will not leave you alive, we will take your life !”

Gúgá.

- 925 “ O Gurû Gorakhnâth, why hast thou forgotten me ?
What ? Hast gone to sleep at my turn for help ? Is he
sitting in some assemblage ?
“ Is he sitting in some assembly ? Come and help me.
What is the good of returning, Gurû, when my life has
gone ?
‘ Now is my turn to strike,’ say I in defiance.”*

He drew (his sword) from the scabbard and quickly took
it in his hand and struck Urjan.

- 930 Quickly he struck a second blow and struck off his head.
He took it, put it on his horse's pommel and went on.

* This line he addresses to the brothers.

Guggā.

“Līe sūrat pahchān, Mān mere ! mat nā kijīye derī !
Hāth jorke khaṛā āgārī, ‘Ram Ram’ le mere !”

- Dekh sūrat ko ro parī, līnī jabhī pahchān.
935 Ho beākul dharnī parī, nā tan meñ rahī prān :
Nā tan meñ rahī prān.

Rānī Bāchhal.

“Ai Betā, yeh kyā zulm guzarī ?
Kyūnkar tere hāth bage the, he pāpī, hatiyārī !
Aisā zulm kḥā hai taiñ ne, nahīn larzī nain hamāre.
Nā apnā darshan dikhlāve ! nā dekho ān hamāre !”

Guggā.

- 940 “He Mātā, tum se kahūn, man meñ sachī jān !
Kahe bachan ; phirte nahīn ; hamēñ Gurū nakī ān.

Guggā.

“Look at it, recognise it, Mother mine ! and delay not.
I stand before thee with joined hands, receive my
greeting (*Ram ! Rām !*) !”

She saw it and began to weep as soon as she recognised
it.

- 935 In her grief she fell on the ground, nor did any life
remain in her body :
Nor did any life remain in her body.

Queen Bāchhal.

“Ah my son, what wickedness have you done ?
Why did you stretch forth your hands (to slay), O wretch-
ed sinner ?

Such a crime as you have committed my eyes cannot
bear !

See me no more, nor let me see you again !”

Guggā.

- 940 “O Mother, I tell thee, know the truth in thy heart !
Thou spakest the word ; it goes not back ; we are the
sport of the Gurū.

- Hamei Gurû nakî ân, rî Mâtâ ; jo taii bachan uchârâ.
 Ham Chhatrî Râjpût jân le, yeh hî dharm hamârâ.
 Hai sâkhî Bhagwân, nahîn man darshan karûi tuuhârâ.
 945 Sât janam lag rahe Narak, kahâ mât pitâ kâ dâlâ !
 Hâth joṛ bintî karûi, suno, Dhartrî Mât !
 Mujh ko âp samâe le, nahîn karûi prân ab ghât !
 Nahîi karûi prân ab ghât ! Nahîn koî jag mein merâ !
 Main tere lie saran : kâl ne mujh ko gherâ.
 950 Mat nâ kijîye der ; mujhe le âj satwâe.
 Mujh ko tîn talâq milûn Mâtâ ko jâc.
 Yâ tû ut sarâp ; jahân blije, wahân jâûn.
 Dîjîye mujhe batâe, pakar tere pe lâûn.”

Dharti Mâtâ.

- “He Betâ, tum se kahûn, kyûn tû hûi nâdân ?
 955 Musalmân niche gaṛe, Hindû chale masân.

- We are the sport of the Gurû, Mother: thou hast
 spoken the word :
 Know me for a Râjpût warrior, it is law to me.
 Bhagwân* is my witness that I will never see thee again,
 945 May I live seven lives in Hell if I disobey the command
 of my father and mother !
 With joined hands I pray thee, O Mother Earth !
 Take me into thyself, or else I will kill myself now !
 Or else I will take my own life now. I have no
 friend in the world !
 I beseech thee, for death hath encompassed me.
 950 Delay not, but take me to-day.
 I have thrice vowed that I will see my mother (no more).
 If thou wilt take the curse (on thee) I will go whither
 thou sendest me.
 Tell it me and I will fetch and bring it thee.”

Mother Earth.

- “ Ah my son, I tell thee, how is it that thou dost not
 know ?
 955 Musalmâns are buried below, Hindûs go to the pyre.

* *I.e.* God

Hindû chale masân, re Betâ, tujh ko dîâ batâe.
 Jâo pâs Rattan Hâjî ko; lo Kalima parhwâe.
 Jo itnâ kare kân, jabhî mainî tujh ko lîû samâc.
 Siriyal de sarâp mujhe, Râjâ Sanjâ kî jâî !”

Gûgâ.

- 960 “Mâtâ ne mujh ko kahî aisî khotî bât ;
 Kyâ tujh pe barnan karûî ? Suno, Dhartrî Mât !
 Suno, Dhartrî Mât ; mujhe kyûn bâr bâr bathkâve ?
 ‘Gurû Gorakhnâth kî rin tujh pe jo tû hatke âve !
 Jaisî mainî taraphîû jorôn ko aisâ tû dukh pâve !’
 965 Dîâ sarâp mujh Mâtâ ne, us ko kaun haṭâve ?”

Dhartî Mâtâ.

“He Betâ, jaldî jâo ; tujh ko dîâ batâe ;
 Isî waqat Ajmer mein, Betâ, dhyân lagâe.
 Betâ, dhyân lagâe, abhî jâ : mat nâ der lagâo.

Hindûs go to the pyre, my son, I tell thee.
 Go to Rattan Hâjî* and learn the (Musalmân's) Creed.
 When thou hast done this I will take thee to myself.
 Siriyal, Râjâ Sanjâ's child, will curse me !”

Gûgâ.

- 960 “My mother spoke most wicked words to me ;
 How can I tell them thee ? Hear, Mother Earth !
 Hear, Mother Earth, why dost always put me off ?
 (She said), ‘The curse of Gurû Gorakhnâth be upon thee
 if thou return !
 As I mourn for these twins so mayest thou know
 sorrow !’
 965 My mother cursed me, who shall put it aside ?”

Mother Earth.

“My son, go quickly : I have shown thee.
 Go now, my son, and worship in Ajmer.
 My son, go now and worship : make no delays.

* This must be Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'ddîn Chishtî of Ajmer, who flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries A.D.

- Hai Khwâj Khidhar izzat kâ pûrâ : pûs us ke jâo.
 970 Nâ bolo kuchh mukh apne se, sârâ hâl batâo.
 Hogî pûran âs tumhârî ; jâ, Kalima parh ôo."

Gûgû.

- "He Mâtâ, sachî kahî tan meñ gâf samâe.
 Ab pahunchûñ ik phir meñ ; gae mere man bhâe.
 Gae mere man bhâe, abhî chalne kî karûñ tayyârî.
 975 Âge jâññ Ajmer bîch, ho pûran âs hamârî."

Rattan Hâjî aur Khwâj Khidhar, jo dekhe khare âgâ.î.
 Hâth joṛ âdhûñ hûe ; kahe :

Gûgû.

"Sunîyo bêt hamârî.

Bahot dinon se milne kî yeh to mujh ko intizârî.
 De Kalima parho ! Hâe, mujhe Mâtâ ne bolî mârî !"

He (the saint) is as full of honor as Khwâjâ Khizar : go
 to him.

- 970 Say nothing (false) with thy lips : tell him the whole
 tale.

Thy hope will be fulfilled ; repeat the Creed and come."

Gûgû.

"O Mother, thy true words have entered into my heart.
 I will go now in a minute: the fears of my heart have
 departed.

The fears of my heart have departed : I will make ready
 to go at once.

- 975 I will go onwards to Ajmer and my hope will be
 fulfilled."

When he saw Rattan Hâjî and Khwâjâ Khizar he stood
 before them.

He saluted them with joined hands and said :—

Gûgû.

"Hear ye my words.

Many days have I waited to see you.

Teach me the Creed ! Alas ! my Mother's words have
 slain me."

Rattan Hâjî.

- 980 "He Bhâî, tû kaun hai ? kyûn dil mein ghabarâe ?
Kaun tumhârâ nâm hai ? Dîjo sach batâe."

Râgnî.

- "Hamein batlâe de, Bhâî;
Der itni kyûn tain lâe ?
Jât, kyâ nâm hai terâ ?
985 Tujhe kyâ waham ne gherâ ?
Parhan Kalima tû hai âyâ,
Jât, nahîn nâm batlâyâ !"

Gûgâ.

- "Hîn Gorakhnâth kâ : Bâgar hai asthân.
Gûgâ merâ nâm hai, jâne mulk jahân :
990 Jâne mulk jahân. Mere the do mâe ke jâe.
Kîâ kapat mujh se ik bhârî ; le jangal mein âe.
Pahile mujh ko lagâ mârne, phir main mâr gawâyâ.

Rattan Hâjî.

- 980 "My friend, who art thou ? why is thy mind upset ?
What is thy name ? Tell me the truth."

Song.

- "Tell me the truth, friend :
Why dost make such delay ?
What is thy name and caste ?
985 What misfortune hath encompassed thee ?
Thou comest to learn the Creed,
And dost not tell thy name and caste !"

Gûgâ.

- "I am Gorakhnâth's disciple : Bâgar is my home.
Gûgâ is my name, the whole world knows me :
990 The whole world knows me. I had two (brothers) sons
of my mother's (sister).
They deceived me greatly : they took me into the forest.
They first tried to slay me and then I slew them.

Le donon ke sîs, jabhî Mâtâ ko ân dikhâe.

Dekhat sâr jabhî Mâtâ ne khoṭe bachan sunâe :

995 ‘Jo mujh ko mukh ân dikhâve paṛe Narak meñ jâe!’”

Rattan Hâjî.

“Jab itnî biptâ sunî gaî mere man bhâe.

Â Bachâ, yahân baiṭh jâ : Kalima dîn parhâe.

Kalima dîn parhâe, jabhî kânôn meñ âzân sunâe.

Hindû yâ Shekh Musalmân jab Kalima diâ parhâe.

1000 Jâ, Bachâ, Gard Darere, legî tohe samâe.

Ham nahîn hîn gunâhgâr kisî se : Karmou yeh hî likhâe.”

Gûgû.

“Âzân sune, Kalima parhâ, âyâ tumbhare pâs.

He Mâtâ, man kî merî pûran kar de âs.

Pûran kar de âs, rî Mâtâ ; bahotâ dukh pâyâ.

I took both their heads, and came and showed them to
my mother.

When my mother saw the heads she said evil words to me.

995 If thou come and show thy face again mayest thou go
down into Hell!”

Rattan Hâjî.

“My heart is full hearing all this evil.

Come, my son, sit down here : I will teach thee the Creed.

I will teach thee the Creed, and repeat the call to prayer
in thy ears.

Be thou Hindû or Musalmân I teach thee the Creed.

1000 Go, my son, to Gard Darerâ, (Mother Earth) will receive
thee.

I am responsible to no one (for this) : Fate hath
decreed it.”

Gûgû.

“I have heard the call to prayer, I have learnt the Creed,
I come to thee :

O Mother (Earth), fulfil the desire of my heart.

Fulfil the desire of my heart, Mother ; much trouble
have I borne.

1005 Jin kâ 'sat rahâ hai, jag men phir nâ haṭke ayâ.
Dekh Hari Chand; sat ke kâran nahîn apnâ dharam
ganwâyâ."

Itnî kahke bāt jabhî jhat Dhartî bīch samâyâ.

Sârad sīs niwâeke, dharūn Ganpat kâ dhyân.

Sâng sampûran kar dîâ; karo merâ kalyân!

1010 Karo merâ kalyân, Mât! main man ichhâ bhar pâyâ.

Jis din main saran lîe hai bhûle chhand batâyâ.

Sât dîp, nav khaṇḍ bīch men nahîn pâlî terî mâyâ.

Kahtâ Bansî Lâl; Mât, Gûge kâ sâng banâyâ.

Mât, merî karo sahâi,

1015 Châr Bedon men gâi,

Jo dharte haiñ dhyân,

1017 Gyân dîjo, Mahâ Mât!

1005 Whose virtue remains will not come back to this world;*
See Hari Chand, † he lost not his faith through his virtue."

When he had said this the Earth took him to herself
at once.

Sârad, I adore thee; Ganpat, I worship thee.

I have finished the whole legend; be ye my salvation.

1010 Be thou my salvation, Mother (Sârad). I have fulfilled
my desire.

From the day I worshipped thee, thou hast shown me
the forgotten verses.

In the seven climes and the nine quarters thou art not
fathomed.

Saith Bansî Lâl; Mother, I have finished Gûgâ's Legend.

Mother, be my help.

1015 That art sung in the Four Vedas,

To him who worships thee,

1017 Grant eternal knowledge, Great Mother!

* Be born again in a transmigration of souls.

† Râjâ Hariſchandra famed in fable.

No. VII.

THE BALLAD OF ÎSÂ BÂNIYÂ,
AS SUNG IN THE PAṬIĀLĀ STATE.

[This queer little ballad expresses in homely phrase the legends which have arisen to account for the expensive restoration of the shrine of Sakhi Sarwar at Nigâhâ in the Derâ Ghâzi Khân District, by one 'Îsâ, a rich merchant of Âgrâ or Dillî, in the time of Aurangzob, about 1675 A.D.]

TEXT.

ÎSÂ BÂNIYÂ.

- Îsâ Bâniyâ jahâj ladde, jî ;
Te jotishiân nûn puchhe, jî :
“ Sâdâ jahâj kiweñ banne lage, jî ? ”
Jotishî âkhdâ, jî :
- 5 “ Sawâ lakh rupae dî sukh sukho, jî ;
Us wakht jahâj baune lage, jî ! ”
Jahâj banne lagiâ, jî !
Hîre, motî, la'l wechdâ, jî,
Ik lakh ton kae lakh nafâ-safâ kîtâ, jî !
- 10 Murke Îsâ Bâniyâ bhûl gîâ, jî,
Te sawâ lakh dî sukhnâ bhuliâ, jî.
Koî din pâ phir Îsâ chaliâ, jî :
Motî, la'l kherîdâ, jî :
Karhe leke chaliâ, jî ;
- 15 Âge â Shâhkoṭ de gaure utarâ, jî.
Laṭṭ karhe dî tuṭṭî, jî,
Te Îsâ Karmân nûn piṭṭe, jî :
Hor bhâi gharân nûn chale, jî :
Îsâ Bâniyâ baithâ rondâ, jî.
- 20 Othe â khalâ hoiâ Sayyid Aḥmad, jî,
Puchhe, “ tusî kyûn, Bhâi, ronde, jî, ? ”
Îsâ âkhe, “ main nûn musîwat banî, jî ;
Bhâi, tusî merâ kî niwârâ, jî ?
Main nûn dukh piâ sir bhârî, jî !

- 25 Bhâî, main nûn sab chhad̄ gae, jî!
 Bhâî, main nûn kalle nûn chhad̄ gae, jî!"
 Sayyid âkhe, "Bhâî, tu koî pichhî suk̄h yâd karo, jî!"
 Îsâ âkhe, "Bhâî, main tân koî suk̄h maniâ nâhî!
 Mere tân yâd kujjh nâhî."
- 30 Sarwar âkhe, "sawâ lakh rupae dî suk̄h sî sâdî,
 Jo tûn sir na dhariâ, jî."
 Ose vele Îsâ suk̄h sir dhare, jî.
 Sawâ lakh rupae oh de nâ dâ gûnân vich bhare, jî:
 Sangân de nâl chale, jî:
- 35 Sarwar de ot chale, jî.
 Ânke Îsâ utar paindâ, jî;
 Nâl de bhâîân nûn kabindâ, jî:
 "Main tân khotiân de gûnân lâhwân, jî,
 Te Sarwar dî suk̄h charhâwân, jî."
- 40 Leke rupae Îsâ Bâniyâ turbat banâî, jî.
 Tin jâtân nûn sadâe, jî:
 Ik korhî, ik anhâ, jî,
 Ik khusrâ, jî.
 Oh de makân de utte chhad̄dâ, jî.
- 45 Anhâ âkhe, "main nûn tagîd nâhî."
 Osî vele Sayyid Ahmad âwandâ,
 Te anhe dî dorangî mitâwandâ;
 "Chal, Bhâî, chashme de utte."
 Le chashme dâ pâni nohâwandâ.
- 50 Jadon anhe ne munh dhoiâ,
 Ohdon sîjâkhâ hoî.
 Oh nûn wekh korhî âkhdâ,
 "Mere man vich dorangî âî."
 Oh nûn Sarwar akhdâ,
- 55 "Chal, Bhâî, chashme utte."
 Chashme de utte nohâwandâ,
 Te oh dî dahî sâbit karâwandâ.
 Eh wekh khusrâ âkhdâ,
 "Mere man vî dorangî âî."
- 60 Sarwar âkhe, "chashme te chal, Bhâî."
 Chashme te khusrâ nohâwandâ,

- Oh dî dahî Sarwar Allah to sâbit karâwandâ.
 Phir Îsâ gharân nûn tûriâ, jî.
 Ânke Sarwar nûn bhuliâ, jî.
- 65 Îsâ Bâniyâ ne âkhâ, " maiû Sarwar jândâ nâhûn."
 Chirâgh sab bhanû, jî!
 " Sarwar mallomallî dâ tel jâldâ, jî."
 Îsê de man vich phir dorangî âî, jî :
 Osî vele Îse cî deh phat gai, jî.
- 70 Murke sâng de kolê, jî.
 Pakkan bakre rijhan rot, jî :
 Îse Bâniyâ ne kîta khot, jî!
 Oh dî 'aurat Îse nûn âkhe, jî ;
 "Tûn nîyat man sâf kar, jî,
- 75 Murke Sarwar nûn yâd kâr, jî ;
 Tûn apne man nûn samjhâ, jî,
 Te muhre sangân de lit jâ, jî :
 Sangân nûn âkh,
 ' Bhâiyo, mere faryâd sunâo, jî,
- 80 Merî deh phat gai, jî ;
 Main nûn Sarwar bâhûrdâ nâhûn.'"
 Pher 'aurat âkhe, " Jâ sangân de tânûn."
 Sang karam faryâdî,
 Te Allah pâk karam kare, jî.
- 85 Îse dî deh sâbit hoî !
 Îse Bâniyâ ne chirâgh batî sâjî,
 Khûb tarhân nâl chirâgh bâle,
 Te Sarwar nûn nit sambhâle.
- 89 Îse dâ bhârat kah sunâiâ !

TRANSLATION.

ÎSÂ BÂNIYÂ.

- Îsâ Bâniyâ loaded up his ship, sir ;
 And asked the astrologers, sir :
 " How shall my ship journey (safely), sir ? "
 The astrologers said, sir :
 5 " (If) you vow a vow of one and a quarter *lâkhs* of
 rupees, sir,

- Your ship will at once cross over (safely), sir !”
 The ship crossed over (safely), sir !
 Selling diamonds, pearls and rubies, sir,
 He made many *lâkhs* of profit out of one *lâkh*, sir !
- 10 Returning (home) Îsâ Bâniyâ forgot (his vow), sir,
 And forgot his vow of one and a quarter *lâkhs*, sir.
 Some time afterwards Îsâ journeyed again, sir :
 Bought pearls and rubies, sir ;
 Took camels and journeyed, sir :
- 15 Going along he rested at Shâhkot* town, sir.
 The leg of his camel broke, sir,
 And Îsâ lamented his fate, sir :
 All his friends went on to their homes, sir :
 Îsâ sat down and wept, sir.
- 20 Sayyid Ahmad† came and stood there, sir,
 And asked, “ why art weeping, friend, sir ?”
 Said Îsâ, “ a misfortune has come on me, sir ;
 Friend, what help can you give me, sir ?
 My trouble has fallen heavily on my head, sir !
- 25 Friend, they have all left me and gone on, sir !
 Friend, they have left me alone and gone on, sir !”
 Said the Sayyid, “ Remember, Friend, something of
 your last vow, sir !”
 Said Îsâ, “ Friend, I made no vow at all !
 I have no recollection at all !”
- 30 Said Sarwar, “ The vow to me was a *lâkh* and a quarter
 of rupees,
 Which you have not completed, sir.”
 Îsâ completed it at once, sir.
 He put a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees into bags in his
 (Sarwar’s) name, sir :
 And went on with the pilgrims, sir :
- 35 He journeyed under the protection of Sarwar, sir.
 Arriving (at Nigâhâ) Îsâ rested, sir ;

* Near Multân : where Sâyyid Zainu’l-âbadîn, Sakhî Sarwar’s father first settled.

† The real name of Sakhî Sarwar.

- He said to his friends, sir
 "I will take the bags off the asses, sir,
 And fulfil my vow to Sarwar, sir."*
- 40 Taking the rupees Îsâ Bâniyâ built a shrino, sir.
 He sent for three sorts of men, sir :
 A leper, a blind man, sir,
 And a eunuch, sir†
 And left them in charge of the building, sir.
- 45 Said the blind man, "I have no faith (in Sarwar), sir."
 Sayyid Ahmad came at once,
 And blotted out the blind man's unbelief ;
 (Saying) "Come, friend to the fountain."
 He bathed him in the water of the fountain.
- 50 When the blind man washed his face,
 Then he became able to see.
 Seeing this said the leper,
 "Unbelief has entered into me."
 Said Sarwar to him,
- 55 "Come, Friend, to the fountain."
 He bathed him at the fountain
 And made his body whole.
 Seeing this said the eunuch,
 "In my mind, too, is unbelief."
- 60 Said Sarwar, "Go, Friend to the fountain."
 He bathed the eunuch at the fountain ;
 Sarwar and God made his body whole.
 (After this) Îsâ again went home, sir,
 And reaching it forgot Sarwar, sir.
- 65 Said Îsâ Bâniyâ, "I know not Sarwar."
 He broke all the lamps, sir,
 (Saying) "Sarwar burns the oil uselessly, sir."
 Unbelief again entered Îsâ's mind, sir.
 Îsâ's body at once broke out (into leprosy), sir.

* *I.e.*, build up his shrine.

† These men are reputed to have been the first followers of Sarwar and named Kulung, Kâhin and Shekh. From them are descended the present *Mujawirs* or guardians of Sarwar's shrine. They were necessarily long anterior to Îsâ's time.

- 70 He went back on a pilgrimage, sir ;
 Roasted goats and baked bread, sir.*
 Îsâ had wrought deceit, sir !
 Said his wife to Îsâ, sir :
 " Make upright thy heart and soul, sir ;
- 75 Go back and remember Sarwar, sir ;
 Make thy own heart understand, sir,
 Go and lie down in front of the pilgrims, sir :
 And say to the pilgrims, sir,
 ' My friends, pray for me, sir.
- 80 My body has broken out, sir ;
 Sarwar doth not hear my cry.'"
 Again his wife said, " Go to the pilgrims."
 The pilgrims prayed,
 And God was gracious and merciful, sir ;
- 85 Îsâ's body became whole !
 Îsâ Bâniyâ placed lamps and candles,
 And lighted excellent lamps,
 And ever had a care for Sarwar.
- 89 I have sung the ballad of Îsâ.

* For the benefit of the saint.

No. VIII.

THE BALLAD OF ÎSÂ BAPÂRÎ, AS SUNG IN THE JÂLANDHAR DISTRICT.

[In this ballad the same story is told in a somewhat different fashion as is found in the last ballad, but in the same quaint and homely language.]

TEXT.

ÎSÂ BAPÂRÎ.

- Îsâ Âgrâ dâ bapârî,
Latthâ de Samundar târî,
Hîre, motî, la'l wiâjhe,
 Dam bahot kharchâc.
- 5 Berâ banne lâwan kâran
 Ân mallâh disâe.
Mallâhân nûn kî Îsâ âkhe ?
"Ginke haq dinnâ main âpe :
Berâ merâ banne lâo ;
10 Damre lo ginâe."
Îse nûn mallâh kî kahinde ?
—Usî Samundar utte rahinde,—
"Sânûn kî tû deve, Îsiâ ?
 Tethon Rabb diwâwe."
- 15 Ginke haq mallâhân littâ,
Berâ pâ Samundar dittâ
Lahrân wekh nadî diân, berâ
 Dukke-dole khâe.
Berâ jâe Samundar bahindâ,
20 Îsâ pîrân nûn sewan bahindâ,
"Aisâ hî pîr hâzir bohre,
 Je koî berâ banne lâe."
Dobe la'l jawâhir pannâ :
Yâd âiâ Bâi dâ bunnâ,
25 "Aisâ hî pîr hâzir bohre,
 Merâ berâ banne lâe."

- Berâ latthâ âhû khâne:
 Îsâ yâd kare Sultâne ;
 " Aisâ hî pîr hâzir bohre,
 30 Merâ berâ banne lâe."
 Kitî sath pâshe de tâîn,
 Khubbe dast utâhân jâîn.
 Khwâj khizar khabar nâ hoî,
 Berâ banne lâiâ.
 35 Banne lâ hîr motî Lâlâ,
 Te Îsâ hoîâ bahot khusâlâ :
 De do'âain pîr nûn,
 Jin sûkhîn pâr langhâiâ.
 Lang samundaron Îsâ âiâ,
 40 Te parbat bich ðerâ pâiâ.
 Bare andar karhâ guzrâne,
 Magar chhadde charwâne ;
 Îse othe ân utârâ kitâ,
 Jitthe Bâi Pîr samâe.
 45 Khân pîwan de hoe âhar,
 Degân dho charhâe.
 Turt baturtî khâne âe,
 Chînân vich saudâgarân pâe ;
 Khânâ khâe shukarânâ parhiâ,
 50 Râm dahî nûn âe.
 Îse othe deg charhâî ;
 Bâbat ho banî sî kaî :
 Hargiz âg jo balio nâhîn.
 Îsâ sasdil hoîâ tâîn.
 55 Phir chârâhâ, chhikmân kîti,
 Âpe Sarwar bohre kîti.
 Âg balî te râzî hoîâ :
 Degî het jalâe.
 Jiûn jiûn âg bale het degî
 60 Thandâ hundâ jâe.
 Îsâ de dil ghussâ âve,
 Degî nûn chak madhiâve :
 Pânî sâ, so lahû ho turîâ,

- Jind chānwalān vich pāe !
 65 Īsā dil vich jhūran lagā :
 “ Tain kujrat kehe banāi, Rabbā ?
 Jiweñ rakhīn, main tiweñ rahnā :
 Terā ant na pāiā jāe !”
 Subah hoī, ladde karwānā ;
 70 Bare karhe dī tang rah jānā :
 Wukht Īsā nūn pāe !
 Sāthī ladd gharān nūn chale,
 Karhā Īsā rahe akalle.
 Bhāiān kolon widiā mangdā,
 75 Gall vich bāhān lāe.
 “ Deo snehiā merē bhrāwān.
 Sukh hoī ghar tān āwān
 Sansā merā ratī na karnā,”
 Bhāiān nūn ākh sunāiā.
 80 Bhāiān kolon aisī sariā,
 Baiṭhe nūn chhadḍ āe.
 Bāi ākhe Sarwar tān,
 “ Bakhsh gunāh Īsā de tān”
 Īse Śaklī Sarwar kolon
 85 Gunāh bakhshāe.
 Īse nazar pahchān pāi,
 Mughal āiā koī, barān Khudāe.
 Es Mughal de panj hatiārā,
 Kakkī karhā nachāe.
 90 Īse nūn pīr puchhnā kītī,
 “ Es mulak tūn kyūn āiā sī
 Bājh bharāwān ?
 Aikal bāhān,
 Kyūn āiā mulak parāe ?”
 95 Īse karke bāt sunāi,
 “ Main nūn chhadḍ gae sī bhāi :
 Bhāiān kolon eh hī sariā,
 Baiṭhe nūn chhadḍ jāe !”
 Ap hakīm bane phir Lanjā,
 100 Karhā tān kar diā changā.

- Lalân motiân dâ salîtà
 Goshe nâl uṭhâiâ.
 Íse pír nûn puchhnâ kîfî,
 "Terâ nân disâe."
- 105 "Nâoi merâ Sarwar Sultânâ,
 Bâbâ Zainu'l-'âbadîn dâná,
 Khân Dhodâ te Sayyid Rânâ,
 Asî Aishân de jae."
 Sakhî Sarwar karhâ ṭurâiâ,
 110 Íse nûn phir widiâ karâiâ.
 Paharî te ṭur Íse nûn
 Âgrâ de râh pâiâ.
 Khalqst hof ân udâle,
 Íse nûn log puchhanwâle,
 115 "Sach kahî tûn sântûn, Ísiâ,
 Kitha han hamsâe?"
 Íse karke wâr sunâi,
 "Main nûn baithe nûn chhadḍ âe.
 Bhâñî kolon eh hî sariâ,
 120 Kalle nûn chhadḍ âe."
 Ek lakh palle teunâ lâhâ
 Sagle qaraz utâre.
 Ísâ phir Nigâhe nûn jâve,
 Ate korhî nûn nâl lejâve,
 125 Ate korhî nûn chashme jâ nahlâve,
 Te osî vele dahî os di sâbit karâve.
 Ísâ onven Nigâhâ jâve,
 Mûlchak te râj mangâve.
 Râj vekh tatvîrân karde,
 130 Nîân chak barâbar dharde,
 Dhakhan wâl darwâzâ dharde.
 Bane Nigâhâ pír dâ,
 Jithe nûr otâ pâe.
 Pírâ os dâ sewak dî wajû likhâin,
 135 Jin terâ Nigâhâ banâiâ.
 Sunke sewak kare salâmân,
 "Terâ râj badḥe Sultânâ."

- Sadhî sâir dâ kamânâ !
 Es zamâne khote pehre
 140 Sewâ diân phal pâiâ.
 Es zamâne kallû kâl de
 142 Zâhir parat vikhâiâ.

TRANSLATION.

Îsâ, THE TRADER.

- Îsâ, the Trader of Âgrâ,
 Crossed the River * and rested.
 Bought diamonds, pearls and rubies
 And spent much money (on them).
 5 To take his boat across
 He came and asked the boatmen.
 What said Îsâ to the boatmen ?
 " I will count and give you your dues myself :
 Take my boat across ;
 10 And count and take your dues."
 What said the boatmen to Îsâ ?
 —They that dwell on that river—
 " What will you give, Îsâ ?
 That God may give you (the same)."
 15 The boatmen counted and took their dues,
 And took the boat across.
 Feeling the waves of the river, the boat
 Began to toss up and down.
 The boat began to sink into the river,
 20 Îsâ began to worship the saints,
 " May the saint be ever present thus,
 If my boat ever get across !"
 The jewels and rubies were buried in the mud :
 He remembered the husband of Bâi, †
 25 " May the saint be ever present thus
 And take my boat across !"
 The boat sank deeply and stuck :

* *Lit.* Ocean. Must be the Indus.

† The name of Sarwar's wife.

- Îsâ remembered Sultân ; *
- 30 " May the saint be ever present thus,
And take my boat across."
He threw with his dice,
They went over his left hand, †
Khwâjâ Khizar ‡ had no news (of him),
And the boat got across.
- 35 The merchant got across his diamonds and pearls,
And Îsâ was very happy :
He made prayers to the saint,
Who had got him safely across.
Îsâ came across the river,
- 40 And rested in the mountains.
They put the camels into the pasture
And let them loose to graze.
Îsâ came and rested there,
Where the Saint Bâî is enshrined. §
- 45 The time for eating and drinking came,
He washed and set on the cauldrons.
The food was quickly distributed,
The merchants took it in China cups ;
They eat their food and gave thanks,
- 50 And rest came to their bodies.
Îsâ (too) set on a cauldron there ;
But there was something wrong about it.
The fire would not burn at all.
Îsâ became worried,
- 55 Again he put on the cauldron and cleaned it.
Sarwar himself appeared ;
The fire burned and (Îsâ) was pleased,
And lighted it under the cauldron.
(But) as the fire burned under the cauldron
- 60 It became cold.
Îsâ was angry in his heart

* I.e., Sakhi Sarwar.

† Apparently means that he cheated Khwâjâ Khizar.

‡ Nowadays merely the god of rivers.

§ At Nigâhâ.

- And upset the cauldron.
 There was water (in it) and it ran out blood,
 And maggots were found in the rice.
- 65 Îsâ began to grieve in his heart
 "What power hast thou shown, O God?
 I will remain (thine) as far as I can:
 There is no fathoming Thee!"
- It became morning and the camels were loaded up;
 70 The leg of his largest camel broke.
 Grief came upon Îsâ!
 His companions loaded up and went to their homes,
 Îsâ and his camel remained alone.
 He bade adieu to his friends,
- 75 And threw his arms round their necks :*
 "Give a message to my brethren.
 I will go home when (the camel) is well.
 They are not to be anxious about my grief."
 Thus he besought his friends.
- 80 Thus his friends behaved to him
 And left him sitting.
 Bâî said to Sarwar,
 "Forgive Îsâ's sin."
 Sakhî Sarwar
- 85 Forgave Îsâ's sin.
 Îsâ saw coming
 A Mughal, a friend of God.†
 The Mughal was (armed) with the five arms;‡
 Galloping on a brown mare§
- 90 The saint began asking Îsâ,
 "Why hast thou come into this land
 Without a friend?
 All alone
 Why art in a strange land?"

* Idiom, begged very hard.

† I.e., one who commands respect.

‡ Sword, dagger, battle-axe, lance, and bow and arrows.

§ *Kakkî*, which was also the name of Sarwar's mare.

- 95 Spake Îsa and said,
 " My friends have left me and gone on.
 This is the behaviour of my friends,
 That they left me sitting and went on !"
 Lanjâ* then professed himself a doctor,
 100 And made the camel well.
 The bag† of pearls and rubies
 He lifted up with the end of his bow.
 Îsâ asked the saint,
 " Tell me thy name."
 105 " My name is Sarwar Sultân ;
 My father is the wise Zainu'l-'âbadîn ;
 Dhodâ Khân and Sayyid Rânâ
 And I are the sons of Aishân. ‡ "
 Sakhî Sarwar sent on the camel,
 110 And bade adieu to Îsâ.
 Îsâ left the hills
 And found his way to Âgrâ.
 Crowds surrounded (him)
 And began asking Îsâ,
 115 " Tell us the truth, Îsâ,
 Where are thy companions ? "
 Îsâ told them the story :
 " They left me there sitting.
 This was the behaviour of my friends ;
 120 They left me by myself."
 From one *lâkh* of capital he gained three *lâkhs* (treble),
 And paid all his liabilities.
 Îsâ went again to Nigâhâ
 And took a leper with him,
 125 And bathed the leper in the fountains,
 And at the same moment his body became whole.
 Îsâ forthwith went to Nigâhâ

* Lanj is a name for Nigâhâ, whence Lanjâ for Sarwar.

† *Salâtâ*, a large bag of coarse canvas used on camels.

‡ 'Aesha was the mother of Sarwar, Dhodâ was his brother, Rânâ is usually his son. They have shrines near Nigâhâ.

- And procured masons from Mûlchak*
 The masons drew up plans
 130 And dug deep and good foundations,
 And placed the door to the south.†
 They built the Nigâhâ of the saint,
 Where splendor was lavished.
 “O Saint, procure a record of the good work of this
 disciple,‡
 135 Who built thy Nigâhâ.”
 Hearing this the disciple pays his respects (saying),
 “May thy service flourish, Sultân.
 Protect Sadhî the poet!
 In these times good and bad
 140 Receive the reward of service.”
 In the midst of this Black Age §
 142 He (Sarwar) has displayed miraculous power.

* *I.e.*, Multân. Would not this name give “Mûlâ’s Well” or “Mûlâ’s Property” as the derivation of the name of the modern town?

† Saints’ tombs are built—head to N. and feet to S., so that the pilgrims can pray to the W., *i.e.*, in the direction of Makkâ.

‡ In the record of life in heaven.

§ Kallû Kâl for Kali Yug.

No. IX.

PRINCESS ADHIK ANÛP DAÎ, AS RECORDED FROM THE LIPS OF A WANDERING BARD FROM JALANDHAR.

[This legend belongs to what may be called the Scythian or non-Aryan cycle of the Panjâbî Legends which have sprung up round the memory of Râjâ Rasâlû. It purports to give an account of the nuptials of Râni Adhik Anûp Daî, daughter of Râjâ Sirkat (or Sarkap), whom we have already found in the first legend as playing at *chaupur* for Râjâ Rasâlû's head at a place which appears to be Kot Bithaur near Aṭak. Here, however, he is described as being King of Kanauj. Who Sarkap really was it would be well worth ascertaining, as he is thus found to be at Aṭak and Kanauj, places very widely separated, but there are other tales connecting him with the banks of the Jamnâ in the Ambâlâ district, and Sardhanâ, the name of the famous Begam Samrû's fief, near Meerâth, is locally said to have been founded by him, and its name to be by rights Sardhanâ. These stories tend to bridge over the distance between Aṭak and Kanauj. This particular legend appears to show that Rasâlû, the Scythian, married into the family of the Aryan King of Kanauj.]

[The natives call this very rugged specimen of a village poem a *mahal*, or canto, or division of an epic or long poem. They say the whole poem of Rasâlû consists of ten *mahals*, of which this is one. I have never yet seen a man who professed to know more than five or six of them.]

TEXT.

MAHAL RÂNÎ ADHIK ANÛP DAÎ, BEṬÎ RÂJÂ SIRKAT KÎ.

- Hâth joṛ Mâtâ kahe, "Sun, Pâran, merî bāt :
 Aise bachan bolîyo, jo paidâ hove put !"
 Pâran Mâtâ se kahe, "Sun, Mâtâ merî bāt :
 Paidâ Rasâlû hovegâ, aur Chhaliyâ us kâ nâm.
 5 Tîn sai sâth rânî chhalegâ, aur kisî ke na rahegâ sang."
 Mâtâ khushîân kar rahî, aur ghar ghar ho rahe rang.
 Itnî sunke chal paṛî, aur mahil hîe surang.
 Rasâlû paidâ ho gayâ, aur ghar ghar ho gae rang.
 Ik mahîna, do mahînc, chhauvîn rakhe pair :
 10 Das mahînc kâ ho gayâ woh mahilon meñ khair.
 Châr baras ke ho gae, aur Mahitâ hîâ bulâc.
 Rang mahil meñ khelte Mahitâ Râjâ do.
 Itnî sun Mahitâ kahe, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :

Aisî bātân karo, jis men rahî do bāt.”

- 15 Râjâ Mahite se kahe, “ Sun, Mahite, merî bāt :
Rang mahil men so rahâ, aur supnâ â gayâ rât.
Rât ke supne kî kyâ kahûn ? Sun, Mahite, merî bāt.
Rânî Shahr Kanauj men, Adhik Anûp Daf nâr :
Hanse jo bhar de phûlon kî dâlî : roe bhar de motlon
kî thâl.
- 20 Us Rânî ko milâ de : is bargâ nahîn ahsân.”
Itnî sun Mahitâ kahe, “ Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
Tote apne ko bulâyo, paryal degâ sâr.”
Bole Râjâ sunke, “ Sun, Tote, merî bāt :
Misrî kûjâ khilâûn ; thaṇḍâ pânî dîn pilâ.
- 25 Khabarân lâ de Adhik Anûp kî. Tûn, Totâ, haiñ Râo !”
Itnî sun totâ kahe, “ Tû sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
Rastâ haigâ dîr kâ, mere se jâyâ na jâe.”
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, “ Sun, Tote, merî bāt :
Khabarân lâ de Adhik Anûp kî : nahîn, khâke marûn kaṭâr.”
- 30 Itnî sun totâ kahe, “ Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
Pair ghaṭâ de sone kî penjñî ; gal hîrâ kî kanṭhî de dâl ;
Par bājû sone maṭhâ de ; sir par rakh de lâl :
Khabarân lâ dîn Adhik Anûp kî, tab Totâ merâ nâm.”
Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, “ Sun, Tote sarnâm :
- 35 Mâyâ kâran koî mâr de aur jâ lâkhon kî jân :”
“ Râjâ mâyâ kâ lobhî ban gayâ, aur ishk kî khabar
kuchh nân !
Jo Rânî tujhe dekhnî, de singâr lagâe.”
“ Taiñ nûn sone kâ pinjrâ ghaṭâe dîn, seûn dîn lakhâe.”
Râjâ totâ chal pare : chale jangal ko jân.
- 40 Din se rât ho gaî aur kahîn sone kâ karo bisrâûn.
“ He Râjâ, tû pîchhe ulaṭ jâ ; main khabar dîn lâe.”
Râjâ ghar ko chal paṭâ, aur totâ kare salâm.
Kar salâm totâ uṛ gayâ aur pahunchâ Shahr Kanauj.
Us Rânî ke bâgh men ḍerâ dîâ lagâe.
- 45 Totâ bolî boldâ aur tote lie bulâe :
“ Is Rânî ke bâgh men mewâ leo khâe.
Pakkâ pakkâ khâ leo, aur kachchâ deo ger.”
Dekh mâlî ro rahâ, tote urde nâhîn.

- Rondā māli āundā is Rānī ke pās ;
- 50 “ Lakkhoñ tote ā paṛe, Rānī, tere bāgh.
Mewā thā, sab khā līā aur kachchā kar dīā nās.”
Itñī sun Rānī ghabarāī, phandīgar līe bulāe :
“ Un totoñ ko pakar leo aur lāo hamāre pās.”
Itñī sun phandīgar āe Rānī ke pās.
- 55 “ Apñī jālī lekar deo bāgh meñ oḍ.
Sab totoñ ko mar do aur lāo mere pās.”
Itñī sun Sāwāñ kahe, “ Suno, toto, merī bāt :
Ab, bhāī, tum uṛ jāo, nahīñ tumhārā kām.”
Sāre tote uṛ gae aur kallā rah gayā āp.
- 60 Un phandī ko dekhke bāḥ gayā kīle kī goh.
Phandīgar dekh, ākar kahe is Rānī ke pās ;
“ Tote the, sab uṛ gae, koī na āyā hāth.”
Itñī sun Rānī kahe, “ Sun, Māli, merī bāt ;
Tote seh the, woh kahāñ gae ? tū āyā hamāre pās.”
- 65 “ Chalo bāgh meñ dekh lo, chalo hamāre sāth.”
Itñī sun Rānī chalī, āī nau-lakkhe bāgh :
Bāgh sārā dekhtī, totā na pāyā ik.
Māli se Rānī khajī, “ Tain kyūñ boleñ hai jhūth ?”
Itñī sun Māli kahe, “ Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
- 70 Isī bāgh ke bīch meñ tote dekhe āj.”
“ Tote the, who kahāñ gae ? Suno, Māli, merī bāt :
Yā to tote batāe do ; nahīñ, phānsī dūñ lagāe.”
Itñī sun totā kahe, “ Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
Is māli se kyā kahe ? Tu suno hamārī bāt.”
- 75 Itñī sun Rānī kahe, “ Sun, bāndī Har Daī ;*
Is tote ko mārke tū lāo hamāre pās.”
Bāndī chalī daurke, āī tote ke pās.
Totā mār udārī uṛ gayā, na gayā Rānī ke pās.
Laundīāñ bāndīāñ phir rahīñ : totā na āyā hāth.
- 80 Rānī ghabarāke so rahī is palang ke sāth.
Totā dil meñ sochtā, “ Ab kaise karūñ āj ?
Is Rānī kī gāt meñ chūñch deūñ lagā.”
Uṛkar totā ā gayā is Rānī ke pās.

* Hardās according to some bards, in which case the word should be probably *ardās*=*arzi*.

- Apne dil mein sochtā, “Chūnch deñū lagā.”
- 85 Gahrī chūnch martā is Rānī kī gāt.
Mukh par chūnch lagāe dī is Rānī kī gāt.
Rānī uṭhī tāulī, totā līā dabāe.
Rānī ke mukh par Surkhī khir rahī, aur bāndī kare jawāb.
“Rānī, tote ko kyā dekhtī? Tere muñh kī hūā behāl!”
- 90 “Muñh ko mere kyā kahe? Main totā līā dabāe.
Pakīā thā, par mar gayā mujh Rānī ke hāth.”
Kof bāndī kyā kahe? “Sun Rānī merī bāt :
Tote ko tum rakh do, aur mukhīā leo sambhāl.”
Itnī sun Rānī ne dhar diā is palang darmiyān.
- 95 Rānī surkhī ponchhī apne mukh kī āp.
Rānī ghair khyāl hogāi aur totā hūā udās :
Mār uṭārī jā rahā is kīle kī goh.
Rānī dil mein sochtī, “Totā nahīn, kof aur.”
“Chhāṭhī dūn baithnā, muñh mānge so khāe :
- 100 Ab ke pās āe jā, muñh mānge so khāe.”
Itnī sun totā kahe, “Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
Tere dil mein pāp hai : kabhī na ātūn tere pās.
Rānī, jis Rājā kī main totā hūn, us bargā na kofī.
Jaisī bātān tū kare us mein bahotī hoī.”
- 105 Rānī yūn kahe, “Sun, Totā, merī bāt :
Us Rājā ko milāe de : lā tū hamre pās.”
“Yūn, Rānī, main na lātūn ; sun tū hamārī bāt :
Likhke chitṭhī de de apnī pairīn āp.”
Likh deke chitṭhī Rānī kahe, “Sun, Tote, merī bāt :
- 110 Jaldī Rājā ko bhej de in pairon ke sāth.”
Itnī sun totā kahe, “Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
Gal mein chitṭhī pāe de ; jānū Rājā ke pās.”
Lekar chitṭhī chal paṛā us Rājā ke pās.
Rājā dekhke yūn kahe, “Sun, Totā, ardās :
- 115 Kaisē phere le āyā? Ham ko de batāe.
Un pheron ko dekh lūn, Tote, tere pās.”
Lekar chitṭhī hais paṛā yeh Rājā nīrās.
Āṭh din ke phere, navīn din kī na ās.
“Chaudān sai kos hai, sāt samundar pār :
- 120 Jānewālā kofī hai nahīn : kyā karen ab bāt?”

- Itñî sun totâ kahe, " Sun, Râjâ, ardâs :
 Ghore, fîl, bahot haiin, aur kharë tumbhâre pâs."
 Itñî sun Râjâ kahe, " Sun, Totâ, merî bāt :
 Hâth par mere baiṭh jâ, aur chalo hamâre sâth.
- 125 Hâthî karhoñ ke bîch meñ karo chalke do bāt."
 Dekh karhe hañs paṛe, Râjâ se karen jawâb,
 " Kyûñ âunâ ho gayâ ? suno, Râjâ, ardâs :
 Jo kahuâ farmâe do, chalen tumbhâre sâth."
 " Phere Adhik Anŭp ke deo turt diwâe.
- 130 Sâre chaudah sai kos hai, aur âṭh din kî râe !"
 Itñî sun karhe kaheñ, " Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
 Ham se jâyâ na jâe us Rânî ke pâs."
 Itñî sun Râjâ kahe, " Suno, karho, merî bāt :
 Daghâ dîâ hai adhar meñ ; ab kaun karhe hai sâth ?
- 135 Ai Tote, taiñ kyâ karî ? phere lâyâ âp !
 Ab ham kyâ karen ? koî na chalâ sâth !
 Hîre kî kanî khâ marûñ, aur nahîñ jîne kî âs !
 Aisî Rânî nâ milî hai, chandî, mâhtâb !
 He karhe ! tum ne kyâ karî ? dîâ hamen jawâb !
- 140 Ai Tote, tum ur jâo, aur nahîñ, chalo hamâre sâth."
 Sît katâr Râjâ jauhar kare* us tote ke pâs :
 " Yâ Rânî ko milâe de, nahîñ, marûñ tumbhâre pâs !"
 Itñî sun totâ kahe, " Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
 Us pawan-pankhî karhe ko tum ne dîâ dohâg :
- 145 Jo ab Rânî dekhnî chalo karhe ke pâs.
 Hâth jor karo bandagî, karhe se karo jawâb :
 ' Bhîṛ paṛî ; tumhare pâs âyâ ; mere kârij karo siddh :
 Rânî Adhik Anŭp ko mujh ko deo milâe.
 Phere Adhik Anŭp ke, phere deo diwâe.' "
- 150 Itñî sun karhâ kahe, " Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
 Main karhâ : taiñ dîâ chhor ; dîâ des tiyâg.
 Ab tû mujh ko chheṛnâ : apnâ dil karo khiyâl.
 Mere se phere na diwâe : jâ : ghar apne baiṭh !"
 Itñî sun Râjâ royâ : bhar rudan machâyâ :
- 155 " Yâ to Rânî milâe de, nahîñ, marûñ katârâ khâe !"
 Itñî sun karhâ kahe, " Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :

* Obsolete poetical expression.

- Ath din to bahut haiñ, aur din ke din jânâ ap.”
 “ Ai karhâ, ham se kare makhol ; us Rânî ko le chal.”
 Itnî sun karhâ kahe, “ Sun, Râjâ merî bāt :
- 160 Jaldî kapre pae lo, ho jâ mere aswâr.”
 Râjâ jaldî nahâ rahâ aur kar rahâ apne singâr :
 Totâ pinjrâ bithâ lîâ aur âyâ karhe ke pâs.
 Shahr ikatthâ ho gayâ us karhe ke pâs.
 Râjâ ûpar charh rahâ aur log kare makhol.
- 165 “ Râjâ jhallâ ho gayâ is karhe ke sang !”
 Sâlkot se chal pare le tote ko sang.
 Râjâ wahân se chal parâ, âe Shahr Kanauj,
 Derâ lagâe bâgh meñ, Râjâ kar rahe mauj.
 “ Ai Tote, ab kariye kyâ ? Rânî deo milâe.”
- 170 Mâr udârî totâ chal parâ, âyâ Rânî ke pâs.
 “ Ai Rânî, tû kyâ kare ? Sun hamrî ardâs :
 Râjâ baithe bâgh meñ aur kar rahe tumharî âs.
 Us Râjâ ko dekh le, aur haiñge bahut jawân !
 Jo kahnâ ho, so kah le us bâgh ke mân.”
- 175 Itnî sun Rânî kahe, “ Sun, Tote, merî bāt ;
 Us Râjâ ko bhej de âj hamre pâs.”
 Itnî sun totâ chalâ nau lakkhe bâgh :
 “ Ai Râjâ, tum chalo us Rânî ke pâs.”
 Bole Râjâ, yûñ kahe, “ Sun, Tote, merî bāt :
- 180 Hamre sâth tum chalo, kalle se na hove bāt.”
 Totâ Râjâ chal pare us Rânî ke pâs.
 Deorî meñ â gae ; bândî karî jawâb :
 Bândî Râjâ se kahe, “ Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :
 Gur se mîthî kyâ chîz hai ? Aur phul binâ kyâ khushbo ?
- 185 Âdar binâ jal jâe baithnâ ! Merî tinoñ bātân de batâ !”
 Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, “ Sun, Tote, merî bāt :
 Bândî dohrâ kah rahî, is kâ do jawâb.”
 Itnî sun totâ kahe, “ Sun, Bândî, merî bāt :
 Gur se mîthâ terâ bohrâ aur nekî kî khushbo !
- 190 Matbal* phausâ dushman ke bâr meñ âdar milo châhe nân.”
 Itnî sun Bândî kahe, “ Sun, Rânî, merî bāt :
 Totâ nahiñ ; koî aur hai ; dohrâ diâ batâe !

* For *matlab*.

- Is Rājā ko pūchh lo aur kah lo man kī bāt.”
 Itnī sun Rānī kahe, “Lāo hamre pās :
- 195 Bātān us se kar lūn aur kah lūn man kī bāt.”
 “Jaise bātān batāo de, phere lūn apne āp.”
 Itnī sun Rājā chalā aur āyā Rānī ke pās :
 Sūrat dekhī Rānī kī aur hoīā Rājā betāb.
 “Rānī nahīn ; koī achhrā ; Rānī hai anūp.
- 200 Chitthī, Rānī, dekh lo aur phere deo batāe.”
 Itnī sun Rānī, kahe, “Sun, Rājā, merī bāt :
 Dohrā hamrā batlā do aur phere le lo āj.”
 Itnī sun Rājā kahe, “Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
 Apnā dohrā kah le aur kah le man kī bāt.”
- 205 Rānī kah rahī dohrā, “Sunīyo, chatr sujān :
 “Aīkhan meī phākan janmīān : jal sūī bidh :
 Nāchat hai Kām Kamnī, bochat hai bidh :”
 Itnī sun toto kahe, “Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
 Aisā dohrā kyā kahe ? mere paron par lag rahe tūn sau
 sāt !”
- 210 Rānī toto se kahe, “Sun, Totā, merī bāt :
 Yeh dohrā batlā de, phere le le āj.”
 Itnī sun totā kahe, “Sun, Rānī, merī bāt :
 Jangal bayābān meī parā hai ik sīs :
 Us sīs ko bīch meī bache dīe chirī ne do :
- 215 Fajar kā waqt thā, jal sūī par bidh.
 Nāchat thī Kām Kamnī, bochat thā sidh.”
 Itnī sun Rānī kahe ; nāī līā bulwāe ;
 Ghar kā Brāhman ā gayā us Rānī ke pās.
 Phere Rānī ke ho rahe mahilon ke darmiyān ;
- 220 Mān aur bāp yūn kahe, “Sun, Betī, merī bāt :
 Chhaliā Rājā ā gayā ab hamrī mahil darmiyān :
 Phere, Betī, mat lo us Rājā ke nāl.”
 Itnī sun betī kahe, “Sun, Bābal, merī bāt
 Jo qismat meī likhī thī, ho gai woh pār.”
- 225 Rājā Rānī yūn kahe, “Sun, Betī, merī bāt :
 Is se phere le le ; sunīyo hamrī bāt.”
 Rājā Rānī khush hue aur khushī hoīā parwār.
 Jude mahil Rānī ko dīe, Rājā Rānī do.

- Tote kâ pinjrâ dharâ, dharâ mahil ke bîch :
 230 Khushîân Rânî kar rahî us tote ke sâth.
 " He Tote, batâe de Gur apne kâ nâm !
 Kis kâ haigâ bâlkâ ? Terâ kyâ hai nâm ?"
 " Gurû Gorakh kâ bâlkâ : Rasâlû merâ nâm."
 Khushîân Rânî kar rahî us tote ke sâth.
- 235 Itnî sun totâ kahe, " Sun, Rânî, merî bāt.
 Râjâ hamrâ yûn kahe, ' chalo mahil darmiyân.'"
 Itnî sun Rânî chali, âi mahil ke bîch.
 Râjâ Rânî se kahe, " Sun, Rânî, hamrî bāt :
 Mâl khizânâ bahot hai aur bahot ghanâ sâ râj
- 240 Siâlkot kâ Bâdshâh : Râjâ Rasâlû hai nâm.
 Chalo hamre mahil meñ : chalo hamre sâth.
 Mâi bâp dekhte rahe hamrî tumharî âs."
 Itnî sun Rânî kahe, " Suno, Râjâ, ardâs :
 Dôlâ jaldî pâr lo ; main chali tumharî sâth."
- 245 Itnî sun Râjâ kahe, " Suno, kahâro, bāt :
 Jaldî dolâ lāo is Rânî ke pās.
 Rânî baithî dōle meñ, chale kahâr âp.
 Manzil manzil â gae Siâlkot ke pās.
 Râjâ Rânî yûn kahn, " Suno, kahâro, bāt :
- 250 Dolâ zarâ thâm do is Shahr ke pās."
 Râjâ Shahr meñ â bāc : dekhe khalqât.
 Mâtâ aur bāp yûn kahn, " Sun, beṭa Rasâl !
 Ghane dinon meñ phir âe, tum beṭa Rasâl ! "
- 254 Jude mahil de dîe : sab karne lage piyâr.

TRANSLATION.

THE CANTO OF PRINCESS ADHIK ANŪP DAÏ, DAUGHTER
OF RÂJÂ SIRKAT.

With joined hands his mother* says, "Pûran,† hear
my words :

Give me an oracle, that a son may be born (to me)."

Saith Pûran to his mother, "Mother, hear my words :

* Lonân, the wife of Śâlivâhana.

† Son of Śâlivâhana by Achhrân, and the celebrated Bhagat. Lonân was his stepmother.

- Rasîlâ will be born (to thee) and his name shall be the
(gay) Deceiver.
- 5 Three hundred and sixty Princesses shall he deceive,
and will remain with none.”
- Pleased was his mother, and joy was in every house.
Hearing this she went away and adorned her palace.
Rasîlâ was born and joy was in every house.
One month; two months; in the sixth month he
kicked (in the womb) :
- 10 In ten months* there was joy in the palace.
When four years had passed, Mahîtâ† was sent for.
They played in the decorated palace; the pair, Mahîtâ
and the Prince.
- Hearing this‡ said Mahîtâ, “Prince, hear my words :
Do something which shall result in marriage§”
- 15 Said the Prince to Mahîtâ, “Mahîtâ, hear my words :
I was sleeping in the decorated palace, and a dream
came in the night.
What shall I say of this dream of the night? Mahîtâ,
hear my words.
(I saw) a Princess of the City of Kanauj, Adhik Anŭp
DaĪ.
- When she laughs she fills a basket with flowers : when
she weeps she fills a platter with pearls.
- 20 Bring me to that Princess : no kind office (of yours
would be) equal to this.”
- Hearing this said Mahîtâ, “Prince, hear my words :
Send for your parrot, the bird will give you all (you
desire).”
- Hearing this said the Prince, “Parrot, hear my words :
I will feed thee with crystalised sugar : I will give thee
cool water to drink.

* Natives calculate pregnancy by ten lunar months, 280 days.

† This is the Mahîtâ Choprâ of the first Legend.

‡ The bard has evidently forgotten something here.

§ *Lit.* do such things in which shall remain *two words* (yes and yes) ;
idiom for bringing about a marriage.

- 25 Tell me about Adhik Anûp. Thou art a royal Parrot.*
Hearing this said the parrot, "Prince, hear thou my words.

The road is long and I cannot manage it."

Hearing this said the Prince, "Parroť, hear my words: Tell me about Adhik Anûp, else I will stab myself with my dagger and die."

- 30 Hearing this said the parrot, "Prince, hear my words: Make golden anklets for my legs; put a necklace of diamonds round my neck;

Gild my feathers and wings; put a ruby on my head; And I will tell all about Adhik Anûp, and then shall my name be Parrot (indeed)."

- Hearing this said the Prince, "Hear, glorious Parrot:
35 Some one will slay thee for thy brave show and thy invaluable life will be lost."

"The Prince has become greedy of his riches and there will be no news of his love!

As (you would that) the Princess should see you, give me my ornaments."

"I will make for thee a golden cage, I will see thee across my border."†

The Prince and the parrot went off together and went into the *jungals*.

- 40 The day passed into night and they laid themselves to rest somewhere.

"Prince, turn thou back: I will bring thee news (of her)."

The Prince went home and the parrot took his leave.

Taking his leave the parrot flew off and reached the city of Kanauj.

In the Princess's garden he stayed.

45. The parrot gave a scream and called (other) parrots:
"Eat up the fruit in this Princess's garden.
Eat up all the ripe fruit and throw down the unripe."

* A play on the names of *Totú* and *Ráo* for a parrot.

† This phrase is idiomatic for "seeing off a friend."

The gardener saw it and grieved, but the parrots flew not away.

Grieving the gardener goes to the Princess :

50 "Thousands of parrots, Princess, have come into thy garden.

What fruit there was, they have eaten it all, and spoilt the unripe fruit."

Hearing this the Princess was agitated and sent for the snarers.

"Catch the parrots and bring them to me."

Hearing this the snarers came to the Princess.

55 "Take your nets and cast them round the garden.

Kill all the parrots and bring them to me."

Hearing this said Sāwān,* "Parrots, hear my words:

Friends, fly you away now, you have nothing (more) to do."

All the parrots flew away and he remained alone.

60 Seeing the snarers he went into a lizard's hole.

The snarers saw (the garden) and came and told the Princess :

"Parrots there were, but all have flown, none have fallen into our hands."

Hearing this the Princess said, "Gardener, hear my words :

Parrots there were, where have they gone ? you came to me."

65 (Said the gardener). "Come into the garden and see ; come with me."

Hearing this the Princess went into the nine *lākḥ†* garden :

Looked through all the garden : found not a single parrot.

The Princess was vexed with the gardener, "Why have you told me a lie ?"

* The name of Rasālu's parrot.

† Worth nine *lākhs* of rupees : conventional expression for worth a great deal !

- Hearing this said the gardener, "Princess, hear my words.
- 70 I saw a great many parrots in the garden to-day."
 "Parrots there were; where have they gone? Gardener, hear my words:
 Either you show me the parrots, or else I will hang you."
 Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess hear my words: What has it to do with this gardener? Hear thou *my* words."
- 75 Hearing this said the Princess, "Listen, Har Daf*, my maid:
 Kill this parrot and bring him to me."
 Away ran the maid and came to the parrot.
 The parrot flapped his wings and flew away: he went not near the Princess.
 Girls and maids wandered about, but the parrot fell not into their hands.
- 80 The Princess astonished slept on her couch.
 The parrot thought in his mind, "Now what shall I do to-day?
 I will thrust my beak into the Princess's body."
 The parrot flew off and came to the Princess.
 Thinking in his mind, he thrust in his beak.
- 85 He thrust his beak deep into the Princess's body.
 He thrust his beak into her face.
 The Princess got up quickly and seized the parrot.
 The blood stood upon the Princess's face and the maid asked her,
 "Princess, why look at the parrot? thy face is injured."
- 90 "What do you say about my face? I have caught the parrot.
 I had seized it and it died in my royal hands."
 "What?" said a maid, "Hear my words, Princess: Put down the parrot, and look to your face."
 Hearing this the Princess put the parrot down on the bed.

* There is a doubt as to this name: see note to text.

- 95 And the Princess herself wiped the blood from her face.
The Princess forgot him and the parrot became
sorrowful.
He flapped his wings and flew into the lizard's hole.
Thought the Princess in her mind, "This is no parrot,
but something else."
"I will seat thee on my breast, thou shalt eat what
thy mouth demands :
- 100 Come to me now, eat what thy mouth demands."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words :
Evil is in thy heart : never will I come to thee.
Princess, the Prince whose parrot I am has not his
equal.
What thou hast said has made the matter worse."
- 105 Thus spake the Princess, "Parrot, hear my words :
Let me meet that Prince : do thou bring him to me."
"Thus I cannot bring him : Princess, hear thou my
words.
Write a letter and give it me quickly."
Writing the letter said the Princess, "Parrot hear my
words :
- 110 Take it quickly to the Prince."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my
words :
Fasten the letter round my neck : I will go to the Prince."
Taking the letter he went to the Prince.
Seeing it thus spake the Prince, "Parrot, hear my
prayer :
- 115 How have you arranged the marriage ? Tell me.
I would see the marriage you have brought, Parrot."
Taking the letter the unhappy Prince laughed (ironically).
The marriage was to be in eight days, no hope even for
the ninth day.*
"It is fourteen hundred *kos* and across seven rivers† :

* *I. e.*, on the ninth day it would be declared off.

† This is meant to mean a long way : it is a great exaggeration of actual facts.

- 120 No one can go (in the time) : what shall we do now ?”
 Hearing this said the parrot, “ Prince, hear my prayer :
 Horses and elephants are many and stand by you.”
 Hearing this said the Prince, “ Parrot, hear my words :
 Sit on my hand and go with me.
- 125 Come among the elephants and camels and say a few
 words to them.”
 Seeing them the camels laughed and answered the
 Prince.
 “ Why have you come ? hear, Prince, our prayer.
 As you order us, so will we go with you.”
 “ Bring me quickly to the marriage with Adhik Anûp.
- 130 It is fourteen hundred and fifty *kos* and eight days are
 for the road ! ”
 Hearing this said the camels, “ Prince, hear our words :
 We cannot go to the Princess. ”
 Hearing this said the Prince, “ Camels, hear my words :
 You have disappointed me : what camel is with me now ?
- 135 O Parrot, what hast thou done ? arrange the marriage
 thyself !
 What shall I do now ; none comes with me ?
 I will swallow a diamond and die, and have no hope
 in life !
 Such a Princess I have not met, lovely, beautiful !
 O Camels ! what have you done ? you have refused me !
- 140 O Parrot ! fly thou away or else come with me.”
 Drawing his dagger the Prince (threatened to) commit
 suicide before the parrot.
 “ Either let me meet the Princess, or I will die before
 you ! ”
 Hearing this said the parrot, “ Prince, hear my words :
 Thou didst turn away thy wind-winged camel :
- 145 If thou wouldst now see the Princess go to that camel
 With joined hands beseech him, make the camel answer
 thee.
 ‘ Trouble has fallen on me : I am come to thee, take
 away my pain :

Bring about the meeting of Princess Adhik Anûp with me.

The marriage with Adhik Anûp : the marriage bring to me.' "

150 Hearing this said the camel, " Prince, hear my words : I am a camel ; thou didst neglect me ; didst separate me from my home.

Now art thou teasing me : nor dost thou keep thy thoughts in thy own heart.

I cannot manage this : go : stay in thy own house ! "

Hearing this the Prince wept, and cried aloud in his weeping :

155 " Either bring me to the Princess, else I will stab myself with a dagger and die ! "

Hearing this said the camel, " Prince, hear my words : Eight days are plenty, I will go myself within the time. "

" O Camel, thou art jesting with me ; take me to the Princess. "

Hearing this said the camel, " Prince, hear my words :

160 Put on thy garments quickly, and mount me. "

Quickly bathed the Prince and put on his ornaments,

Put the parrot into his cage and came to the camel.

All the city collected round that camel.

The Prince got up and the people began to joke :

165 " The Prince is mad about this camel ! "

They went from Siâlkoṭ taking the parrot with them.

The Prince went from there and came to the City of Kanauj,

Fixed his abode in the garden, and the Prince enjoyed himself.

" O Parrot, what will you do now ? make the Princess meet me. "

170 Flapping his wings off went the parrot and came to the Princess.

" O Princess, what art thou doing ? Hear my prayer :

The Prince is sitting in the garden sighing for thee.

See the Prince for he is quite young !

- What thou wouldst say, say it in the garden."
- 175 Hearing this said the Princess, " Parrot, hear my words :
Bring the Prince to me to-day."
Hearing this the parrot went into the nine *lâkhs* garden ;
" O Prince, go thou to the Princess."
- Spake the Prince, saying thus, " Parrot, hear my words :
180 Come with me, I can manage nothing alone."
The parrot and the Prince went off to the Princess.
They came to the door, and the maid asked a question :
Said the maid to the Prince, " Prince, hear my words :
What thing is sweeter than sugar ? what has scent
without a flower ?
- 185 (To be) without respect is to sit and burn ! Answer my
- three riddles ! "
- Hearing this said the Prince, " Parrot, hear my words :
The maid is asking riddles, give her the answer."
Hearing this said the Parrot, " My Maid, hear my words :
Thy speech is sweeter than-sugar and goodness hath a
good smell !
- 190 If thy business be at thy enemy's gate thou dost not
want respect."
Hearing this said the maid, " Princess, hear my words :
It is no parrot ; it is something else : it has answered
my riddles.
Ask the Prince and say thy heart's desire."
Hearing this said the Princess, " Bring him to me :
195 I will speak to him and say my heart's desire."
" As you answer my riddles I will marry you myself."
Hearing this the Prince went up and came to the
Princess :
Seeing the Princess's face the Prince became restless
(with love).
" She is no Princess : she is some fairy ; the Princess
is a peerless beauty.
- 200 Princess, see thy letter and give me thyself in marriage."
Hearing this the Princess said, " Prince, hear my words :
Answer my riddle and be married to-day."

- Hearing this said the Prince, "Princess, hear my words :
Say the riddle and say thy heart's desire."
- 205 The Princess said her riddle, "Listen, thou bright intelligence :
A thorn is born in the eyes: the needle pierces the water :
Love and his wife are dancing and the sage is catching them."
- Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words. Why set such a riddle ? three hundred and sixty are in my feathers !"
- 210 Said the Princess to the parrot, "Parrot hear my words :
Show me this riddle and I will be married to-day."
Hearing this said the parrot, "Princess, hear my words ;
In the pathless *janggal* is lying a head :
In the head a bird hath laid two eggs :
- 215 It was morning time, the water was pierced by the needle :
Love and his wife were dancing, and the sage caught them."
Hearing this said the Princess "Send for the barber.*"
The family priest came to the Princess.
The Princess was married in the palace ;
- 220 Thus said her father and mother, "Daughter, hear our words :
The deceitful Prince has now come into the palace :
Daughter, be not married to this Prince."
Hearing this said the Princess, "Father, hear my words :
What was written in my fate, has already come to pass."
- 225 Thus spake the King and Queen. "Daughter, hear our words :
Marry him then : hear our words."
The King and Queen were pleased and pleased were the household.

* To arrange the wedding : it being his business.

They two, the King and Queen, gave the Princess a separate palace.

They put there the parrot's cage, they put it into the palace.

230 The Princess played with the parrot.

"O Parrot, tell me thy *Gurû's* name!

Whose pupil art thou? what is thy name?"

"I am Gurû Gorakh's pupil: Rasâlû is my name."

The Princess played with the parrot,

235 Hearing this* the parrot said, "Princess, hear my words:

Thus saith my Prince, 'come to my palace.'"

Hearing this the Princess went into his palace.

Said the Prince to the Princess, "Princess, hear my words:

Goods and money have I much, and very great is my kingdom.

240 Of Siâlkot am I king: Râjâ Rasâlû is my name.

Come to my palace: come with me.

My father and mother look anxiously for thee."

Hearing this said the Princess, "Prince, hear my prayer:

Get ready my *dolî* quickly: I will go with thee."

245 Hearing this said the Prince, "Bearers, hear my words:

Bring the Princess her *dolî* quickly."

The Princess sat in her *doll* and the bearers went on.

Stage by stage they came to Siâlkot.

Thus spake Prince and Princess, "Bearers, hear our words:

250 Stop the *dolî* awhile near the city."

The Prince went into the city, and the people saw him.

Thus spake his father and mother, "Hear, Rasâlû, our son!

After many days thou hast returned, Rasâlû, our son!"

254 They gave them a separate palace: and all the people loved them.

* Something apparently forgotten here.

No. X.

THE LEGEND OF SILĀ DAĪ,

ACCORDING TO THE VERSION PLAYED AT JAGADHERĪ
IN THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This legend is another of the ten *mahals* or divisions of the full story of Rājā Rasālū. Like the story of Gurū Guggā it is composed in the form of a *svāng* or metrical play, and is so played annually at the Holt Festival. Like that too, however, it is not strictly a play according to our ideas. It is a most popular story, and its details are very widely known.]

[It has been divided herein into two portions. The 1st of 964 verses and the 2nd of 528 verses, because the bard who began it could not remember the latter portion, and it was taken up and finished by the same man that sang for me the Legend of Gurū Guggā. The style of composition is not quite the same in the two portions, though they are composed on the same lines and tell precisely the same story. In the first part the metre never varies, and there are no songs; the narrative portions too are not introduced, as in the latter part, into the speeches of the actors, but are assigned in complete stanzas to the Brāhman Rangāchār, who appeared in the Guggā Legend as the family priest of Gurū Guggā. The composition displays considerable dramatic talent, and the story is well put together, but it is very long drawn out in order to suit the taste of the audience.]

[The story has been already referred to in the 'Adventures of Rājā Rasālū where he plays a trick on his Minister Mahitā Choprā in order to test the boasted virtue of the latter's wife, Rāni Chāndnī. Chāndnī now appears as Silā Dai, and this story is a variant of the former one. It is to be observed that in the former legend Mahitā appears as a Choprā, one of the septs of the Panjābi caste of the Khātris, whereas in this legend he is made out to be a member of the Āgarwāl sept of the Hindūi caste of the Baniyās, and to come from their original seat at Agrohā near Hissār.]

[Rasālū appears here as Risāl and Rīsal, and the scene of those parts of the play, which is not laid at Agrohā, is at Siālkot, frequently called here: Risālgarh or Rīsalgarh. The anthromorphism, too, which raises Gurū Gorakhnāth almost to the level of a god and reduces Śiva and Pārvati almost to that of mortals, is very noticeable.]

[The game of *chappur* occurs so frequently in these legends, and its technicalities play so important a part in them, that I give here an account of it. The *chappur* board is generally made of cloth, and is in the form of a cross. Each arm of the cross is divided into 24 squares in 3 rows of 8 each, 12 red and 12 black: in the centre, where the arms meet, is a large black square. The cross is called *chappur*, the arms are called *phālists* and

the squares, *khânas*. On this board are played two games, both often called *chaupur*; but technically one which is played with dice is called *phânsâ*, and the other which is played with *kaurts* is called *pachist*.]

[The game with dice, or *phânsâ*, is played with 3 dice called *phânsâs* or *dâls*, and 16 men or *nards*. The men are distributed 4 to each arm of the cross, and are painted red, green, yellow and black. The dice are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square at the ends. Their 4 faces (*mukhs*) are marked 1, 2, 5 and 6. Thus *Phânsâ* requires 2 players, one of whom takes the red and yellow men, and the other the green and black. The game is played by repeated throws of the dice and moving the men accordingly, until the whole of them on one side are moved into the large square in the centre of the board. This generally takes so ne time and requires considerable skill in adjusting the moves to the throws. Gambling can be carried on by betting on the various throws and on the result of the game. The technicalities of the game are as follows:— In the dice the ace (1) is called *pauñ*: the deuce (2) *do*: the five *pâñch* and the six *chî*. A throw of the dice is called *dâo*: to throw the dice is *phânsâ* *phênknâ*: to count the throws is *dâo ginnâ*: to bet, or fix the throw is *bâzi badhnâ* or *dâo badhnâ*: and to settle the stakes is *shant laghnâ*.

It is important also for these legends to note the technical names for the various throws of the dice which are 20 in number.

Thus:—

1	1, 1, 1	<i>tîn kâne</i>	11	5, 5, 1	<i>das pauñ</i>
2	2, 2, 2	<i>chakrî</i>	12	5, 5, 2	<i>das do bârâ</i>
3	5, 5, 5	<i>pandrâh</i>	13	5, 5, 6	<i>solâh</i>
4	6, 6, 6	<i>añhârâ</i>	14	6, 6, 1	<i>pauñ bârâ</i>
5	1, 1, 2	<i>châr kâne</i>	15	6, 6, 2	<i>chauddâh</i>
6	1, 1, 5	<i>pâñch do sât</i>	16	6, 6, 5	<i>satrâh</i>
7	1, 1, 6	<i>chî do âth</i>	17	1, 2, 5	<i>pâñch tîn âth</i>
8	2, 2, 1	<i>panjri</i>	18	1, 2, 6	<i>chî tîn nau</i>
9	2, 2, 5	<i>pan châr nau</i>	19	1, 5, 6	<i>kache bârâ</i>
10	2, 2, 6	<i>chî châr das</i>	20	2, 5, 6	<i>gyârâh do terâh.</i>

The game of *pachist* is played on precisely the same principles, but with 7 *kaurts* or shell money and by 4 persons, and the men are not set on the board, but kept by the players. The *kaurts* are held in the hand simply and thrown; the throw is counted by the number of *kaurts* that happen to fall upside down.

·	If 1 so falls it counts	10	<i>das</i>
·	· 2 · · · ·	2	<i>do</i>
·	· 3 · · · ·	3	<i>tîn</i>
·	· 4 · · · ·	4	<i>châr</i>
·	· 5 · · · ·	25	<i>pachis</i>
·	· 6 · · · ·	30	<i>tis</i>
·	· 7 · · · ·	14	<i>chauddâh</i>
·	If all 7 fall straight they count	7	<i>sât.</i>

The throws 10, 25, or 30 count an extra ace, *pauñ* : and any of these gives the right to a second throw, and if they again fall then to a third, all three counting ; but if they fall a third time a fourth throw must be made and it only counts. The four players are two and two partners (*sâijî*) and the partners take stations on opposite sides of the cross and 4 men each. That side wins which gets all its 8 men into the black centre square first according to the throws of the *kauris*, no throw under 10 counting at all. Betting can be made on the game or on any throw. The technical terms of the game are the same as in *phânsá*, except that to throw the *kauris* is *kaurî pheñkná*.]

TEXT.

MAHAL SÎLÂ DAÏ.

Bayân Pahile Bhát ká.

- Piratham Gurû manâeke, jag kâ pâlanhâr !
 Phir pîchhe se kîjîye aur jagat ke kâr.
 Kâr karûn aur sabhî kârn banâûn :
 Main pahile dil bîch Gurû Nâth manâûn.
 5 Main saran gahî âj Gurû Gorakh terî !
 Is phâse ke hâth lâj râkh le merî.

Mahitâ.

“ Sat ko sat kar mân le ! sat ko sat kar jân !
 Sat kâran sab tham rahe dhartî aur asmân !

TRANSLATION,

THE CANTO OF SÎLÂ DAÏ.

According to the First Bard.

- First let us worship the Gurû ; * cherisher of the world !
 And then let us do the work of the world.
 I will work and do all the work ;
 But first will I worship the Lord Gurû in my heart.
 5 To-day I fall at thy feet, Gurû Gorakh !
 Make me to succeed in this my undertaking. †

Mahitâ.

“ Remember truth is truth ! know truth for truth !
 The heavens and earth are upheld for truth's sake !

* Gorakhnâth. † *Lit.* preserve my honor in this throw of the dice

Dhartî asmân kharî sat kî tânî !

- 10 Yeh sat kê hai sîl jagat bîch nishânî.
Us Sîlâ ke nâm merâ phânsâ râzî :
Jo châhe Kartâr us se deve bâzî.”

Râjâ Rasâlî.

- “‘Sîlâ ! Sîlâ !’ kyâ kahe ? aur sâhûkâr ke lâl !
Terê Sîlâ kaun hai ? hamen sunâo hâl.
15 Hâl kaho ham se tum batîân sârî :
Woh Sîlâ hai kaun, terî dil kî piârî ?
Tain chhoîâ Gur Dev ! Kyâ man ko sânsâ ?
Le tiryâ kê nâm tû phenkâ phânsâ ! ”

Mahitâ.

“ Betî Harbans Sahâî kî : Sîlâ Daf hai nâm :

- The heavens and earth are stretched on truth's warp !
10 This is the sign of the virtue of truth in the world.
In my Sîlâ's* name will my throwing (with the dice) be
lucky :
God gives the game to whom He wills.”

Râjâ Rasâlî.

- “ Why art (always) saying, ‘ Sîlâ, Sîlâ ’ ? that art
merchant's son !
Who is thy Sîlâ ? Tell me all about her.
15 Tell me all about her and her whole story.
Who is that Sîlâ, thy heart's darling ?
Thou hast given up (playing in the name of) Gur
Dev ! † what is the anxiety of thy heart ?
That taking a woman's name thou dost throw the dice ! ”

Mahitâ.

“ She is the daughter of Harbans Sahâî ! Sîlâ Daf is her
name :

* Sîlâ means ‘ the virtuous.’

† Gorakhnâth.

- 20 Mere mahil meñ nâr hai : nahîn aur se kâm.
 Kâm nahîn rakhtâ main aur se, Râjâ
 Us Sîlâ kâ sat mere dil par sâjâ.
 Main rakhtâ hîn nâm : yâd us kâ piârâ.
 Sab hotâ hai kâr mere dil kâ sârâ.
- 25 Sat kar tû mân, yehî merî bânî:
 Satwantî hai nâr, merî ghar kî Rânî !”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Tû betâ sâhûkâr kâ : Mahitâ terâ nâm.
 Tiryâ sîs charhâune yehî mûrakh kâ kâm !
 Hai mûrakh kâ kâm : bachan merâ mâno :
 30 Tum Sîtâ sî satî nahîn dâjî jâno.
 Woh bhûl gae Râm bachan, kâr miñâî :

- 20 She is my wife in my palace and no one else is of any
 value (to me).
 I place no value in any one else, Râjâ.
 The virtue of Sîlâ has taken hold of my heart.
 I take her name, her memory is dear to me.
 All the desires of my heart are fulfilled (in her).
- 25 Know this for truth, this is my advice.
 She is a virtuous woman, the Lady of my house !”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Thou art a merchant's son : Mahitâ is thy name.
 To raise the head of (praise) a woman is the action of
 a fool !
 It is the action of a fool ! mark my words.
- 30 Thou wilt never know a second to the virtuous Sîtâ.*
 She forgot Râm's command and destroyed the protect-
 ing line.†

* Wife of Râma Chandra and the modern synonym for virtue in a woman.

† In allusion to the very interesting tale of the abduction of Sîtâ by Râvana. In modern days she is described as stepping beyond the *kâr* or protecting line, and so being liable to be carried off; while *inside* it no harm could happen to her. See Growse, *Râmâyana*, ed. 1883, pp. 352 ff. *Indian Antiquary*, vol. viii. p. 267; xi. pp. 35-6.

Tâ bhûl giâ Sîlâ ke sat par, Bhâf !”

Mahitâ.

“ Râjâ, chupke no raho ! matî karo takrâr !
 Tû apne sâ man jântâ sab kê man ik sâr !
 35 Ik sâr nahîn, Râjâ, sab hirde dhâre :
 Kisî nagar ke bîch na hon pâpî sârf.
 Ho ik shahr bîch patî birtâ Rânî !
 Tû dil men sach mân, hai yeh Bed kî bânf !”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

“ Main jo giâ thâ bâgh men, aur Mahitâ khâs Dîwân,
 40 Pañdit Kânsî ke mile, bachan kahe parwân.
 Parwân bachan Pañdit woh mukh se bole :
 ‘ Yehân âve ik bâr jal takhtâ dole.

Thou hast lost thy head* over Sîlâ’s virtue, friend.”

Mahitâ.

“ Be silent, Râjâ, and quarrel not !
 Thou judgest the minds of others by thine own mind !
 35 All hearts are not made alike, Râjâ.
 In no city are all (the people) sinners.
 There must be in the city one Lady (who is) a help to
 her husband !
 Know this for truth in thy heart ; this is as true as the
 Vedas !”

Râjâ Rasâlû†

“ When I went into the garden, Mahitâ, my own minister,
 40 I met a priest from Kânsî (Banâras) that spake words of
 truth.
 Words of truth spake that priest with his lips :
 ‘ One day there will come a terrible shocking flood.

* A play here on the senses of the verb *bhûl jânâ*.

† Change of subject here.

Jo ghoṛe daryāi hāth āve tere,
To bach jāge jān, rāj bahotere!''

Mahitā.

- 45 "Hukm karo bulāke, bhejo khās dalāl:
Pahile dām chukāke, phir kharīdo māl.
Phir kharīdo māl, Rājā, jo chābe so lejo.
Jitne dām lagen ghoṛon ko jarā khauf na kījo."

Rājā Rasālū.

- "Sun, Mahitā sākār ke, tū hai merā yār.
30 Tere binā sartā nahīn aur kīsī se kār.
Jahān chukāo wahīn bhej dūn chīṭhī se, bhar lijo.
Jo jānanwāle achhe hoñ un hīn chhantke lijo.
Kār karo merā, lo sawarran toṛe:
Tum jāo, Rattāsnagar haiñ ghoṛe.

If there be sea-horses* with thee,
Thy life will be saved and much land (to thee)!"

Mahitā.

- 45 "Order and send for them, send your private dealer.
First settle the price and then buy the property.
Then buy the property, Rājā, take what you want:
Be not afraid of the price of the horses."

Rājā Rasālū.

- "Listen, Mahitā, thou merchant's son: thou art my
friend.
50 No one but you can do this job (for me).
Wherever you settle the price I will send (the money)
by letter; take your fill.
Choose out those that are good goers.
Do my business (for me), take platters (full) of gold.
Go to Rattāsnagar† where the horses are.

* The expression is here used evidently for a fabulous horse. It means usually the hippopotamus.

† This place occurring under several names in this poem must be the celebrated fort of Rotās in the Jhelam District built by Sher Shāh Sūr (1540-1545 A. D.) a fact which points to the modern nature of the whole legend. The horses to be got there appear to have reference to the once famous breed of Dhanni horses from the Jhelam District.

- 55 Main dhâf karor dîâ tujh ko khizânâ.
Jo châhe mangwâe bhej bîg parwânâ.”

Mahitâ.

- “ Mahil mere ke bîch men hai Sîlâ Daî nâr :
Us ke man kî pûchhke phir karûngâ kâr.
Kâr karûn âp, mahil andar jâûn,
60 Us Sîlâ ke mukh kî zarâ aggyâ pâûn.
Main jâûn Rattâsnagar karke tayyârî !
Jo mûre na Sîlâ kuchh bāt hamârî.”

Râjâ Rasûlî.

- “ Tû beṭâ sâhûkâr kâ, Mahitâ mere yâr !
Tiryâ ke bas tû pa â aur banâ nar se nâr !
65 Purkhâ se nâr banâ kyâ sukh pâve ?
Tû mân merâ kahnâ, mat bāt hatâve.”

- 55 I will give thee two and half *karors** (of rupees) from
the treasury.
Send quickly letters for whatever (amounts) you may
want.”

Mahitâ.

- “ Sîlâ Daî, my wife, is dwelling in my palace :
I will first ask her advice and then do the work.
I will do the work myself (after) going to my palace,
60 And taking a little advice from Sîlâ's own mouth.
I will (then) get ready and go to Rattâsnagar,
If Sîlâ does not oppose my project.”

Râjâ Rasûlî.

- “ Thou art a merchant's son, my friend Mahitâ !
And hast fallen under the power of a woman and hast
become a woman from being a man !
65 From a man turned woman what pleasure (in life) canst
thou have ?
Obey my commands and go not back from them.”

* 25 millions of rupees or roughly £2,500,000.

Silâ ke pās bāt māṇḍe merī,
Nahīn, to tūteḡī prīt āj merī terī.”

Silâ Daf.

- “Kahān sūrat bisrâyâ ? kyūn hūe udās ?
70 Jo tūtā ho māl kā, likhūn bābal pās.
Bābal ke pās likhūn ab parwānā :
Jo chāhe mangwāe le bhej big khizānā.
Man kī tum bāt kaho apnī sārī :
Kyūn pagyā kē pech khulī āj tumhārī ?”

Mahitā.

- 75 “Rīsal ab ham se yūn kahe, ‘Jāo Garh Rathās ;
Ghore lāo kharīdke jaldī mere pās.’
‘Jaldī’ kahe, ‘big pās ghore lāo.
Gharbār tajo apnā, pardes ko jāo.’
Woh kahtā hai, ‘Āj bāt māno merī ;
80 Nahīn, chutegī prīt phir merī terī.’”

(But) go to Silâ and disclose my commands to her,
And then my and thy friendship is gone from to-day.”

*Silâ Daf.**

- “Why is thy face sorrowful ? why art full of grief ?
70 If thou hast had losses I will write to my father.
I will write a letter now to my father :
Take what you want, he will send the money at once.
Tell me all the trouble of thy mind :
Why are the folds of thy turban unloosed to-day ?”†

Mahitā.

- 75 “Rīsal‡ has just said thus to me, ‘Go to Fort Rathās ;
Go and buy horses and come quickly back to me.’
‘Quick,’ said hē ; ‘quickly bring me the horses.
Leave thy family and go to the strange land.’
Saith he, ‘Obey my commands to-day ;
80 Or my and thy friendship shall be lost.’”

* Scene changes to Silâ's palace.

† I.e., why is thy dress disordered from grief ?

‡ Rasâlū always goes by this name in this portion of the poem.

Silâ Dai.

- “ Banî banâven bâniye, tum ho sâhûkâr !
 Bol raheñ din jâenge, karo samajhke kâr.
 Kâr karo âp jahân bhejen Râjâ :
 Jo dârn lageñ hâth karo un kî kâjâ.
 85 Is Rîsal kî bât, piyâ, mat na moṛo :
 Aur Râjâ ke sâth prît mat na to, o.”

Mahitâ.

- “ Rîsal hañse kheltâ ik din phânsû sâr ;
 Sat terî kâ â gayâ chaupur pe takrâr.
 Takrâr kî Rîsal ne ghussâ khâyâ :
 90 Is wâste pardes merâ gawan tharâyâ.
 Hai chhal kî yeh khân : suno bât hamârî.
 Tum raho hoñhiâr : dagâ degâ bhârî.”

Silâ Dai.

- “ A shopkeeper would do what he could and thou art a
 merchant !
 The days will go in talking, do thy work thoughtfully.
 Do thy work wherever the Râjâ may send thee :
 Whatever it may cost thee do his commands.
 85 Go not back from the commands of Rîsal, my love ;
 And destroy not thy friendship with the Râjâ.”

Mahitâ.

- “ Rîsal one day was playing a game (with me) for
 amusement.
 And there was a dispute at the (game of) *chaupur* over
 thy virtue.
 And Rîsal disputed and became angry about it.
 90 This is why he determined to send me to a foreign
 land.
 He is a (very) pit of deceit: mark my words.
 Be thou careful (or) he will play some great trick.”

Silā Dāī.

“Rīsal ab chhal kyā kare ? aur mere mahil meñ ān ?

Sat mere kī chaukasī rakhenge Bhagwān.

95 Rakhen Bhagwān driḥ dil ko mere :

Aur Rājā jhāk mār karo sau sau phere.

Tum jāo Rattāsnagar, karke tayyārī.

Woh rakhenge Kartār lāj hamārī.”

Mahitā.

“Apne pahre jāgīyo aur mat raho par so.

100 Na jāne chhin ik meñ pahrā kis kā ho.

Pahrā kis kā ho, Bhāt ; tu kahā māñīyo merā.

Chār gharī din rahī bherīyo sankal kulaf* sawerā.

Sawā pahar din charhe kholīyo phātak, jī, sawerā.

Jo is meñ kuchh chūk paregī barā khoṭ ho terā !”

Silā Dāī.

“How can Rīsal play any tricks now ? or (even) come
into my palace ?

God will keep guard over my virtue.

95 God will surely guard my mind.

Even if the Rājā were to come a hundred times and talk
folly.

Do thou get ready and go to Rattāsnagar.

God will preserve my honour.”

Mahitā. †

“Keep awake at thy post and never fall asleep :

100 No one knows what may happen in one moment.

What may happen, friend ; hear thou my words.

Fasten the chains and bolts early an hour before sunset, †

And open the gates five hours § after sunrise, friend, in
the morning

If thou neglect this at all it will be very hard for thee !”

* For *qufal*, a lock.

† To the door-keeper.

‡ *Lit.* while 4 *gharīs* (96 minutes) of the day yet remain.

§ *Lit.* a watch and a quarter after sunrise.

Darbân.

- 105 "Pahre pe hâzir rahûn : jâgûn sârî rât.
 Jo tum mukh se kah chuke mânûngâ woh bât.
 Mânûn woh bât ; suno hâkim mere ;
 Bidhnâ kî rekh, kaun in ko phere ?
 Main jâgûn sab rât bhalâ apnî bârî.
 110 Jo kah chale ho âj karûn waisî sârî."

Râjâ Rasûlî.

- "Kyâ ? âe ho pûchhke Sîlâ Daî se bât ?
 Ghar Sîlâ ne kyâ kahâ ? kaisî mânî bât ?
 Sîlâ ne bât terî kaisî mânî ?
 Tû kah de woh bât jo taiñ man men thâñî.
 115 Jo jânâ ho âp gawan jaldî kîjo.
 Is bât kâ jawâb hamen, Mahitâ, dîjo."

Mahitâ.

"Jâñ Garh Rattâs ko, bât tumhârî mân.

Door-keeper.

- 105 "I will remain at my post : I will be awake all night.
 I will obey the command you have given with your lips.
 I will obey the orders : listen, my master ;
 Who can vary the lines of Fate ?
 I will be well awake all night during my turns.
 110 And what you have said to-day I will exactly do."

Râjâ Rasûlî.

- "What ? Hast come after asking Sîlâ Daî's advice ?
 What said Sîlâ at home ? How did she take thy words ?
 How did Sîlâ take thy words ?
 Tell me what is passing in thy mind.
 115 If thou art going depart at once.
 Answer me as to this, Mahitâ."

Mahitâ.

"I will go to Fort Rattâs, obeying thy commands.

- Lekhâ hai sawâ lâkh kâ, dharâ tâq darmiyân.
 Tâq darmiyân lekhâ dharâ, main mahilon jâûn.
 120 Hai us ke pâs qalamdân jarâo.
 Hai Utar kî or mahil merî âlâ.
 Main jâûn ab hâl, us se thokûn tâlâ.”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “ Pañdit main pûchhiân aur lagâ mahûrat ân.
 Sawâ lâkh kyâ chîz haiñ, jo bache hamârî jân ?
 125 Bach jâge jân jo tû lâve ghore ;
 Main mâl dîe tîn karor ginke tore.
 Jaldî kar gawan big, sâ'at achhî !
 Mat der kare, yâr ; bêt hove kachî.”

Mahitâ.

“ Gharbâr apnâ chho:ke jâûn hûn pardes :

My book (showing dealings) to a *lâkh* and a quarter*
 (of rupees) is placed on my shelf.
 (Leaving) the book placed on the shelf, I will go from
 my palace.

- 120 Near it is my jewelled writing-case.
 My shelf is to the North side of the palace.
 I will go now at once and fasten the locks.”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “ I asked the priest and he says the lucky moment has
 arrived (for starting).
 What is a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees if my life be
 saved ?
 125 My life will be saved if thou bring me the horses ;
 I have had three *karors*† (of rupees) counted out for
 thee.
 Make ready to go quickly, the moment is propitious !
 Delay not, my friend, or the matter will be incomplete.”

Mahitâ.

“ Leaving my family I am going to a strange land.

* 125,000 rupees.

† 30,000,000 of rupees.

- 130 Tum Râjâ ho garhpatî, karûn tumhen updes.
 Updes yeh merâ, tum man men mâno.
 Hai ghar kî merî nâr silwantî, jâno.
 Main jâûn hûn hâl, bāt mâno merî.
 Hai Sâin ke hâth lâj râkhî merî.”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- 135 “ Paik, jâo nagar men; mân hamâri bāt.
 Ik dûtî lâo chhântke jaldî apne sâth.
 Lâo tum sâth, chhânt jaldî ânâ.
 Mat der kare, sâth us se jaldî to lânâ.
 Lâo tum sâth jo ho dûtî dâná.
 140 Kar de woh kâin jo main ne dil men thâná.”

Paik.

“Tûm men dûtî kaunsî 'aqlmand hoshiâr?
 Sâth hamâre tum chalo, yâd kare Sarkâr.
 Sarkâr kare yâd, chalo sâth hamâre.
 Ho chaukas hoshiâr, karo big tayyârî.

- 130 Thou art a mighty Râjâ and I give thee an advice.
 My advice is this, mark it in thy heart.
 Know that I have a virtuous wife in my house.
 I am going at once; (so) mark my words.
 My honor is placed in the hands of the Lord.”

Râjâ Rasâlû.*

- 135 “Ho Messenger! Go to the city: hear my command.
 Choose and bring me a witch quickly with thee.
 Bring her with thee and choose her and return quickly.
 Delay not and bring her quickly with thee.
 Bring with thee any witch that is wise.
 140 Do the work that I have set my heart on.”

Messenger.

“Which among you is a clever and wise witch?
 Come with me for the Court calls you.
 The Court calls you, so come with me.
 Be careful and wise and get ready quickly.

- 145 Chalko darbār bīch kījo kījā,
 Aur bahotā hī inām tujhe denge Rājā."

Dūtīān.

- " Paik, tore sang chalen, nahīn karen takrār.
 Bhāg hamāre bāhorē jo yād kare Sarkār.
 Sarkār kare yād, chalen sāth tumhāre.
 150 Aur mudat meñ bhāg khulo āj hamāre.
 Dhan dhan din āj kā jo Rabb ne jo:ā !
 Ham sāth chalen tore, ab milke jo:ā."

Paik.

- " Dūtī lāyā chihāntke, sundar, chatr sujān ;
 Hukm dīā thā ik ko, do hāzir kare ān.
 155 Hāzir main ān kare chāt se lāyā :
 Aur dhānd galion ghar in kā pāyā.
 Yeh sab meñ hoshiār ik dūtī pāi.
 Nām tumhāre ke sāth uthke āi."

- 145 Come and do the business there is (to do) at Court;
 And the Rājā will give thee a great reward."

Witchers.

- " Messenger, we go with thee and make no objection.
 Fortunate is our fate that the Court remembers us.
 The Court remembers us, we go with thee.
 150 After a long while our fate has become propitious to-day.
 Happy happy is the day to-day that God hath granted
 us !
 We go with thee, the pair of us together."

Messenger.

- " I have chosen and brought the witches, handsome and
 wise.
 I was ordered to find one, but two have I brought.
 155 I have brought them here with much diligence :
 Searching in the lanes I found their house.
 This one is the cleverest witch among them all :
 She got up and came at (the mention of) your name."

Râjâ Rasâli.

- “Tum men dûtî kaunsî ’aqalmand, hoshiâr ?
 160 Châtrâi se tum karo âj hamârâ kâr.
 Kâr karo : merâ yeh kâm banâo :
 Kyâ hunar tum bîch hamen sâch batâo ?
 Tum solâh singâr bharo karkê tayyârî ;
 Sîlâ ko dekh ; satî kaisî bhârî ?”

Dûtî Chatur Mamolâ.

- 165 “Dûtî hûn durmat bhârî aur Chatur Mamolâ nâm.
 Jal men âg lagâutî, kartî hûn yeh kâm.
 Kartî yeh kâr, suno, Râjâ, bhârî.
 Main detî dil pâ, karûn warî niârî.
 Jahân ho jâe ik bâr guzar dîd hamârâ,
 170 Wahân ur jâe yûn prît, jaise âg pe pâra.”

Dûtî Sabrang.

“Sabrang merâ nâm hai aur mulkon men sarnâm.

Râjâ Rasâli.

- “Of you (two) which is the wisest and cleverest witch ?
 160 With cleverness do you my business to-day.
 Do the business : do this work for me.
 Tell me truly ; what skill is there in you ?
 Put on your best array* and get you ready :
 And see how great is the virtue of Sîlâ.”

The Witch Chatur Mamolâ.

- 165 “I am a witch full of craft and Chatur Mamolâ is my
 name.
 I can set water on fire : this can I do.
 This difficult thing can I do ; hear me, Râjâ.
 I can separate hearts, bringing constant disagreement.
 Where once my eye falls
 170 Thence flies love away, as quicksilver in the fire.”

The Witch Sabrang.

“Sabrang is my name, celebrated in many lands.

* *Lit.*, the 16 kinds of ornaments.

- Jo, Rājā, tum ne rache, kar dūngā woh kām.
 Kar dūn woh kār, merī sun le bānī.
 Ho pathar mom, meri bidyā bhānī!
 175 Hai mohanī kā yād mere mantar pūrū.
 Tum bhejo jis kār, karūn us ko chūrū!"

Rājā Rasālū.

- "Ik bāt merī suno, Sabrang, chatr sujān!
 Jā! Silā kā bhed lo, tū hamein sunāo ān.
 Ān kaho āp khabar us kī lānū.
 180 Kuchh karke tadbīr merā kām banānū.
 Tum sāro singār, karo bīg tayyārī.
 Jā! Silā kā sat dekh, kaisā bhārī?"

Dūtī Sabrang.

- "Hukm tumhārā sīs pe, joṛūn donoñ hāth:
 Jāūn Silā pās, main karūn pal meū ghāt.
 185 Ghāt karūn jāe mahil us kī pherī;

- I can do the work you desire, Rājā.
 I can do the work; listen to my words.
 A stone will become wax, so powerful is my craft.
 175 My charms are complete for recalling (parted) love.
 Send me on thy business, I will do it thoroughly!"

Rājā Rasālū.

- "Hear a word of mine, Sabrang the wise!
 Go! Find out Silā's secret, and come and tell it me.
 Go and bring me what news there is about her.
 180 Make some plan to perform my business.
 Dress thyself in thy best and make ready quickly.
 Go! and see how great is Silā's virtue!"

The Witch Sabrang.

- "Thy command be on my head, I join my two hands,*
 I will go to Silā, and lay a trap for her at once.
 185 I will lay a trap for her, haunting her palace;

* *I.e.*, I will do it heart and soul.

Jo sun le do bāt āj Sīlā merī.
 Main jāti hūn āj karūn hunar sārā.
 Sir ānkhoṅ se kām karūn, Rājā, tuhārā.”

Dūtīān.

- 190 “ Khabar karo, Darbān, tum jā Sīlā se āj :-
 Ham āi hain dūr se, hai milne kī kāj.
 Milne kī kāj barī dūr se āi.
 Dekhne ko surat merī us ko chāhī.
 Tum jaldī kaho jāe hāl-us ko merā.
 Le pānch mohar inām : bhalā hogā terā.”

Darbān.

- 195 “ Araj karūn kar jorke āyā tere pās.
 Ik Rānī dar par kharī hai milne kī ās.
 Milne kī ās barī dūr se āi :
 Mujhe bhijā tum pās ; kaṭā, ‘ pūchho Bhāi.’

That Sīlā may hear a word or two of mine to-day.
 I will go to-day and exercise all my tricks.
 I will do thy work, Rājā, with heart and soul*.”

The Witches.†

- 190 “ Doorkeeper, go and tell Sīlā to-day
 We have come from afar to pay her a visit.
 To pay her a visit very far have we come.
 My heart desires to see her.
 Go you quickly and tell her about me.
 Take five (gold) mohars‡ for reward and it will be well
 with thee.”

Door-keeper.§

- 195 “ I am come to thee and beseech thee with joined hands.
 A lady stands at the door desiring to visit thee.
 She has come from very far desiring to visit thee.
 She sent me to thee ; said she ‘ Ask her, Friend.’

* *Lit.*, with head and eyes.

† Having now gone to Sīlā's palace.

‡ 80 Rupees.

§ To Sīlā Dai.

Tum kah do bāt, jo woh mahilon āve :
 200 Nāhīn, kah do tum sāf, āp ultī jāve.”

Silā Dāi.

“ Bāndī, us ko dekhke lāo apne sāth.
 Āī hai, kis des se? pūchho do ik bāt.
 Pūchho tum bāt : karo mahilon pherā :
 Aur ādar sat kār karo us kā ghanerā.
 205 Tum jaldī se jāe matī der lagāo.
 Woh haigī ab kaun ? mere mahilon lāo.”

Bāndī.

“ Āī hai kis des se ? sāch kaho yeh bāt.
 Sīlā Daī ke mahil meñ chalo hamāre sāth.
 Āo tum sāth : yehān Sīlā Rānī.
 210 Tū āī kis kām ? kaho sachī bānī.
 Haigā kyā nām ? Apnā des batāo.
 Rānī ke āge sab hāl sunāo.”

Tell me if she is to come to the palace :
 200 Or, give thou a plain answer that she may go back.”

Silā Dāi.

“ My maid, see her and bring her with thee.
 From what land has she come ? ask her a question of
 two.
 Ask her questions and show her the palace :
 And show her every respect and attention.
 205 Go quickly and make no delay.
 Who can she be ? Bring her to the palace.”

Slave.

“ From what land have you come ? Tell me truly.
 Come with me to Sīlā Daī's palace.
 Come with me : here is the Lady Sīlā.
 210 Why have you come ? Tell me truly.
 What is your name ? Tell me your home.
 Tell all about yourself before my Lady.”

Dûtî Sabrang.

- “Sirsâ merâ watan hai ; wahân hai merâ dhâm.
 Hân Silâ kî mâsî : hai miñe kâ kâm.
 215 Milne kî kâj kîâ mañi ne pherâ.
 Lâe sab khabar jîû tarpâ merâ.
 Kuchh tîrath parsâd tere khâtir lâi :
 Lo âdar sat kâr se yeh le jâ, jâi.”

Silâ Dâl.

- “Bândî, ab tû dekh le us naktî kâ hâl !
 220 Yeh dûtî durmat bharî, tû us ko de nikâl.
 De us ko nikâl, suno, bândî merî.
 Dîjo tû mâr us se ; mat kar derî.
 Tum mahilon se talle us ko gero.
 Jo âve yehân pher, us se jân se mâro.”

The Witch Sabrang.

- “Sirsâ is my home, there is my house.
 I am Silâ's aunt : I am come to visit her.
 215 To visit her have I wandered (here)
 My heart thirsts for news of her.
 I have brought for thee a present from the shrines :*
 Take them with respect and honour, my dear.”

Silâ Dâl.

- “My maid, see what a wanton woman this is !
 220 This is a witch full of craft ; do thou turn her out.
 Turn her out : hear me, my maid.
 Beat her well ; and make no delay (about it).
 Kick her out of the palace.
 If she comes here again, beat her to death.”

* *Tîrath parsad* : lit., offerings at a place of pilgrimage.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- 225 " Dûtî, sách batâ de, parat lagâke hátî.
 Silâ Daï ke mahil kî ham ko sunâo bôt.
 Hâl kaho bôt khabar us kî sârî.
 Main dîngâ inâm âj tujh ko bhâri.
 Wahân dekhâ jo hâl kaho ham se sârî.
 230 Kuchh ho jâegî kâr ? Suno bôt hamâri."

Dûtî Sabrang.

- " Râjâ, kyâ tum se kahûn ? Dekh tû merâ hâl !
 Bândî se kahke merî urwâî hai khâl !
 Khâl urî merî, tumhen bôt sunâî.
 Tum kho mat jân, kahûn tere tânî !
 235 Woh karne kî bôt, nahîn thaur, tikânâ.
 Jo jâoge, Râo, zarâ chaukas jânâ !"

Râjâ-Rasâlû.

- 225 " Witch, tell me truly, placing thy hand on my body*
 Tell me what happened at *Silâ Daï's* palace.
 Tell me now the story and all about her.
 I will give thee a great reward to-day.
 Tell me everything thou sawest there.
 230 Shall I be able to do anything ? Hear what I say."

The Witch Sabrang.

- " Râjâ, what shall I say to thee ? Look at me !
 She told her maid and they have beaten me (till my
 skin was cut).
 My skin has been cut. I tell thee !
 Do not thou (go and) lose thy life, I tell thee !
 235 It is not a safe place for doing as thou wishest.
 If thou must go, Râjâ, go a little carefully !"

* A very solemn form of oath.

Râjâ Rasûlî.

- “Sûo re, ab tum suno, sundar, chatr sujân :
 Âdhî rât nakhand hai, chalo nagar darmiyân.
 Yeh bâtân kaisî hûîn, sûe, sundar, chatr sujân ?
 240 Âj rât ko sair karen ham nagar darmiyân.
 Nagar darmiyân chalen ; sun le bânî.
 Jâ dekhen ik bâr shahar : sun le kahânî.
 Chal dekhenge suwâd châr niârî niârî :
 Is nagarî ke bîch bahot kâm hamâre.”

Dûtî Sabrang.

- 245 “Râjâ, Sodhî shahar ke, dûn main tumhen batâe.
 Jaise Râjâ âp ho, parjâ wahî subhâo.
 Parjâ us châl jo hai jaisâ Râjâ.
 Tuk man ko samjhâeke woh kîjîye kâjâ !
 Kâm Deo bîch phiro mârâ mârâ :
 250 Tum mat kar yeh kâm, janam apnâ hârâ.”

Râjâ Rasûlî.

- “Hear me, O my parrot, beautiful and wise :
 It is dead of night at midnight, let us go into the city.
 How shall this be (that I wish), my comely and saga-
 cious parrot ?
 240 Let us wander in the city to-night.
 Let us go into the city : hear my words.
 Let us take one turn in the city and hear what is
 going on.
 Let us go and taste pleasures of many kinds.
 I have much to do in the city.”

The Witch Sabrang.

- 245 “Râjâ, Lord of the city, I tell thee.
 As the king is so will his subjects be.
 The subjects' conduct is as the Râjâ's.
 Do thy desire but think a little (over it) in thy mind !
 Thou dost wander now stricken by the God of Lust.*
 250 Do not thy desire and lose not thy life.”

* Kâma or Kâm Deo the Indian Cupid

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Hîrâman kî khân, taiñ sab bâten hoshiâr.
Tere binâ main na karûñ bhalâ burâ kuchh kâr.
Kâr karûñ, kâr chalûñ jagat jáke :
Jo hove, kuchh bát suneñ Silâ Daï kî.
255 Main dekhûngâ âj sat kaise Silâ :
Chal sundar ke mandar, chit merâ ðolâ !”

Pahilî Sahellî.

- “Hastî chhûtâ thân se chalâ begâñî khet !
Madan sitâyâ yeh phire letâ hai sab bhet.
Letâ hai bhet, suno, sâthan merî.
260 Do pâññ meñ ðâl gyân us kî berî.
Hai achraj yeh bát : khet bâr apñî khâve !
Tum lîjo parchâ : âge jân na pâve.”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “My parrot,* clever in all things :
Without thee I do nothing good or bad.
I will do my desire, I will go skilfully about my work.
If it be possible, I will hear something of Silâ Daï.
255 I will see to-day what Silâ's virtue is.
Come to beauty's abode, my heart is set on it !”

First Maid.†

- “The elephant has got loose from his stable and
wanders in a stranger's field !
Afflicted with lust he wanders over its boundaries.
He wanders over the boundaries ; hear me, my com-
panion.
260 Place the fetters of wisdom on his feet.
It is a wondrous thing that the fence destroys its own
field !
Do thou stay him and let him not go further.”

* *Lit.*, Thou mine of diamond stones. Hîrâman, Diamond-stone, is by itself a common expression for parrot.

† Rasâlû has now reached Silâ's palace. The maid sees him and addresses her companion in riddles.

Dúsrí Saheli.

- “ Bâgh tumbhâre ketkî pak rahe zard anâr !
 Sûâ sembal seunî chale begâne bâr.
 265 Bâr chale, Râjâ, kahân gyân bisârâ ?
 Hai suwâd sabhî ik, rang niârâ niârâ !
 Bhojan kî sâr koî bhûkhâ pâve :
 Parghar, insâf sabhî denâ âve !”

Râjâ Rasâlu.

- “ Râti chândnî dekhî; khûb khilî gulzâr.
 270 Ham chaleñ chamman kî sair ko dekheñ bâgh o bahâr.
 Dekheñge phûl chamman bâgh bahârî.
 Main âyâ jis kâm lagî kesar kiârî.
 Tû chârôn taraf pher, bât chun chun lâve :
 Kyûn chher karé ? ham se, tû rañ barhâve ?”

*Second Maid.**

- “ In thy own garden *ketkî*† and yellow pomegranates
 are ripe !
 The parrot is valuing the cotton-tree,‡ going to a stran-
 ger's door.
 265 Going to the (stranger's) door, Râjâ; where is thy
 conscience gone ?
 The taste of all is the same though the kinds be many !
 The hungry man knows the value of food :
 And all must do justice to the stranger !”

Râjâ Rasâlu.

- “ Moonlit is the night, the garden is full of bloom.
 270 I am come to wander (in it) and to see its beauty.
 I will see the beauty of the garden flowers.
 I am come because the saffron is planted in the beds.
 Beating about the bush you speak ironically.§
 Why do you tease me ? and create a quarrel with me ?”

* To Rasâlu.

† *Pandanus odoratissimus.*‡ *Bombax heptaphyllum.* The tree is beautiful to look at, but quite valueless.§ *Lit.*, Wandering on the four sides you bring chosen words.

Tisri Saheli.

- 275 "Bâgh tere men ketki khile mahik ke phûl :
Tere jo bhurâ chatakna gyân gayâ sab bhûl.
Bhûlo mat gyân : chamman dekho apnâ.
Hai zindagî mahmân : jag jâne supnâ.
Is shahar ke bîch tej terâ hai bhârî :
- 280 Tûm rakho ab lâj. Main hûn saran tumhârî."

Râjâ Rasûlû.

- "Sun le, tiryâ bâwarî, hameñ kare updes !
Main ne apne ânkh se dekhe charon des.
Dekhe haiñ des main ne, Gauṛ Bangâlâ.
Tû thaṭhe kî bâṭ kare ham se, bâlâ !
- 285 Sodhî nahîn ab tujhe apne tan kî ;
Tû jâne kyâ bâṭ âj mere man kî ?"

Third Maid.

- 275 "Sweet *ketki* flowers are blooming in thy garden.
Since lust has conquered thee thy wisdom is forgotten.
Lose not thy conscience, (but) look at thy own garden.
Life is but a (passing) guest: the world is but a dream.
Thy prestige is great in the City :
- 280 So preserve thou thy honor. I am thy slave."

Râjâ Rasûlû.

- "Listen, foolish woman ; I give thee an advice !
I have seen with my own eyes the countries on all sides.
I have seen the countries of Gauṛ* Bangâl.
Thou hast been sporting with me, thou foolish girl !
- 285 Thou hast no knowledge of thy own body ;
What canst thou know of the desires of my heart
to-day ?"

* The old capital of Bengal. Probably meant here for Bengal itself.

Chauthî Sahelî.

- “ Jâo apne mahil ko ; kahâ hamârâ mân !
 Râjâ, tere chalan ko jâne mulk jahân.
 Jâne sansâr karo jaisî kâjâ :
 290 ‘Tum dete sat toṛ, jahân jâo, Râjâ,
 Râjan Mahârâj, baṛe Bhûp kahâo !
 Tum Silâ ko jâ mat dosh lagâo.’”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “ Sukhiâ sab sansâr rahe mukh apne kî oṛ !
 Ham dekhke jânge ; kyâ lagî tumhârî choṭ ?
 295 Choṭ lagî tumhârî kyâ tan meñ kârî ?
 Maiñ lûngâ, ab dekh, khabar kal tumhârî !
 Jab nikasegâ bhân tum hâl bulâûn :
 Chaukî par baiṭh thâîâ niyâû chukâûn.’”

Chauthî Sahelî.

- “ Ham ne to achhî kahî, tum ko âyâ ros.
 300 Râjâ, tum deue lage ultî ham ko dos.

Fourth Maid.

- “ Go to thine own palace ; hear my words !
 Râjâ, the whole world knows thy character.
 All the world knows how thou dost act.
 290 Thou dost destroy virtue, wherever thou dost go, Râjâ.
 King of kings, thou dost call thyself a great Monarch !
 Go not thou to Silâ to bring shame upon her.’”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “ All the world wears a veil of happiness on its face !
 I am going to see (her) : what harm is it to you ?
 295 What harm does it do your feelings (body) ?
 See now, to-morrow I will remember you† !
 When the sun rises I will summon you early :
 And sitting on my throne I will do justice on you.’”

Fourth Maid.

- “ I spoke for (thy) good, and thou art angry.
 300 Râjâ, thou hast brought undeserved blame upon me.

† *Khabar lenâ*, idiom : to procure punishment.

Utlí tum dos hameñ âp diláo.
 Hai karñí parwân sabhí áge páo.
 Kyûñ náhaqq ke bích, Rájâ, bharam gumávo ?
 Us Sílâ kâ sat tere háth na áve."

Rájâ Rasúlí.

305 "Uttam jât Bráhmañí, matí kare tekrâr !
 Apne apne lág meñ lág rahâ sansâr.
 Lágâ sansâr lagan apne koí.
 Kyûñ der karo âp, yehâñ der lagêe ?
 Tum chalke wahân, rázî se kâñ banáo :
 310 Is jhag:re par mat na tum rûr barháo."

"Á bîrá darbân ke, jaldí pháatak khol :
 Sun mujhe mandâ huâ, sun títar kâ bol.
 Ik títar kâ bol sunâ main ne bhári :

Thou dost blame me undeservedly.
 Receive thou the just fate that is before all.
 Why bring disgrace on thyself needlessly, Rájâ.
 Sílâ's virtue will never get into thy power."

Rájâ Rasúlí.

305 "Bráhmañí of the highest class, quarrel not with (me) !
 The world is ever occupied each with his own concerns.
 Every one in the world is occupied with his own
 concerns.
 Why dost thou delay me, staying me here ?
 Go thou there* doing my bidding cheerfully :
 310 And quarrel not (with me) disputing thus."

"Come, friend Door-keeper, open the gate quickly : †
 I had a bad omen, hearing a partridge's cry.
 I heard a partridge crying out loudly :

* To Sílâ.

† The Rájâ is speaking now to the Door-keeper representing himself to be Mahitâ.

- Rathâsnagar na karî main ne tayyârî.
 315 Tû tâlî de khol âj khuḁḁâ, bhâî.
 Ho gayâ hai sun mujhe mandâ yâhîn."

Darbân.

- "Pahre âe chor ke tûtî âdhî râṭ.
 Kyâ mukh setî kah gae ? yâd karo woh bâṭ.
 Yâd karo woh bâṭ, jo kuchh mukh se nikâlî.
 320 Yehân haigî nabîn pâs mere hâth meñ tâlî.
 Hai râṭ bahot, tâlâ nahîn khultâ tumhârâ.
 Tum jâo ab, âp suboh kijîyo pherâ."

Râjâ Rasâlî.

- "Main tujh ko samjhâ gayâ, 'tû raho hoshiâr :
 Rain same mat kijîyo dūje kâ 'aitbâr.
 325 Mat kijîyo 'aitbâr, koî ghair na âve.'
 Tum naukar ho : ham se kyûn râṭ barhâve ?
 Tû tâlî de khol, hukm mâne merâ.
 Kyûn naukar se âj dushman bane merâ ?"

- And I did not make ready to go to Rathâsnagar.
 315 Open the bolts and chains to-day, friend.
 I had a bad omen here."

Door-keeper.

- "It is the time for thieves : half the night is gone.
 What said you with your lips ? Remember that command.
 Remember that command, which came from your lips.
 320 I have not the key with me here in my hand.
 It is dead of night and your locks will not open.
 Go away now, and come back in the morning."

Râjâ Rasâlî.

- "I explained to you that you were to remain awake :
 'Put no trust in another during the night (said I).
 325 'Trust in no one, let no stranger come.'
 You are my servant : why dispute with me ?
 Open the lock and obey my orders.
 Why have you, my servant, become my enemy to-day ?"

Darbán.

- “ Rânñji, uñh jâgîyo : âyâ hûñ kuchh kâm.
 330 Koí shakhs dar par kha â, le Mahitâ kâ nám !
 Mahitâ kâ nám mujhe ân jagâyâ.
 ‘Tû khol de kiwâr,’ kahe hatke âyâ.
 Woh kahtâ hai yeh bât, ‘ main to hatke âyâ :
 Ik tîtar kâ bol main ne manda pâyâ ? ”

Sílâ Daí.

- 335 “ Kahâ hamârâ mân le ; já pûchho, Darbân :
 Patte mahil ke pûchhke hamen sunâo ân :
 ‘ Âñ kaho, ham se tum batiân sârî ;
 Aur sîs mahil bich bichhî sej tumhârî.’
 Jabke woh bhed tujhe hâl batâve.
 340 Tû jaldî ab pûchh : matî der lagâve.”

Darbán.

“ Jo tum Mahitâ âp ho : ho tum khâs Dîwân.

Door-keeper.

- “ My Lady, awake : I have come on business :
 330 A man is at the gate who calls himself Mahitâ.
 In Mahitâ’s name he has awaked me.
 ‘ Open the door,’ said he coming back.
 Thus says he, ‘ I have come back again :
 The cry of a partridge, a bad omen came upon me.’ ”

Sílâ Daí.

- 335 “ Hear my command : go and ask him, Door-keeper :
 Ask him about the (details of the) palace and come and
 tell me.
 (Go and say) ‘ come, tell me all about it ;
 And where thy bed is placed in the mirrored palace.’
 And then he will tell thee all the secrets (of it).
 340 Go quickly now and ask, make no delay.”

Door-keeper.

“ If thou be Mahitâ himself : if thou be the Privy
 Councillor.

Sej tumhârî bichh rahî sîs mahil darmiyân.

Sîs mahil bîch bichhâ palang tumhârâ.

Do us kê ab bhed pattâ ham ko sârâ.

345 Kyâ kyâ sab chîz dharî nâm batâo ?

Main kiwâr khol dûn : âp mahiloni ao."

Totâ.

"Main tujh ko samjhâ rahâ : kyûn tû hue kharâb ?

Ab chipkâ kyûn ho rahâ ? denâ us se jawâb !

Denâ jawâb : kahân gyân bisârâ ?

350 'Hai lekhe kê kâgaj us tâq hamârâ.'

Tum jaldî do utar, main gyân batâûn.

'Hai khûntî ke pâs qalamdân jarâo.'"

Râjâ Rasâli.

"Main tujh ko samjhâutâ, sun, bhâî Darbân :

Lekhâ hai sawâ lâkh kê dharâ tâq darmiyân.

355 Darmiyân tâq lekhâ, jâ dekh le, piârâ.

Thy bed is laid in the mirrored palace.

Thy bed is laid in the mirrored palace.

Tell me now all the secrets of it.

345 Tell me all the things that are placed (beside it).

(And) I will open the door : come to the palace thyself."

*Parrot.**

"I told thee often ; why art thou evil ?

Why art silent now ? Thou must give him an answer !

Give him an answer ; where is thy wisdom gone ?

350 (Say), 'The books of account are on my shelf.'

Answer him quickly, I am giving the knowledge.

(Say), 'My jewelled writing-case is by the peg.'"

Râjâ Rasâli.

"I tell thee, listen, friend Door-keeper :

My book (showing) accounts for a *lâkh* and a quarter†
is on the shelf.

355 The book is on the shelf, go and see, my dear friend.

* To Râjâ Rasâli.

† 125,000 rupees.

Aur pās dharā us ke qalamdān hamārā.
 Utar kī or garī chandan khūntī :
 Aur pās bichhī us ke sej anūthī.”

Darbān.

360 “ Sīlā, betī shāh* kī, tū chātar parbīn !
 Bhed mahil kī nā kahe, woh patte batāve tīn.
 Tīn patte mujh ko die hāl sunāyā.
 Sab lekhe kā kāghaz dharā tāq batāyā :
 Utar kī or bichhī sej sunāve.
 Aur pas dharā us ke qalamdān batāve.”

Sīlā Daī.

365 “ Tīn patte sache kahe ; sun, bhāī Darbān.
 Jā, tū tālā khol de ; hai woh Khās Dīwān.
 Haigā o ; āp sabhī bhed batāve.
 Tū jaldī dar khol, matī der lagāve.
 Ab sachī kahī bāt, patte tīn batāe.
 370 Kuchh sūn hūe mande, jo haṭkar āe.”

And placed beside it is my writing-case.
 To the North side is fixed the sandal-wood peg :
 And near it is placed my beautiful bed.”

Door-keeper.

360 “ Sīlā, thou daughter of the merchant, clever and wise.
 He explained no secrets of the palace, but he showed
 three things.
 Of three things he showed me the condition.
 All the sheets of his account-book are placed on the shelf.
 His bed is laid to the Northern side :
 And near it is placed his writing-case.”

Sīlā Daī.

365 “ These three things are right ; hear, friend Door-keeper
 Go, open the lock ; he is (indeed) the Privy Councillor.
 It must be he ; he has explained all the secrets.
 Open the door quickly, make no delay.
 He has spoken the truth and shown the three things.
 370 He heard some evil omen, that he turned back.”

* For *sāh*, and so too throughout this poem.

Darbân.

- “Sîlâ Daî ke hukm se main denâ phâtak khol.
 Mujhe nazar nahîn âutâ Mahite Shâh kâ bol,
 Mahite kâ bol nahîn, hâkim mere ;
 Main ho gayâ lâchâr, patte sunkar tere.
 375 Kholeñ ham phâtak : Rabb jân bachâve !
 Yeh sur kî sî châl nazar tere âve.”

Totâ.

- “Râjâ, pag âge dharo, mat kar soch bichâr.
 Sîse jhalke mahil men, to nahîn jal kî yeh dhâr.
 Jal ke nahîn dhâr, suno Râjâ gyânî.
 380 Hai aine kî jhalak, nazar âyâ pâñî.
 Tû dûr se na dekh, tujhe Râm dohâî !
 Tû âge chal âp palang âpar, Bhâî.”

Râjâ Rasâlî.

“Mandî terî chândnî ; sun, Dîwe, merî bât.

Door-keeper.

- “I open the door on Sîlâ Daî's order.
 I do not recognise the voice of Mahitâ, the merchant.
 It is not the speech of Mahitâ, my master ;
 (But) I am helpless, hearing the three secrets.
 375 I open the door, and God preserve my life !
 Thy appearance thus is like that of a thief.”

Parrot.

- “Go forward, Râjâ, think not over it.
 The mirrors gleam in the palace, it is not the gleam of
 water (that thou seest).
 It is not the gleam of water ; hear, my wise Râjâ.
 380 It is the glimmer of glass that appears like water.
 Look not at it from afar : God is thy protection !
 Go forward thyself to thy bed, Friend.”

*Râjâ Rasâlî.**

“Dim is thy light ; listen, Lamp, to my words.

* To the lamp in his hand.

- Kyâ tere meñ tel nahîn ? kyâ jale phuar ke hâth ?
 385 Kyâ phuar ke hâth battî terî bôtî ?
 Mandî yeh jot nazar terî âtî.
 Kyâ soch karo man meñ, nahîn chât tumhâre ?
 Tû jaltâ hai âj jaise gham kâ mâre.”

Dîwâ.

- “ Jot merî yûn kam-huî ; sun, Râjâ, merî bôt :
 390 Chât hamâre jalan kâ to thâ Mahite ke hâth.
 Mahite ke hâth merâ chât hai bhârî.
 Jab lagtî hai, jot merî jaltî piârî.
 Mâno tum bôt : nahîn mahilon wâlî !
 Tum âe ho, âp parc mandar khâlî.”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- 395 “ Dîwe, tu agyân hai, kahe ghusse kî bôt.
 Ham se Râjâ chhorke, tû jale karar ke sâth.
 Sâth kare jis kâ tû chât ghanerâ.

What ? is no oil in thee ? why dost burn in the fool's
 (Mahitâ's) hands ?

- 385 Why is thy light bright in the fool's hand ?
 Dim doth thy light appear (in *my* hands).
 What care is in thy heart, that no delight is in thee ?
 Thou dost burn to-day as if stricken with grief.”

Lamp.

- “ This is why my light is dim ; Râjâ, hear my words.
 390 My delight was to burn in Mahitâ's hands.
 My delight is great in Mahitâ's hands.
 When in his hands my light burns lovingly.
 Hear my words : the master is not in the palace !
 When thou hast come the palace is (indeed) empty.”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- 395 “ Lamp, thou art a fool to utter angry words.
 Leaving me, a Râjâ, you burn in the hands of the mean.
 Thou art (pleased) with him in whom thou hast great
 delight.

Woh Mahitâ hai, dekh, bhalâ naukar merâ.
 Kyâ, Dîwe, ab mârî gaî akal terî ?
 400 Maiñ Mahite se bahot châh râkhûñ tere !”

Totâ.

“ Râjâ, niyâû chukâve gaddî par ghanghor !
 Sej begâne pag dharo, bano sâb se chor.
 Kyûñ chor bano ? apnâ sab gyân bisârà !
 Kyâ Silâ kâ bâgh taiñ ne ân ujârâ ?
 405 Hai sînâ gharbâr, paṛe mandar khâlî.
 Yehân Mahite bin, yâr, terî bigarî lâlî !
 Dîpak se kyâ bolte ? jalan se kyâ kâm ?
 Bât karo sardâr se, âe ho jis kâm.
 Âe ho jis kâm, kiâ mahilon pherâ.
 410 Kyâ atkâ hai kâm bhalâ, Râjâ, terâ ?
 In mahilon meñ ân taiñ ne gyân bisâvâ :
 Tum âe yehân ; âp ghabâ mân tumhârâ !”

He is (only) Mahitâ ; see, after all he is (only) my
 faithful servant.

Why dost thou destroy thy sense, my lamp ?
 400 I will love thee far better than Mahitâ !”

Parrot.

“ Râjâ, do justice thoughtfully from thy throne !
 Putting thy foot on a stranger's bed is becoming a thief
 from (being) a true man.
 Why become a thief ? Thou hast lost all thy conscience !
 Why hast thou come to destroy Silâ's garden ?
 405 The house is empty, the palace is deserted.
 Here in Mahitâ's absence thy honor is lost, friend !
 What sayest thou to the lamp ? why should it burn for
 thee ?
 Better talk to the master, for whom thou hast come :
 For whom thou hast wandered into the palace.
 410 What good work of religion, Râjâ, is thine here ?
 Coming into the palace thou hast lost thy wisdom :
 Coming here thou hast lost thine honor !”

Rājā Rasālā.

“‘Āo’ kaheñ, so auliā : ‘baith’ kaheñ, so pīr.
Jin ghar ‘āo na baithnā,’ oh kāfir be-pīr.

- 415 Kāfir be-pīr wohī hote sare,
Ghar āe kā mān nahīn rakhte piāre.
Main dar pe tere āyā hūn, Sīlā Rānī :
Tū mukh se tuk bol ; kaho sachī bānī.”

Sīlā Daī.

- “Kyūn, Rājā, mahilon āe ? kīā man kyā bichār ?
420 Sāhūkār ghar hai nahīn, jis se terā piyār.
Jis se hai piyār, woh pardes sidhārā.
Ab rain same āe : kyā kām tumhārā ?
‘Tum Rājan Mahārāj ! Jagat jāno supnā.
Mat chhal-bal ke bīch dharm kho apnā !”

*Rājā Rasālā.**

“Who say ‘come’ are holy men : who say ‘sit down’ are
saints.

In whose house is nor ‘come’ nor ‘sit down’ are
irreligious infidels.

- 415 Irreligious infidels are they all,
Who hold not guests in loving respect.
I am come to thy door, my Lady Sīlā,
Say something with thy lips : speak (to me) truly.”

Sīlā Daī.

“Why hast come to the palace, Rājā ? what thought is
in thy heart ?

- 420 The merchant (Māhitā) is not in the house, whom thou
dost love :
Whom thou dost love is gone to a foreign land.
Coming in the night time, what is thy desire ?
Thou art a king of kings ! know this world for a dream.
Do not lose thy virtue in the midst of deceit !”

Râjâ Rasâlu.

- 425 " Shûde se Shûdâ mile, mile chor se chor :
 Sîlâ, tere sîl kê paṛâ nagar meñ shor.
 Shor paṛa nagarî meñ Sîlâ terâ.
 Sunkar yeh bâṭ dil châhâ merâ :
 ' Chal, sûrat ko dekh ; sîl kaisâ pâyâ ? '
- 430 Is wâste main âj tere mahilon âyâ."

Sîlâ Daî.

- " Sîl birânâ dekhke âvegâ kis kêr ?
 Apne apne sîl se to utaregâ sansâr :
 Utaregâ sansâr, bhalâ apnî karnî.
 Is jagat kê yeh hai rît, apnî karnî bharnî.
- 435 Mandar ke bîch, Râjâ, apne jâo :
 Ham dukhiâ haiñ : âp matî dos lagâo ! "

Râjâ Rasâlu.

- 425 " The mean consorts with the mean, the thief consorts
 with thieves.
 Sîlâ, the fame of thy virtue is spread over the city :
 The fame of thy virtue is spread in the city.
 Hearing of it I desired in my heart
 To come and see thee and how thy virtue fares.
- 430 For this am I come to thy palace to-day."

Sîlâ Daî.

- " What is the good of coming to see another's virtue ?
 Each goes through the world by (the force of) his own
 virtue.
 (Each) goes through the world by his own good deeds.
 It is the way of this world, that each should perform
 his own good deeds.
- 435 Go to thy own house, Râjâ.
 I am in trouble : put no shame (on me) ! "

Rājā Rasālū.

- “ Nainā dekhan ko dīe, jagat kyā gulzār ?
 Bin dekhe jāūn nahīn, to sat Gur se sat kār.
 Sat Gur bin, gyān binā, dekhe mandā :
 440 Aur dekhne kī kār kīe sūrij chandā.
 Sab dekh dekh chāl chale parjā sāre :
 Tū darshan de āj mujhe, Sīlā piārī ! ”

Sīlā Daī.

- “ Jāo apne mahil ko, matī karo takrār :
 Darshan dekar woh mile jo terī hove nār.
 445 Terī ho nār, darshan un kâ pāo.
 Mat chhīr karo ham se, tum rār barhāo.
 Hai piyā pardes, mere ghar kâ wālī :
 Tū āyā, ab dekh, parā mandar khālī ! ”

Rājā Rasālū.

- “ Eyes are given (us) to see the beauty of the world.
 Without seeing (thee) I go not, I swear by the holy
 Gurū.*
 Without the holy Gurū, without knowledge, sight is
 worthless.
 440 And for seeing (only) were the sun and moon made.
 All people go to see each other's conduct :
 So show thyself to me to-day, Sīlā, my beloved ! ”

Sīlā Daī.

- “ Go to thy palace and dispute not.
 She will meet thee and show herself, who is thy wife.
 445 Who is thy wife, go and see her.
 Insult me no more, thou art creating a quarrel.
 My husband is abroad, the lord of my home.
 Thou hast come, and see now, my home is blank ! ”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- “ Mahitâ mujh ke kah gayâ mukh se bâram bâr :
 550 ‘ Ghar mere ke chaukasî rahîyo tû hoshiâr.
 Rahîyo hoshiâr, hai ghar khâlî merâ :
 Tûm rain same kîjo wahân apnâ pahrâ.
 Jo hove kuchh kâr gharon yehân se bhârî.’
 Yûn âyâ main pâs tere, Sîlâ piârî.”

Sîlâ Dai.

- 455 “ Aisî bātân mat kaho, Râjâ, apne âp.
 Mukh se jhûth nikâlnâ chahâ chaugunâ pâp.
 Pâp chahê bahot, tere hâth nahîn âve.
 Is duniyâ ke bîch janam nirphal jâve.
 Kyâ ? Gorakh ne gyân tujhe aisâ dîâ ?
 460 Taiñ mahilon meñ ân chhal ham se kiâ ? ”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- “ Mahitâ said oftentimes to me with his lips :
 450 Keep thou a safe guard over my house.
 Be thou wary, my house is empty :
 Be thou thyself on guard over it at night time.
 Whatever heavy business of thine is to be done abroad
 (I will do it).
 Thus have I come to thee, Sîlâ my beloved.”

Sîlâ Dai.

- 455 “ Speak not thus, Râjâ.
 To speak un-truth with the lips is to be a fourfold
 sinner.
 The sin increases greatly and profits thee not.
 Thy life will pass profitless in this world.
 What ? has Gorakhnath taught thee such wisdom as
 this ?
 460 That thou coming to my palace hast practised deceit on
 me ? ”

Totâ.

- “Kyân, Râjâ, akal gai ? kahân bisârâ gyân ?
Mailepan ko chhor de; tû kahnâ merâ mân.
Kahnâ le mân, bhalâ Râjâ merâ.
Ho sat se, ab pâr janam sudhre terâ.
465 Yeh Sîlâ satwant, tû hai Gorakh chelâ.
Tû Devî kar mân, us se darshan melâ.”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Sîlâ phâtak khol de, matî kare takrâr.
Mere tere bîch men hai Sachâ Kartâr.
Sachâ Kartâr; bachan mâno mere :
470 Kuchhî dagâ, dos, pâp nahîn man men mere.
Tum âo yehân pâs jarâ, bahînâ merî.
Main bîch dayyâ Râm kasm khâûn tere.”

Sîlâ Daï.

- “Jo, Râjâ, tain ne kahî, phir na âvegâ yâd.
Jal men âg lagâeke mujhe kfâ barbâd !

Parrot.

- “Why has thy sense gone, Râjâ? where hast lost thy
wisdom ?
Let go thy evil lust ; hearken to my words.
Hearken to my words, my good Râjâ.
Be virtuous, and mend thy life now.
465 This Sîlâ is virtuous and thou art Gorakhnâth's disciple.
Know her for a goddess and visit her (as such).”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Sîlâ, open the door and dispute not.
The True God is between me and thee.
The True God (is between us) ; hearken to my words.
470 No deceit nor shame nor sin is in my heart.
Come to me for a little, my sister :
I swear to thee by the mercy of God.”

Sîlâ Daï.

- “Râjâ, what thou hast said, thou wilt no more remember.
Setting fire to water thou hast ruined me !

- 475 Kîâ barbâd ham ko ; kyâ khoṭ hamârâ ?
 Merâ taiñ bâgh chamman ân ujârâ.
 Kahe sach to bachan, bîr hai tû merâ.
 Sat rakheñ Bhagwân ; wohî aprampârâ !”

Râjâ Rasâlut.

- “ Phûl dekhke sab kê, âyâ tere bâr :
 480 Dharm bahin tû hai merî, nahîn dusrî kâr.
 Kâr nahîñ dũjî ; sun, Râj dulârî.
 Us Mahite kî bāt sabhî dil men dhârî.
 Yeh lijo tû mundrâ sawâ lâkh kê merâ.
 Tu bahinâ hai merî, main hûñ bhâi terâ.”

Silâ Dai.

- 485 “ Mundrâ tere hâth kê nahîn hamen darkâr :
 Mundrâ aisâ dîjîye jo âve sâhûkâr.

- 475 Thou hast ruined me ; and what fault was mine ?
 Coming thou hast destroyed my garden.
 Speaking truly, thou art (to me) as my brother.
 May the infinite God keep my virtue !”

Râjâ Rasâlut.

- “ To see the flower of thy virtue I came to thy door.
 480 Thou art my sworn sister, I had no other object.
 I have no other object : hear me, my Princess.
 I have borne in my mind all that Mahitâ said of thee.
 Take this ring of mine worth a *lâkh* and a quarter.
 Thou art my sister and I am thy brother.”

Silâ Dai.

- 485 “ I do not want the ring on thy hand :
 Give me such a ring when the merchant (my husband)*
 returns.

* Allusion to the universal custom of the wife never mentioning her husband by name.

Ave sâhûkâr aisâ mundrâ dĵje :
 Is mundre kâ nâm matĭ ham se lĵje.
 Is sôch bĭch sukh gaĭ jân hamârĭ.
 490 Jab âve sâhûkâr paṛe biptâ bhârĭ.”

Râjâ Rasûlû.

“ SĪlâ Dâĭ, ab kyûn ðaro ? âyû tere bâr :
 Maiñ Mahite ke sâmhne nahîn kârûn takrâr.
 Mat kĵjo takrâr jo yehân âve Mahitâ.
 Maiñ sachĭ ab bāt bhalĭ tum se kahtâ.
 495 Jo mânĭ tû âj kahĭ SĪlâ mĕrĭ,
 To bach jâegĭ lâj âj sârĭ terĭ.”

SĪlâ Dâĭ.

“ Tû apne se chaukas, merâ hai Bhagwân.
 Mujh ko nazar yeh âutâ, woh châhe merĭ jân.
 Jân gaĭ sâth kare apnâ châhâ.

When the merchant (my husband) returns, give me
such a ring.

Mention not the name of this ring to me.

The anxiety (of this matter) has destroyed the happiness
of my life.

490 When the merchant (my husband) returns great mis-
fortune will fall (upon me).”

Râjâ Rasûlû.

“ SĪlâ Dâĭ, why dost fear now that I came to thy door ?

I will have no disputes with Mahitâ.

Raise thou no disturbance when Mahitâ comes.

I speak true words and good to thee now.

495 If thou listen to my words, SĪlâ, to-day,
So will all thy honor be saved this day.”

SĪlâ Dâĭ.

“ Do thou mind thyself, God is mine.

I see this clearly that he will desire my life.

My life goes with the fulfilment of thy desires.

- 500 Kyâ hàth tere, Râjâ, is bâth men âyâ ?
 Tain kar dî barbâd : merê khâl uṛâv ;
 Woh rassî se bândh mujhe yehân laṭkâve."

Totâ.

- " Bhûre, Bhâî, chal ! par jagâ sansâr !
 Chalo, Râj, ghar apnâ jaldî se darbâr.
 505 Tain jhûṅṭâ ab dos bhalâ us ko diâ :
 Tain bhejâ pardes, chhalâ us kâ piyâ.
 Tain naukâr ke sâth dagâ pâp kamâve :
 Yeh nar dahî pâke, janain nirphal jâve."
 " Sîlwantî Rânî suno, main panchhî darvesh :
 510 Is Râjâ ke qaid men rahtâ sang hamesh.
 Rahtâ hamesh, nahî morâ chârâ.
 Main pinjre ke bîch rahûn âp bechârâ.

- 500 What profit, Râjâ, has this matter brought to thee ?
 Thou hast ruined me : he will beat me ; *
 He will bind me with a rope and hang me here."

Parrot.

- " It is dawn, Friend, come ! The whole world wakes !
 Come home, Râjâ, quickly to thy Court.
 505 Thou hast laid undeserved shame on the innocent.
 Thou didst send him abroad, deceiving her husband.
 Thou hast practised fraud and sin on thy servant.
 After having become a man in this life, it will pass
 fruitless (to thee)."
 " O virtuous Lady, hear me : I am (but) a wandering
 bird.
 510 I dwell always with this Râjâ in confinement.
 I ever live (thus) ; I have no alternative.
 Helpless I live in the cage.

* *Lit.* Cut my skin.

In dos dīā jhūth, terī sār na jānī.
Jo likhā Taqdīr kaun meṭe, Rānī ? ”

Sīlā Daī.

- 515 “ Jā, Bāndī, darbān pe, kahīyo us se samjhāe,
‘ Jo sāh pūchhte ānke dījo matī batāe.
Mat dījo batlāe, kahā māno merā.
Is meñ hai koṭ bhalā, Bhāī, merā.’
Us Kartā kī kār hūā kotak bhārī.
520 Jo jāve to nāṭ bachī jān hamārī.”

Bāndī.

“ Sīlā Daī ne yūñ kahā, sun, bhāī Darbān,
Man meñ apne sochke, kahā hamārā mān.
Māno tum bāt, hūā kotak bhārā.
Hai is meñ qasūr āj pahilī thārā.

He brought undeserved shame (on thee), not knowing
thy value.

What Fate has written who can blot out, Lady ? ”*

Sīlā Daī.

- 515 “ Go, my maid, to the Door-keeper and explain to him,
‘ When the merchant (my husband) comes tell him
nothing (of this).
Tell him nothing and obey my words.
This is greatly to my advantage, Friend.’
By the deed of Fate a great fraud was (practised on me).
520 If he say nothing (about it) my life is saved.”

Maid.

“ Thus said Sīlā Daī, listen, friend Door-keeper,
Think it over in thy mind, and hearken to my words.
Hearken to my words, a great deception has been
(practised on us).
In the first place it was thine own fault to-day.

* *Exit* the Rājā and the Parrot.

- 525 Kahtî woh bât âj Silâ piârî.
 ‘Tum jânâ ab nât, bachî jân hamâri.’”

Darbân.

- “Silâ Daî ne jo kahî, mainî mainî bâram bâr.
 Apnî âî sab mareî, mainî marâ barânî kâr.
 Kâr marâ us kî, merî honî âî.
 530 Nâ karne se chûk mainî ne apnî khâî.
 Un tâlî dî hâth, kîâ kotak bhârî.
 Ab bigaregî bât, paîî bahot khwârî.”

Bândî.

- “Silâ Daî, un yûn kahe mukh se woh darbân.
 ‘Sîlwatî ke hukm se khoî mainî ne jân.
 535 Khoî hai jân, mainî ne kholâ tâlâ.
 Jab kyâ karûn jawâb, ân pûchhe Lâlâ ?
 Kuchh is meî nahî, Rânî, hai dos hamârâ !
 Jo Bidhnâ kî rekh, kaun metanharâ ?”

- 525 Thus saith Silâ, my beloved, to-day.
 ‘Say nothing (about it) and my life is saved.’”

Door-keeper.

- “What Silâ Daî hath said I obey attentively.
 All die when their own (turn) comes, I die for another’s
 sake.
 I die for her sake, my fate hath come.
 530 I forgot my duty through fate.
 She gave the key into my hand and deceived me greatly.
 Now is my life spoilt, and great sorrow will fall (on
 me).”

Maid.

- “Silâ Daî, thus said he with his lips, the door-keeper.
 ‘Through Silâ’s orders my life is destroyed.
 535 My life is destroyed, I opened the lock.
 What answer shall I give, when the merchant (my
 master) comes and questions?
 My Lady, I am not to blame in this !
 When Fate writes, who shall blot it out ?”

Panihâri.

- “Kaun des meñ ghar terâ ? kahâñ terâ darbâr ?
 540 Kyûñ ghar apnâ chhorke âyâ hai, Sâhûkâr ?
 Âyâ, Sâhûkâr, kyâ hai kâm tumhârâ ?
 Sâhûkârôn kâ kâm kare chitthî sârâ !
 Apnâ ghar chhor diâ gyân bisârâ :
 Tu âyâ pardes phire mârâ mârâ !”

Mahitâ.

- 545 “Siâlkoṭ meñ ghar merâ ; unchâ mandar dhâm :
 Râjâ Rasâlû garhpatî ; to bhijâ hûñ kuchh kâm :
 Bhijâ hûñ kâm ; kahâ, ‘Lâo ghorë ;’
 To nau karor dië ginke mâl ke torë.
 Jo ghorë dariyâi pawan-begî pânñ,
 550 Main le karke mâl päs us ke jânñ.”

*Water-carrier.**

- “In what land is thy home ? where is thy Court ?
 540 Why hast left thy home and come here, my merchant ?
 What business brought thee here, my merchant ?
 Merchants’ business is all carried on by letters !
 Leaving thy home thou hast lost thy wisdom :
 Thou hast come to a foreign land to wander in trouble !”

Mahitâ.

- 545 “My home is in Siâlkoṭ ; a lofty palace is my home.
 Râjâ Rasâlû rules the fort ; he sent me here on business.
 Sent me on business ; said he, ‘Bring horses’ ;
 And counted me out on platters nine *lâkhs* (of rupees). †
 When I procure the wind-winged horses of the sea,
 550 I will take them and go to him.”

* A woman. The scene completely changes. Mahitâ is now at Rotâs Fort, and is addressed by a water-bearing woman of the place.

† Rupees 900,000.

Panihârî.

“ Unche mastak chalakte, parhâ mûrakh pânde ke sâl !
 Jin ghoron kâ tû gâhak phire woh tere ghur-sâl !
 We jâe bandhe tere ghur-sâl meñ ghore !
 Tû lio pardes phire mâl ke tore !
 555 Sun, Mahitâ Sâhûkâr, tujhe gyân batâyâ.
 Taiñ lobh kiâ kachâ, pardes meñ âyâ !”

Mahitâ.

“ Ham jâte haiñ watan ko, le lo merâ parnâm.
 Chitthî meñ likh bhejo, ham lâiq kuchh kâm.
 Ham lâiq kuchh kâm, piârî ; likhtî parchtî rahiyo
 560 Râm, Râm kâ nâtâ karke mukh se kahtî rahiyo.
 Main jâtâ hûñ gharon, piârî ; kîrpâ apnî rakhîyo.
 Rathâsnagar ko sîs hamârî, tu bastî rahiyo !”

Water-carrier.

“ Holding thy head so high thou hast learnt in a fool's
 school !
 The horses thou hast wandered (here) to buy are in
 thine own stable !
 The horses are fastened up in thine own stable !
 And thou art wandering abroad with bags of money !
 555 Hear, Sir Merchant Mahitâ, I tell thee wisdom.
 Thou hast come abroad for unfair gain !”

Mahitâ.

“ I am returning to my home, receive my farewell.
 Send me a letter, if I can do anything for thee.
 If I can do anything for thee, my dear, send me letters.
 560 Taking the name of God remember me.
 I am going home, my dear : remember me kindly.
 I bid farewell to Rathâsnagar, (but) do thou live on here
 (happily).”

- “ Sachī kaho, darbān ke mukh se bachan nikāl.
 Mere pīchhe tū rahā kaisā kuchh hoshiār ?
 565 Hoshiār rahā pīchhe tū kaisā, Bhāī ?
 Ab hāl kaho ham se, de sānch batāo.
 Kabhī Rājā ne ān kīā dar pe pherā ?
 Maiñ kah gīā thā us ko, ‘ghar khālī merā.’ ”

Darbān.

- “ Pahre pe chaukas rahā jāgā sārī rāt.
 570 Karam rekh mitte nahīñ, jo likhī Bidhātā hāth.
 I ‘khī Rabb hāth qalam āp bagāī :
 Us se met sake kaun ? nahīñ tāqat, Bhāī !
 Tum kah gae the āp, ‘Ghar khālī merā :’
 Ik roz kīā Rājā ne dar par pherā.”

Mahitā.

- 575 “ Sīlā Daī, māno ; mere ho gāī hai wiswās !

“ Speak truly, let true words escape thy lips, Door-keeper.*

- How wakeful didst thou remain after my departure ?
 565 How wakeful didst thou remain after my departure,
 Friend ?
 Tell me all about it, speaking the truth.
 Did the Rājā ever come wandering about my door ?
 I told him that my house was empty.”

Door-keeper

- “ I kept guard at my post, wakeful all the night.
 570 The lines are never blotted out, which the hand of Fate
 hath written.
 It is God that writes (them) with his own pen.
 Who can blot them out ? None hath power, Friend !
 Thou saidst thyself, ‘ my house is empty.’
 And the Rājā came one day wandering about thy door.”

Mahitā.

- 575 “ Sīlā Daī, listen, I have become very anxious !

* Mahitā is now at home again, and addresses his door-keeper.

Rājâ chhal-bal kar gā, woh āyâ tere pās !

Āyâ hai pās tere chhal-bal karke.

Tū sachî kah bāt, hāth gāt pe dharke.

Sachî kah ham se āj, Sîlâ Rānî.

580 Kabhî le gayâ chhalbaliyâ chhal karke pānî ?”

Sîlâ Dāi.

“ Hāth gāt par na rakhūn, sun mere bhartâr !

Sat mere kâ chaukas hai sachâ Kartâr !

Woh sachâ Kartâr mere sāt kâ sâkhî,

Jin sūne mandar men tek merî râkhî.

585 In mahilon ke bîch nahîn Rājâ āyâ.

Yeh jhūtâ wiswâs tere dil pe chhâyâ.”

Mahitâ.

“ Betî Harbhaj Sâh kî, kyūn bole hai jhūth ?

Kyâ mundrâ akâs se jo parâ mahil men tūt ?

The Rājâ hath deceived (me) and hath been to thee !

Deceiving (me) he hath been to thee.

Tell me the truth placing thy hand on my body.*

Tell me the truth to-day, my Lady Sîlâ.

580 Did the deceiver ever commit any wickedness ?”

Sîlâ Dāi.

“ I will not place my hand on thy body ; hear, my husband !

The true God is the guardian of my virtue !

The true God is the witness of my virtue,

Who preserved my honor in the lonely palace.

585 The Rājâ came not into *this* palace.

Needless anxiety this is that is come into thy mind.”

Mahitâ.

“ Daughter of Harbhaj Sâh, why speakest thou lies ?

Has this ring suddenly fallen from heaven into the palace ?

* An oath, see above.

- Tût parâ mundrâ, yeh kahân se âyâ ?
 590 Is mundre ko kaun mere mahil meñ lâyâ ?
 Tû itnî ab mân zarâ bât hamâri :
 Jo guzrâ hai hâl bât kah do sârî."

Silâ Daí.

- "Gawan kíâ Rathâsgarh tum ne ghorê len :
 Main baithî is mahil meñ kâñî haiñ din ren.
 595 Kâñî hai ren dinoñ ham ne bhârî.
 Ab nahaqq ke bîch parî ham pe khwârî.
 Yeh dahî bharâ mundrâ mere mahil meñ âyâ :
 Is mundre ko kâg mahil mere lâyâ."

Mahitâ.

- "Jhûth bachan kyûn boltî, sun le, tiryâ nîch ?
 600 Kyâ kâg uñhâñ, mundrâ dhare sej ke bîch ?
 Yeh sej bîch mundrâ dhar kis ne dînâ ?
 De sachî batlâ, jo ab châhe jinâ.

- A ring has fallen suddenly (here) : whence came it here
 590 Who brought this ring into my palace ?
 Listen a little now to my words ;
 And tell me the truth of all that has passed."

Silâ Daí.

- "Thou didst go to Rathâsgarh to buy horses :
 I spent the days and nights remaining in the palace.
 595 I spent the time wearily passing the days and nights :
 And now for nothing I am fallen into trouble.
 This ring came covered with curds into my palace :
 Some crow brought this ring into my palace."

Mahitâ.

- "Why tell lies ? Hear me, thou low woman !
 600 Why should a crow take up this ring and place it on
 my bed ?
 Who put this ring on my bed ?
 Tell me the truth, as thou wouldst live.

Main châbuk lûn hâth badan tere mârûu
Aur korarôn se mâr mâr khâl utârûn."

Silâ Dâl.

- 605 "Mat na mârô korare : kyûn tarsâo jân ?
Râjâ, terâ nâm le, âyâ mahil darmiyân.
Mahilon darmiyân jabhî Râjâ âyâ.
Main tâkî men baithke jab pât dhakâyâ.
Woh bolâ, 'He Bahin, mere mundre lîje !'
610 Main us se kahâ, 'Mundrâ âp Sâhûkâr ke dîje !'
Un ne chaltî bâr merâ yehi khoṭ nikâlâ :
Jin ne chorî kar mundrâ palang âpar dâlâ."

Mahitâ.

- "Bândî, abran chhîn lo, târo sabhî suhâg.
Bhes dubâgan kâ karo, mahil urâve kâg.
615 Mahilon ke bâch parî kâg urâve :

I will take a whip and beat thy body ;
And will cut the skin with the strokes of my whip !"

Silâ Dâl.

- 605 "Strike me not with a whip : why dost desire my life ?
The Râjâ, taking thy name, came into the palace.
When the Râjâ came into the palace,
I was sitting in the window and closed the shutters.
He said, 'My sister, take my ring !'
610 I said to him, 'Give the ring to the merchant (my
husband.)'
As he was going away he deceived me thus,
By putting the ring secretly on my bed."

Mahitâ.

- "My maid, snatch off her ornaments, take off (the
signs of) her wifehood.
Put on her the widow's robes, set her to scare crows* in
the palace.
615 Set her to scare crows in the midst of the palace.

* Conventional expression for the utter disgrace of a woman.

Aur âth pahar bîch ik bhojan pâvo.
 Jo tiryâ 'aitbâr kî jag meû hârâ.
 Tain jhûth bol, Sîlâ ; ghar kho dâ mahârâ."

Sîlâ Daî.

620 "Betî hûn main sâh kî ; sun le, Mohan Bhât :
 Karhe dîc jin mâl ke lade ladâc sâth.
 Sâth dîc karhe, sabhî thâth sanwârâ.
 Is ghar meû kyâ hâl hûâ, Mohan, mahârâ ?
 Kyâ biptâ kî bât kahûn âge tere ?
 Mân bâpon se âj khabar kar de merî."

Mohan Bhât.

625 "Betî, Sîlâ pâs jâ sîs mahil darmiyân :
 Us ke man kî pûchhke mujhe sunâo ân.
 Ân kaho ham se we batîân sârî.

Let her have food but once in the eight watches.*
 The woman I trusted has destroyed my life.†
 Thou didst tell me a lie, Sîlâ, and my house is ruined."

Sîlâ Daî.‡

"I am a merchant's daughter ; hear me, Mohan thou
 Bard,§
 620 That gave thee sixty camels laden with goods :
 That gave thee sixty camels with all their trappings.
 (And see) what has been my fortune in this house,
 Mohan ?
 What shall I say to thee of my sufferings ?
 Go and tell my father and mother about me to-day."

Mohan the Bard.||

625 " My daughter, go to Sîlâ in the mirrored palace :
 Ask her her desires and come and tell me.
 Come and tell me all about her.

* The 24 hours. † *Lit.* The world. ‡ In her disgrace.
 § The bard in a family of standing had a position of some confidence.
 || To his daughter.

- Woh Sîlâ behosh kharî, biptâ bhârî.
 Tâ jaldi jâ dekh yeh kyâ zulam guzârâ.
 630 Kyûn jîtî bhartâr bhes rând kâ dhârâ ?”

Bhâtnî.

“ Abhî, Pitâ, main jât hûn Sîlwatî ke pâs :
 Kyâ biptâ us par parî ? ham karen us kî âs.”

- “ Âs karen terî, Râjdulârî :
 Kyâ par gâî hai bipat, kaho ham se, piârî.
 635 Kyûn abran singâr tiyâg tum ne dînî ?
 Jîtî bhartâr bhes mailî kînî ?
 Apne to dil kâ hâl kah de, piârî :
 Main pitâ se jâe, kahûn bipat tumhârî.”

Sîlâ Dâî.

“ Betî Mohan Bhâṭ kî, sun le merî bâṭ :

- Sîlâ is in great trouble, in terrible affliction.
 Go quickly and see what grief has come upon her.
 630 Why has she put on a widow's robes while her husband
 is yet alive ?”

The Bard's daughter.

“ I go now, father, to Sîlwatî.
 What misfortune has fallen on her ? I will bring her
 comfort.”

- “ I (am come to) comfort thee, my Princess.*
 What misfortune has fallen (on thee) ? Tell me, my
 beloved.
 635 Why hast given up thy jewels and ornaments ?
 Why wearest foul clothes when thy husband is alive ?
 Tell me the sorrows of thy heart, my beloved.
 I will go to thy father and tell him thy misfortune.”

Sîlâ Dâî.

“ Daughter of Mohan the Bard, hear my words.

- 640 Kāghaz, qalam, dawāt lā; main̄ likhūn apne hāth.
 Likhūn main̄ hāth 'barī biptā bhārī !
 Hai zindagī se āj mujhe maut piārī !
 Main̄ chhorī is des merī sār na jānī :
 Yehān āth pahar bīch mile an̄ aur pānī.
 645 Yehān jhūthā ab dos merī sil ko lāyā :
 Korarōn se mār mār badan sujāyā.'
 Itnā ab kām merā jaldī kījo :
 Merī mātā ko jāke khat merā dījo."

Bhātī.

- " Silā ne purzā dīā aur kahī yeh bāt :
 650 ' Yeh khat tum jā dījīyo merī mātā ke hāth.
 Mātā ke hāth men̄ khat dījo merā.
 Main̄ taraphōn bechain, burā hāl hai merā.

- 640 Bring paper, pen and ink, I will write (to him)
 myself.
 I will write myself, 'great and heavy is my mis-
 fortune !
 To-day is death dearer to me than life !
 I leave this land where my value is not known.
 Here I get bread and water but once in the eight
 watches.*
 645 Here undeserved blame has been cast upon my virtue :
 My body is swollen with the blows of a whip !'
 Do this much for me quickly :
 Go to my mother and give her my letter."

The Bard's Daughter.†

- " Silā gave me a letter and spake thus ;
 650 ' Go and give this letter into my mother's hand.
 Give my letter into my mother's hand.
 I am miserable and wretched, hard is my lot.

* In the 24 hours.

† To her father.

Ab dos diâ jhhût, merî sâr na jânî:
 Aur âth parchâ bîch mile ham ko pânî.' ”

Mohan Bhât.

- 655 “ Ugar Sain ke bans meñ, Harbhaj Sâh sir moṛ !
 Silâ Daī parchâ diâ, main lâyâ dauram daur.
 Lâyâ daurâun daur, Sâhjî, dil merâ ghabarâyâ.
 Jo mar gaī, woh mahil bîch meñ, Silâ ne bulâyâ.
 Likhkar parchâ diâ hâth meñ aur yeh hâl sunâyâ.
 660 Milnâ hai to milo pitâjî, ‘ kâl merâ yehân âyâ ! ’ ”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Sun, re Mohan Bhât ke, hamen sunâo hâl ?
 Silâ ke gharbâr meñ kyâ phailâ janjâl ?

They put undeserved blame on me, not knowing my
 value.

And in the eight watches I get water butonce.’ ”

Mohan, the Bard.

- 655 “ In the line of Ugar Sain* thou art the head, Harbhaj
 Sâh !
 Silâ Daī gave me a letter, I brought it here very quickly.
 I have brought it here very quickly, Sir Merchant ; my
 mind is uneasy.
 Silâ, who is undone in the palace, calls thee.
 Writing the letter with her own hand she told me her
 condition,
 660 (Saying) meet my father if thou canst (and tell him)
 ‘ I am dying here ! ’ ”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Hear, thou son of the Bards, Mohan, tell me about her.
 What sorrow has come upon Silâ in her home ?

* The bards have evidently desired in this legend to give Mahitâ and his family descent from the great Agarwâl clan of the Baniyâ caste by making them inhabitants of Agrohâ. This Ugar (or Agar ?) Sain may have been a leader of these before the Muhammadan destruction of Agrohâ.

- Kyâ phailâ janjâl ? kaisâ zulum guzarâ ?
 Tâ, Mohan, ab, Bhât, hâl kah de sârâ.
 665 Kyâ ho gîâ ghabrât tej aisâ bhârî ?
 Kyâ Mahitâ par ân parî biptâ bhârî ? ”

Mohan Bhât.

- “ Kyâ kahîn kuchh, Sâhjí ? mujh se kabâ na jâe !
 Silâ betî dekhke main bahot gîâ ghabarâe.
 Bahot gîâ ghabarâ, Sâhjí : bhes duhâgan dhârî !
 670 Na solâh singâr badan par, nahîn hai lâl sâf.
 Mahitâ ne kuchh dos lagâyâ, bhojan sabhî bisârâ.
 Mâr korarôn khâl u;âi, tan se mâs utârâ ! ”

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

- “ Mâl khizâne bahot hain mere ik dher :
 Siâkoti ko chalo, lo Mahitâ ko gher.

What sorrow has come upon her ? what injustice has
 been done (her) ?

Tell me now the whole story, Mohan.

- 665 What trouble and heavy misfortune has come upon her ?
 What great trouble has befallen Mahitâ ? ”

Mohan, the Bard.

“ What can I say, Sir Merchant ? my lips cannot speak !
 Seeing Silâ, thy daughter, I was in great trouble.
 I was in great trouble, Sir Merchant : she had on widow's
 clothes.

- 670 No ornaments on her body, no red garment.*
 Mahitâ had blamed her and spoiled all her life (food).
 Cut her skin by whipping and cut the flesh from her
 body.”

Lachhmî Nârâyan. †

“ I have much money and goods stored up.
 Go to Siâkoti and encompass Mahitâ.

* Sign of wifehood.

† Silâ's brother.

- 675 Lo Mahitâ ko gher, pâun ðâle borî:
Woh Sîlâ se bahin kâg urâve merî.
Bâbal, mat der karo, thât sujâo.
Us Mâhitâ ko bândhke Agrohe lâo.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ Jin ko betî ðjî un ke niche pair.
680 Mahitâ setî na bano, lâl, hamârâ bair.
Bair nahiñ bantâ hai, lâl hamâro.
Ham betî ke bap, chalcû paidal sâre.
Siâlkoṭ ûpar hai kûnch hamârâ :
Jâ pûchhenge Sîlâ kâ dukhîâ sârâ.”

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

- 685 “ Bîg tayyarî tum karo, Bâbal, fauj sangâr :
Mahitâ se sâhûkâr ko ham rakheñ charvedâr.
Rakheñ charvedâr, bhalâjî, jaisâ hai woh Mahitâ,

- 675 Encompass Mahitâ and put fetters on his feet :
That has set my sister Sîlâ to scare crows.
Father, delay not, make ready the means (of going) ;
And binding Mahitâ bring him to Agrohâ.”*

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ To whom we gave our daughter we are inferior.
680 Make not Mahitâ our enemy, my son.
He must not be made an enemy, my son.
I am the girl's father, let us all go (humbly) to him on
foot.
We must march to Siâlkoṭ :
And go and ask all about Sîlâ's troubles.”

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

- 685 “ Father, get quickly thy retinue and cavalcade.
I look on Mahitâ the Merchant as a (mere) menial.
I look on a menial, my good sir, to be as good as Mahitâ,

* Here the home of Sîlâ's family. It is a ruined town near Hissâr and was the home of the Agarwâl class of merchants. It was destroyed by Shahâbu'ddîn Ghori in A. D. 1194

- 'Tis ghar Sīlā kâg uṛāve, kharā Bhāt yūn kahtā.
 Bābal, jag meñ jinā thoṛā, sadā amar nahīn rahtā :
 690 'Jā Sīlā badlā lenge,' dil merā yūn kahtā."

Harbhaj Sāh.

- "Lachhmī Nārāyan kī bahū, sun merī ik bāt .
 Bahot dinūn sang tū rahī Sīlā Daī ke sāth.
 Sīlā ke sāth rahā piyār tumbhārā :
 Tum us ke dil kā ab bhed kah do sārā.
 695 Kah do tum bāt āj sachī sārī.
 Kabhī jāko na bigṛe wahān 'izzat hamārī."

Lachhmī Nārāyan kī Bahū.

- "Sīlā kā sat jab diḡe, Dhartī diḡī Akās :
 Dāl agin meñ dekh lo ; jāo us ke pās.
 Jā Sīlā ke pās ; jhūṭh pal meñ lagāyā.
 700 Is bāt ke 'aitbār nahīn mujh ko āyā.

In whose house the Bard says that Sīlā is set to scare
 crows.

Father, life is short in the world, we cannot remain im-
 mortal for ever.

- 690 'Revenge thyself for Sīlā,' saith my heart."

Harbhaj Sāh.

- "Thou wife of Lachhmī Nārāyan, hear a word of mine :
 Many days hast thou dwelt with Sīlā Daī.
 And thy love was for Sīlā :
 Tell me now all the secrets of her heart.
 695 Tell me all about her to-day truly.
 Perhaps by going there my honor may be lost."

Lachhmī Nārāyan's Wife.

- "Sīlā's virtue falls when falls the Earth and Sky.
 Pass her through the fire and see ; go to her .
 Go to Sīlā ; they charged her of a sudden falsely.
 700 I have no faith in (the truth of) this matter.

Hai Kartâ kî rekh, wo ab sab kâ Wâlf :
 Aur dosh binâ chând nahîn sârij khâlf.”

Silâ. Dâi kî Mâtâ.

“ Phir mere âpar kyâ kare, sun lîje, Sâhûkâr :
 Beg tayyârî tum karo, jâ Silâ ke dwâr.
 705 Silâ ke dwâr ab jaldî jâo :
 Is dukhâ jâi ko merî ân milâo.
 Tum jaldî ab kûnch karo sâz sañwârî.
 Woh dekhî hai râh, merî Sil kanwârî !”

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

“ Sang apne le chahî ho bâis sau umrâo :
 710 Siâlkot ke bîch men jâne wahân kâ Râo ;
 Jâne woh, ‘ Râo yeh hai Agrohewâlâ.’
 Aur jâne kis sâth terâ ho jâe châlâ ?

It is the line of Fate, that is Master of all.
 Even the sun and moon are not without blame*”

Silâ Dâi's Mother.

“ What wilt thou for me now ; hear, thou Merchant :
 Get ready quickly and go to Silâ's door.
 705 Go quickly now to Silâ's door :
 Bring my luckless daughter to me.
 Get ready now quickly and start.
 She is waiting for thee, is Silâ my daughter.”

Lachhmî Nârâyan.

“ Take with thee twenty-two hundred nobles :†
 710 That the Râjâ of Siâlkot may know thee ;
 That he may know thee for the Râjâ of Agrohâ.
 And who knows what fate may happen to thee ?

* I.e., they are blotted by eclipses.

† Such apparently fixed numbers as these are not at all uncommon in Indian songs and legends, and do not mean anything more than a vague large quantity.

Tum itnî ab bāt merî bhûl na jâo :
Us Sîlâ bahinâ ko merî jaldî lāo.”

Silâ Dâi kî Mâtâ.

715 “ Bantî ab banâ les, sun lîjo, Sâhûkâr :
Jaisâ tum so ho sake waisâ kîjo kâr.
Kâr karo aisâ, sab kâm banâo.
Is Sîlâ ko âj mere mahilou lāo.

Is purze ko dekh mujhe an na bhâve.

720 Yeh Mohan ab Bhât khayâ hâl sunâve.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Karam rekh mitî nahîn jo likhâ Rabb lâth :

Âo, Mohan Bhât ko, chalen tumhâre sâth.

Chalen tumhâre sâth, re Mohan ; woh Rabb lâj bachâve.

Chalen dwâr ham us Mahitâ ke ; kyâ ham se ban âvo ?

725 Siâlkoṭ ko chaliye, Mohan, Sîlâ jitî pâve :

Is Agrohe bîch phir Dâtâ jîtâ lâve.”

But forget not now these words of mine,
And bring Sîlâ my sister, quickly to me.”

Sîlâ Dâi's Mother.

715 “ Do thou what thou canst, hear, thou Merchant.

Do thy work as well as thou canst.

Do thy work so that it be complete.

And bring Sîlâ to my palace to-day.

Seeing this letter I am unable to take my food.

720 Mohan, the Bard, has told us of her condition.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, which are
written with God's own hand.

Come, Mohan, the Bard, we go with thee.

We go with thee, Mohān ; God will preserve our honor.

We go to Mahitâ's door ; let the result be what it may.*

725 Go to Siâlkoṭ, Mohan, that we may find Sîlâ (yet) alive :

That God may grant her life in Agrohâ here again.”

* *Lit.* What, being done by us, will come ?

- “ Sîlwantî terî mâ sî, sîlwantâ terâ bâp :
 Sîlâ, tujh ko woh kyâ bhalâ kaunsâ pâp ?
 Pâp dahâ tujh ko kaunsâ bhârî ?
 730 Tain khoî kyûn lâj bhalâ âj hamârî ?
 Ab kah dîyc sach hâl jo ke guzrâ sârâ :
 Kyûn jîtî bhartâr bhes rând kâ dhârâ ? ”

Sîlâ Dâî.

- “ Sîlwantî merî mâû sî, sîlwantâ merâ bâp :
 Sîl merâ patyâ lo : satwantî hûn âp.
 735 Sîlwantî hûn âp, Rabb sâkhî merâ.
 Us Râjâ no ân kyâ chhal se pherâ ?
 Jab dekhâ main ne sâmhne se Rîsal âyâ,
 Phir tâko men baith main ne pât dhakâyâ ;
 Woh bolâ phir, ‘ Bahin merî, mundrâ lîjo ’
 740 Main ne us se kabâ, ‘ Mundrâ Sâhûkâr ko dîjo.’ ”

- “ Virtuous was thy mother,* virtuous was thy father.
 Sîlâ, what great evil has come upon thee ?
 What great sin has been charged to thee ?
 730 Why hast wholly destroyed our honor to-day ?
 Tell me now the truth of all that has happened :
 Why hast thou put on a widow's robes while thy
 husband is alive ? ”

Sîlâ Dâî.

- “ My mother was virtuous, virtuous was my father.
 Test my virtue, for virtuous am I.
 735 Virtuous am I and God is my witness.
 The Râjâ came and deceived me.
 When I saw that Rîsal had come before me,
 I was sitting in the window and I shut the shutters.
 Then said he, ‘ My sister, takê my ring.’
 740 And I said to him, ‘ Give the ring to the Merchant (my
 husband).’ ”

* Speaking now to Sîlâ at Siâlkot.

Un ne chalan bār merâ yeh khoṭ nikâlâ :
 Jin chori se mundrâ palang ūpar ḍâlâ.
 Yeh jhūṭhâ dîâ dosh mujhe, dekho, bhârî.
 Is bāt par yûn mâr mâr khâl utârî.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- 745 “ Sîlâ, jhūṭh nâ bolîyo ; jhūṭh pâp kâ mûl.
 Sat jagat meñ amar hai : ant dhûl kî dhûl.
 Ant sabhî dhûl rahe khâk kî dherî.
 Jo sat rahe âj : lâj bach jâe terî.
 Kyâ ? tûṭ gîâ sat ? chûk tum ne khâî ?
 750 Jo guzrâ, wohî hâl kaho, merî jât ! ”

Sîlâ Daî.

“ Bâbal, merî bāt kâ kariyo tû 'âitbâr :
 Sat hâre, pat nâ rahe ! Hai zindagî din châr !
 Zindagî din châr, sat kaisî hârûn ?

And when he was going away he thus deceived me ;
 That he secretly placed the ring on my bed.
 This great and undeserved blame, see, he cast upon me.
 And upon this (my husband) with blows thus cut my
 skin.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- 745 “ Sîlâ, speak no lies : lies are the root of sin.
 Virtue is immortal in the world ; the end of dust is dust.
 The end of all dust is a heap of dust.
 If thy virtue last till to-day, thy honor will be saved.
 What ? Hast lost thy virtue ? Hast forgotten thyself ?
 750 Tell me all that has passed, my daughter ! ”

Sîlâ Daî.

“ Father, believe the truth of my story.
 If virtue be lost, honor remains not. Life is (but) for a
 few* days.
 Life is (but) for a few days, how shall I (then) ruin my
 virtue ?

* *Lit.* For four days.

- Jo jāti lāj wohîn jān ko dārûn !
 755 Main paidâ ik bâr hûi bind se tere :
 Tû dâl agin bîch, dekh sat ko mere !”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “Ik araj sun lo merâ, Sâhûkâr ke lâl !
 Mahitâ, tain nê kyâ kâ ? yeh Silâ kâ hâl !
 Silâ kâ hâl tain ne kyûn banâyâ ?
 760 Kyâ totâ ghar bîch tere mâl kâ âyâ
 Main ne Silâ dîe tujh ko ! kyâ pâp kamâyâ ?
 Tain bândî se hâl pare us kâ banâyâ !
 Kyûn, Mahitâ, manh phertâ ? Agrohâ nahîn dîr :
 Silâ tujh ko biyâh dîe, to yûn hî merâ kasûr.
 765 Merâ kasûr dîe mâl ke toṛe :
 Main bândî dîn laundî, asbâb karore.

- When my virtue goes then lay I down my life !
 755 I was born once from thy body.*
 Put me through the fire and prove my virtue !”

Harbhaj Sâh.†

- “Hear a word of mine, thou Merchant's son !
 Mahitâ, what hast thou done, that this is Silâ's condition ?
 Why hast brought Silâ to this pass ?
 760 What harm has happened to the goods in thy house ?
 I gave thee Silâ ! And what sin have I done (by that) ?
 Thou hast brought her to a condition worse than a
 slave's !
 Why turn thy face (from me), Mahitâ ? Agrohâ is not far.
 Silâ I gave to thee in marriage : that was my mistake.
 765 It was my mistake that I gave thee a platter of goods.
 I gave thee maids and slaves, and millions' worth of
 goods.

* Allusion to the belief in the transmigration of souls. She means to say that she was honored by being in *one* life born the daughter of the great merchant.

† Addressing Mahitâ.

Main ne Silā ke bāgh tujhen rakhā mālī :
Tain ne dīnā ujār, banā pet kâ pālī !”

Mahitā.

- “ Bāgh dīe Silā Daf : dīe māl kī dher :
770 Us bāgh main mālī : kyā kare jahān āth pahar rahe sher ?
Ath pahar sherā hai bāgh men āve :
Woh mālī phir bāgh men kyūn jān gainwāve ?
Thā sat kâ 'aitbār mere dil par bhārā :
Is tiryā ke hāth janam ham ne hārā !”

Harbhaj Sāh.

- 775 “ Binā 'aib Kartār hai, sun, Mahitā Sāhākār :
Aur 'aib sab ke lagā, jitnā hai sansār.
Jitnā sansār nahīn 'aib se kbālī :
Hai 'aib binā āp woh Rabb-sab kâ Wālī.

I made thee the gardener of Silā's garden :
And thou hast destroyed it, becoming the keeper of thy
own stomach.”*

Mahitā.

- “ Thou gavest the garden of Silā Daf; thou gavest
heaps of goods.
770 I am the gardener of the garden, but what can I do
when a tiger remains in it all day ?†
A tiger has come into the garden (and remains) all day.
Why then should the gardener lose his life in that
garden ?
I had a complete belief in her virtue :
And have ruined my life at the hands of this woman !”

Harbhaj Sāh.

- 775 “ God is without blame, hear Mahitā, thou Merchant :
And blame is on all else in this world.
None in this world is free from blame :
But God Himself, the Master of all, is without blame.

* Looking after thyself.

† *Lit.* During the 8 watches.

- Tâ jāne de, Mahite, mat râṛ barhāve.
780 Jo bîtâ le chhân, wohî kirkil khāve !”

Mahitâ.

- “ Chhâtî dekh lo, chîrke paṛe jigar meñ rādh.
Ghar dar merâ kar dîâ Rîsal ne barbād.
Barbād kiâ mujh ko ; kyâ khoṭ hamârâ ?
Main bhijâ pardes, aise chhal se mârâ.
785 Kiâ naukar ke sâth daghâ, pâp kamâyâ.
Narkî hai wõh janam, dhokâ khâyâ.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ Râjâ, tere nagar meñ aisî haigî rît.
Jân jāe rakh lâj ko, nahîn kartâ partît.
Nahîn âve partît âj ; sun le, Bhâî :
790 Nâ dhartî âsmân tale tek lagâî.
Woh kahtâ yeh jhûṭh bachan, ‘ Sat kâ hârâ :
Merâ tûtâ ’aitbar : kiâ matlab sârâ ! ’ ”

- Let it go, Mahitâ, and make no disturbance.
780 Who sifts too much devours sand !”

Mahitâ.

- See my breast, foul matter hath filled and torn my heart
Rasâltî has destroyed my house.
He has ruined me : and what fault was mine ?
He sent me abroad and deceived me so.
785 He deceived his (faithful) servant and sinned.
In Hell will be his (next) birth, for he has deceived.”

*Harbhaj Sâh.**

- “ Râjâ, thus has it happened in thy city.
Come and save our honor : he (Mahitâ) believes (us) not
He believes us not to-day ; listen, Friend,
790 Nor heaven nor earth supports our honor.
He says an untrue word, ‘ Her (Sîâ’s) virtue is gone :
My faith in her is broken : my life is ruined ! ’ ”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

“ Âo, Harbhaj Sâhjî, lo mere parnâm.
 Barî mihar tum ne karî, âe mere dhâm !
 795 Âe ho dhâm mere, mân badhâe ;
 Agrohe ke Sâh mere dwâre âe.
 Jo kâm mere lâeq ho, aggyâ pâûn :
 Jo kar do ab hukm us se hâl bajâûn.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Kyûn, Râjâ, alak* gai ? kyâ khâe bhûl ?
 800 Mahitâ ke taiñ sîs par dharâ phûl.
 Phûl dharâ Mahitâ ke sir par bhârî.
 Khoî hai lâj taiñ ne âj hamârî.
 Taiñ ne naukar ke sâth barâ julam guzârâ :
 Aur bhijâ pardes taiñ ne chhal se mârâ !”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

“ Come, Sir Merchant Harbhaj, and take my blessing.
 Great kindness hast thou done in coming to my house !
 795 Coming to my house thou hast increased my honor ;
 In that the Merchant of Agrohâ has come to my door.
 Tell me what I can do for thee :
 I will do at once anything thou mayest wish.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Where is thy sense gone, Râjâ ? Why hast forgotten
 thyself ?
 800 That thou didst place the flower (of disgrace) on
 Mahitâ's head.
 Thou hast placed a flower of great (disgrace) on
 Mahitâ's head.
 Thou hast destroyed my honor to-day.
 Thou hast done a great injustice to thy (faithful)
 servant :
 And sending him abroad hast deceived him.”

* For 'aqal.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- 805 "Sunîyo, Harbhaj Sâhij; kariyo merî qabûl.
 Na merî alak* gai, na main khâf bhûl.
 Khâf nahîn bhûl, na kuchh dosh hamârâ :
 Hai Lachhmî Chand lâl jaisâ bachâ tumhârâ.
 Kuchh pâp kî nahîn kâj kîe main ne phere :
 810 Merî Sîlâ hai bahin; bachan sun le mere!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

- "Jo, Râjâ, man mein tere nahîn haigâ kuchh pâp,
 Chal Mahitâ ke sâmhne niyâû chukâû âp.
 Niyâû karo âp; chalo us ke dwâre.
 Jo Sîlâ ke sâth tain ne julam guzâre :
 815 Woh Mahitâ kuchh âj nahîn sunta mere.
 Woh baithâ hai: âp chalo âj sawere."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hukm tumhârâ sir dharâ, nahîn karûn takrâr :

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- 805 "Hear, Sir Merchant Harbhaj: believe thou me.
 My sense has not gone, nor have I forgotten myself.
 I have not forgotten myself, nor am I to blame.
 I am as thy son Lachhmî Chand.
 I did not go (to Sîlâ) and do any sin.
 810 Sîlâ is my sister: hear my words!"

Harbhaj Sâh.

- "If no sin is in thy heart, Râjâ,
 Come to Mahitâ and do justice thyself.
 Do justice thyself; come to his door.
 (As to) the injustice thou hast done to Sîlâ,
 815 Mahitâ will hear nothing from me to-day.
 He is waiting (for us): come thou (then) early to-day."

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Taking thy order upon me, I dispute it not.

* For 'aqal.

Sâth tumhâre main chaluñ us Mahite ke dwâr.

Mahite ke pâs chalo milke sâre :

820 Un dosh dîâ jhûth, barâ julam guzârê.

Main karke man sâf gîâ us ke mandar :

Tum lîje patiyâ mujhe âg ke andar !”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Râjâ ko main le âyâ, Mahitâ, tere bâr :

Dil ke gûdar mitâ le, jo haigâ takrâr.

825 Jo haigâ takrâr gûdar meṭ le sârâ.

Jis bāt pe tain, Mahitâ, yehân julam guzârâ,

Jo Sîlâ kâ khot jachâ man meñ tere ;

To lenâ patiyâ âj âge mere.”

Mahitâ.

“ Chhâtî dèkho, chîrke parî jigar meñ rād :

830 Ghar dar merâ kar dîâ Rîsal ne barbâd.

I go with thee to Mahitâ's door.

Let us all go to Mahitâ together.

820 He has laid undeserved blame (upon Sîlâ) and done
(her) great injustice.

I went to his house with a clear conscience :

Test me in the fire.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Mahitâ, I have brought the Râjâ to thy door.

Blot out the foulness of thy heart; what dispute (there
was) has passed.

825 What dispute and foulness have passed blot them out.

(As to) the matter for which, Mahitâ, thou hast done
injustice (to her) here,

In that suspicion of Sîlâ hath entered thy mind,

Test her to-day (in the fire) before me.”

Mahitâ.

“ See my breast, foul matter hath filled and torn my
heart.

830 Rîsal has destroyed my house.

Barbâd kiâ, ham ko daghâ karke bhârî :
 Aur khoî sab lâj âj bât hamârî.
 In kar dîe barbâd dos ham ko dînâ.
 Ab, jindagî barbâd, burâ lagtâ jînâ !”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- 835 “ Sat bachan tum se kahûn ; kar, Mahitâ, ’aitbâr :
 Sîlâ kâ sat na digâ, sâkhî hai Kartâr.
 Sâkhî Kartâr sat Sîlâ sârchâ :
 Ujal, parwâr barâ, kul kâ achhâ !
 Kuchh pâp kî nahûn kâj mahil dekhâ terâ.
 840 Is bât kâ ’aitbar karo, Mahitâ merâ.”

Mahitâ.

“ Tû apnî sî kar chukâ ; ban âî sab kâr.
 Ab ham setî mat kare jhûthe, Rîsal, râr.
 Kyûn jhûthe takrâr kare ham se, Râjâ ?
 Sab jâne sansâr jaisâ karo kâjâ.

He has ruined me, deceiving me greatly :
 And destroyed my life and honor to-day.
 He has ruined me and brought shame upon me.
 And now, when life is ruined, it is an evil to live !”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- 835 “ I speak to thee truth ; Mahitâ, believe it.
 Sîlâ’s virtue has not fallen, God is witness.
 God is witness that Sîlâ’s virtue is untouched,
 (It is that of) a high and great family and line.
 I saw thy palace without any sinful act.
 840 Believe the truth of this, my (friend) Mahitâ.”

Mahitâ.

“ Thou hast accomplished thy desires : all thy wish is
 done.
 And now create no needless quarrel with me, Rîsal.
 Why create a needless quarrel with me, Râjâ ?
 All the world knows of thy (mode of) action

- 845 Tain khoṭ kiâ, yâr, paran merâ pâlà.
Jâ ! Rabb ke Darbâr terâ muñh ho kâlâ !”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- “ Mahitâ, main tere giâ ; kar lenâ 'aitbar ;
Sîlâ Daï ke mahil meñ nahîn dusrî kâr.
Kâr nahîn pâp kî ; sun, mere bhâi.
850 Woh Sîlâ hai bahin, merî mân kî jâi.
Hai jhûthâ yeh khoṭ jachâ man meñ tere.
Tain lenâ patiyâ : lo abhî, âge mere !”

Mahitâ.

- “ Jaisî karnî tain kare jâne sab sansâr :
Nahîn jagat ke bîch meñ kâmi kâ 'aitbâr.
855 'Aitbâr nahîn kâmi kâ jag meñ bhârî.
Tû khâtâ hai jhûth kasm sau sau bârî.
Main jânon hûn tujh ko : kyûn bât banâve ?
Jaisâ kiâ kâmi, tere âge âve.”

- 845 Thou hast done me evil, friend, breaking thy promise to
me.

Go ! mayest thou be ashamed in the Court of God !”

Râjâ Rasâli.

- “ Mahitâ, I went to thy house : believe me ;
In Sîlâ's palace I had no other (than a good) intent.
I did no sin ; hear my friend.
850 Sîlâ is my sister, my mother's daughter.
This is a false suspicion that is in thy mind.
Test it : test it now in front of me !”

Mahitâ.

- “ As thou what doest all the world knows.
There is no trusting the libertine in this world.
855 There is no great trust in the libertine in the world.
A hundred times thou dost swear false oaths.
I know thee : why try to deceive me ?
As thou hast done, so (is the result of) it before thee !”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Chaupur men tu chatr hai, chalo châl anmol !
 860 Mahitâ, phânsâ phenkke lônâ sat ko tol.
 Sat ko lo tol, kaho mukh se bâñî.
 Tum lônâ pachhân, âp hoge gyânî.
 Jo Sîlâ kâ sat zarâ dekho hârâ,
 Mere, mâro talwar, sîs kar do niârâ !”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- 865 “Apne mukh se tum badho, Mahitâ, ginke dâo.
 Â panchoñ ke bîch men Rabb âp karenge niyâo.
 Ap karen niyâo, wohî Sarjanhârâ.
 Tum phenko, ho hâth bahot paun bârâ.
 Sîlâ ke sat ke yeh kasm ham ne khâî.
 870 Tû hâr jît karke ab dekh le, Bhâî !”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “Thou art clever at *chaupur*, full of tricks untold !
 860 Mahitâ, throw the dice and test her virtue.
 Test her virtue and I tell thee with my lips.
 Take it and test it and know it for thyself.
 If thou find even a little fault in Sîlâ's virtue,
 Strike off my head with a sword !”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- 865 “Mahitâ, fix the throws with thy own lips and count
 the throws (and see).
 God Himself will come and do justice in the ordeal.
 May He do justice Himself, the Creator.
 Make a throw : the ace and twelve will be plenty.*
 I take this oath (the throw) as to Sîlâ's virtue.
 870 Make thou this test (the throw) and see, Friend.”

* *I.e.*, a good throw : see preliminary note.

Mahitā.

- “Sīlā ke haiñ pāñch do, satrāh terā dào :
 Paun bārāñ haigī merī : phānsā liā uthāo.
 Phānsā nachkārī āge āve.
 Ab jhūthī kyūñ bātāñ ko phir chalāve ?
 875 Phānsā dīe phenk, bachāñ ham ne māñfī.
 Qudrat ke khel parē tīnoñ kāñfī.”

Harbhaj Sāh.

- “Sīlā, sat ko yād kar le, le phānsā hāth.
 Jo terā sat sach rahā, to parō pāñch do sāt.
 Sāt parē, āñ rahē lāj tumhārī.
 880 Hai phāñse ke hāth āj bāt hamārī.
 Phānsā le hāth, Nārāñkār māñāve :
 Jo sachā hai sīl tere āge āve.”

Mahitā.

- “ For Sīlā the five and two ; for thee seventeen ;
 For me the ace and twelve : take up the dice.
 The dice shall decide the truth.
 Why invent untruths now ?
 875 I throw the dice and accept the challenge.
 It is the will of God which way the three dice fall ! ”

Harbhaj Sāh.

- “ Sīlā, remember thy virtue, taking the dice in thy
 hand.
 If thy virtue be true, then throw ‘ the five and two’s
 seven.’
 If the seven fall, thy honor will be established.
 880 Our life to-day is the power of the dice.
 Take the dice in thy hand and call on God.*
 If thy virtue be true it will come out.”

* *Lit.* The formless one.

Silâ Dai kâ Do'â.

- “ Merî sahâi kîjo, Trilokî ke Nâth :
 Phânsâ satke dâo se paṛo pânch do sât !
 885 Sât paṛo, ân âj sat par mere !
 Ab hâr jît hâth dîe Rabb ne tere !
 Is sañkat ke bîch mere jân bachâo !
 Tum phânsâ ke hâth merâ niyâo chukâo !”

Râjâ Rasâlî.

- “ Silâ kâ sat amar hai, paṛe pânch do sât !
 890 Gurû Gorakh kâ nâm le, lûn phânsâ main hâth.
 Phânsâ lûn hâth, paṛo ân aṭhârâ !
 Yeh dhartî asmân khaiâ sat se sârâ !
 Kyâ, Mahitâ Sâhûkâr, tujhe âyâ supnâ ?
 Tû phânsâ le phenk dâo kahke apnâ.”

Silâ Dai's Prayer.

- “ Protect thou me, Lord of the Universe :
 May my throw of the dice be ‘ the five and two’s
 seven !’
 885 Fall the seven and prove my virtue to-day !
 God hath given the game into your hands (my dice) !
 Save my life in the midst of this distress !
 Do thou (O God) justice to me through the dice !”

Râjâ Rasâlî.

- “ Silâ's virtue is immortal, (for her) ‘ the five and two’s
 seven,’ has fallen.
 890 Taking the name of Gurû Gorakhnâth I take the dice in
 my hand.
 I take the dice in my hand, and the eighteen falls !
 The whole heaven and earth are supported by truth !
 What has been thy dream, Mahitâ, thou Merchant ?
 Throw thou the dice making thy own game.”

Mahitâ.

- 895 " Pauñ bārān haiṅge mere ! jo merâ dào !
 Phānsâ ke kuchh pat nahīn : main dekhâ us kâ niyâo.
 Phānsâ kâ niyâo nahīn, chhal hai bbārī.
 Yehān bare bare pīr baithe us pe kārī.
 Is bāt kâ 'aitbār nahīn mujh ko âyâ :
 900 Yeh Râjâ chhalbâj rachī chhal kī mâyâ ! "

Harbhaj Sâh.

- " Jhūṭhī bātān mat kaho, dil se kaho bichâr.
 Kisi tarah, Mahitâ, tujhe âve bhī 'aitbâr ?
 Âve 'aitbâr tujhe kaise, Bhâî ?
 Ab phānsâ kâ hâl kâho sach batâe !
 905 Tû līje patiyâe, matī der lagâve :
 Jis bāt se 'aitbâr tujhe, Mahitâ, âve."

Mahitâ.

- " Tel karhâi dâl do, big karo tayyâr :
 Us men Sîlâ nahâ le jab âve 'aitbâr.

Mahitâ.

- 895 "The ace and twelve are mine ! the game I made !
 There is no confidence in the dice ; I know his (the
 Râjâ's style of) justice.
 There is no justice in the dice, but great deceit.
 Many great saints protect his game here.
 I have no faith at all in this matter.
 900 This artful Râjâ has played a delusive trick ! "

Harbhaj Sâh.

- "Speak not untruths ; tell us the ideas in thy heart.
 In what way, Mahitâ, will belief come (home) to thee ?
 How will belief come (home) to the Friend ?
 Tell the truth now about the fall of the dice !
 905 Propose a test without making any delay :
 In that way which will give thee confidence, Mahitâ."

Mahitâ.

- " Put oil into a caldron, get it ready quickly.
 Let Sîlâ bathe in it and I will believe.

- Âve 'aitbâr zarâ mere man ko :
 910 Pahunchî nahîn ânch zarâ us ke tan ko.
 Jo karnâ yeh kârn matî der lagâo.
 Ab jhuthî kyûn bâton ko pair chalâo ?”

Sîlâ Dâl.

- “ Mahitâ kâ kahnâ karo, mat lagâo der :
 Dharo karhâî tel kî, aur kârn kar pher.
 915 Pher karo kârn, big tel mangâo.
 Karhâî men dâlkar, phir ânch lagâo.
 Jab ho jâve tel garam kah do ham se :
 Le Sîlâ âp nahae, male apne tan se.”

Mahitâ.

- “ Tel karhâî dâlke de do jaldî ânch :
 920 Dhak dhak bhañhî kare jaise pakke kânch.
 Jaise pakke kânch aisî bhañhî bâlî.
 Phir dûr dûr pahunchî us ânch kî lâlî.

- Then will a little confidence be in my mind,
 910 If no particle of fire touch her body.
 If you will do this delay not.
 Why stick to untruths now ?”

Sîlâ Dâl.

- “ Do as Mahitâ says, and delay not.
 Put the oil into the caldron and do what there is to do.*
 915 Do what there is to do : send for the oil at once.
 Put it into the caldron and light the fire.
 Let me know when the oil is heated :
 And let Sîlâ bathe herself and rub it on her body.”

Mahitâ.†

- “ Put in the oil and quickly light the fire.
 920 Let the furnace blaze, as when glass is made.
 As when glass is made so heat the furnace.
 And let the blaze of the fire spread afar.

* I. e., heat it.

† To his herald.

- Sab pāp miṭe apne, yeh dīl meñ thāno :
 Tum kar do tayyār ; kahā merā māno.
 925 Jab lāl hove tel, dekh us ko jāke :
 Phir Sīlā se hukm karo nahāe āke.”

Chobdār.

- “Mahitā ānkhoñ kholke dekho us kā hāl.
 Agin jale, lohā tape, tel hūā hai lāl.
 Tel hūā lāl ; dekh, Mahitā piārā.
 930 Tum dīl kā bhar pūr karo matlab sārā.
 Tum rakhīyo Bhagwān yād, Īs manāo.
 Jo sachā hai sīl, matī der lagāo !”

Sīlā Daī Kā Do'ā.

“Merē sahāī kījīye ab, Trilokī ke Nāth !
 Khamb chīr Pahlād ko āp lagāyā sāth !

All my doubts will (then) be blotted out, keep this in
 thy mind.

Get it ready and hearken to my words.

- 925 And when the oil is red-hot go and see it (for thyself),
 And then tell Sīlā to come and bathe in it.”

Herañ.

- “Mahitā, see its (the caldron's) state with thy own eyes.
 The fire blazes, the iron is hot and the oil is red-hot.
 The oil is red-hot ; see, Mahitā, my beloved (master).
 930 Do thou now fully all that is in thy mind..
 Remember thou God, and call on the Lord.
 If her virtue be true, make no delay !”

Sīlā Daī's Prayer.

“Protect thou me now, Lord of the Universe !
 Bursting the column thou didst save Pahlāda ! *

* In allusion to the story of Pahlāda in the *Vishnu Purāna*. Pahlāda praised Vishnu to his father, the atheistic Daitya Hiranyakaśipu, whereon his father enraged asked him if Vishnu, being everywhere, was in the pillar near him. Pahlāda replied that he was; his father said 'then I will kill him' and drew his sword to strike the pillar. On this Vishnu, in his man-lion (*nṛsiṅha*) *avatāra*, came out of the pillar and slew him.

- 935 Tain râkhî hai lâj kare Gâj kî sahâî !
 Aur Draupatî kî chîr sabhâ bîch bharâî !
 Narsî kî kâj kare big sanwârî !
 Is jalî agin bîch lâj rakhîyo hamârî !
 Tulsî kî mâlâ phir hâth uṭhâî :
 940 Sîlâ le nahâe : nahîn surkhî âî !”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“Karm likhâ Kartâr ne, karm sake hai bânch !
 Mahitâ, ab tû dekh le, nahîn sách ko ânch !

- 935 Protecting the Elephant*, thou didst preserve his honor !
 And didst increase (the length of) Draupadî's† garment
 in the midst of the assembly !
 And quickly didst Narsî's‡ work (for him) !
 Preserve now my honor in the midst of this blazing
 furnace !
 I take my garland of *tulsî* beads§ in my hands :
 940 And Sîlâ bathes and no wound comes (to her) !”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“God hath written our fate ; one can read his fate !
 Mahitâ, look now : truth cannot be injured.

* Apparent reference to the stories connected with the birth of Ganeśa, the Elephant-headed god, in the *Brahmāvaivarta Purāna* and in the *Bhāgavata Purāna*.

† Reference to the well-known tale in the *Mahābhārata* where Yudishṭhira in gambling with Duryodhana stakes and loses himself, his family and his wife Draupatî. Duhśāsana, Duryodhana's brother then seizes Draupatî and begins to tear off her clothes on the ground that being now a slave she could not object. Kṛishṇa, who was present, however, lengthened her garment as fast as it was rolled off.

‡ Narsî was a Nāgar Brāhman of Junāgarh and one of the Bhagats. The allusion here is to a very popular song about him in which he gives a *hundî* (cheque) on Sāwal Shâh (Kṛishṇa) to two pilgrims en route from Mathurâ to Dwârkâ, which was cashed on arrival by Kṛishṇa in the form Sāwal Shâh, a banker, who did not exist in the flesh.

§ As a protection : the *tulsî* plant, sweet basil, *ocimum sacrum*, is considered sacred everywhere.

- Nahîn sách ko ânch, re Mahitâ, jâne sab sansârâ.
 Sat kî Sîlâ âp bane hai, us kâ Sarjan-hârâ !
 945 Jhûthâ dos lagâke, taiñ ne kyûñ Sîlâ ko mârâ ?
 Jo Lachhmî Chand ab sunte woh khove jheřâ thârâ !”

Mahitâ.

- “ Mantar ko yeh zor hai ! tel hûâ hai mand !
 Yeh Gorakh kâ chelkâ, kîâ ka: âhâ thâñđ !
 Thañđâ dîâ mantar se tej agan ko :
 950 Is wâste nahîn ânch lagî is ke tan ko.
 Yeh jâdû se Râjâ sab kâm banâve :
 Is wâste 'aitbâr nahîn mujh ko âve.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ Sûe kusambhâ pahir le, bahur kâro singâr.
 Sat tere kâ â gîâ ham sab ko 'aitbâr.
 955 Sab ko 'aitbâr tere sat kâ âyâ.

Truth cannot be injured, Mahitâ, as all the world
 knows.

- Sîlâ's virtue is established, (it is) her saviour !
 945 Putting undeserved blame on her why hast beaten
 Sîlâ ?
 If Lachhmî Chand hears it he will destroy thee ?”

Mahitâ.

- “ This was by force of some charm ! the oil was cooled !
 He (the Râjâ) is a disciple of Gorakhnâth and cooled
 the caldron (by charms).
 He cooled the blazing fire by charms.
 950 This is why no fire touched her body.
 The Râjâ did all this by sorcery :
 And this is why I have no faith in it.”

*Harbhaj Sâh.**

- “ Put on thy red dress † and fasten on thy jewels.
 We all have faith in thy virtue.
 955 We all have faith in thy virtue.

* To Sîlâ.

† As a married woman.

Jo honî thî ho gai, rahî Rabb kî mâyâ.
 Tum, Silâ, singâr karo abran sâro :-
 Is jhagre ko dûr karo gardan mâro."

Silâ Daî.

960 "Yeh dhang merâ kar diâ, kyâ merî taqsîr ?
 Tû jannî mâtâ merî, yeh Mahitâ merâ bîr.
 Mahitâ hai bîr merâ âj dharm kâ.
 Jo likhâ Taqdîr miṭe nâhîn karam kâ.
 Ab dekh liâ mujh ko dâl tel ke andar :
 Mat der kare, Bâbal ; chal apne mandar !"

BAYÂN DUSRE BHÂṬ KÂ.

Silâ Daî.

965 "Bâbal, rath jutwâe de, ab mat kîje der :
 Main bhojan yehân na karûn, hogî barî âber :
 Hogî barî âber, karo chalne kî tayyârî.

What was to be has been ; it is a mystery of God.
 Silâ, put on thy jewels and dress.
 Put off this trouble afar and destroy it."

*Silâ Daî.**

960 "He has treated me thus : and what was my fault ?
 Thou art my bearing mother ; this Mahitâ is my brother.
 Mahitâ is my sworn brother† from to-day.
 What God hath written in fate cannot be blotted out.
 He (Mahitâ) has tried me in the fire.
 Delay not, my father and let us go to our home."

CONTINUATION ACCORDING TO THE SECOND BARD.

Silâ Daî.

965 "Father, put the bullocks into the carriage, make no
 delay now.
 I cannot eat (even) my food here and we shall be very
 late.
 We shall be very late, make ready quickly.

* To her mother and father.

† After this Silâ could no longer be his *wife* becoming his *sister*.
 Is not this idea Muhammadan ?

Na thairûn pal ik ; kahî main man kî sârî.
 Merî mâtâ pàs mujhe, Bâbal, le jâo :
 970 Bâr bâr main kahûn, zarâ mat der lagâo.”

Mahitâ.

“ Chîrâ utârûn zarr^â kâ. gal jâma chotâr :
 Kaun same bichhran ? kyâ hamre prân adhâr ? ”

Ragnî.

“ Prân lîe jât hai Sîlâ :
 Prabhû ! Taiñ kyâ rachî lîlâ ?
 975 Chuṭâ merâ an jal pînâ.
 Binâ Sîlâ nahîn jînâ.
 Nahîn jânûn thâ yeh hogî :
 Banûn chalke abhî jogî ! ”

Harbhaj Sâh

“ Rudan karo Mahitâ, matî : mat nâ khoṭye jân.

I will not tarry a moment ; I have said all my say.
 Take me to my Mother, Father.
 970 Again and again I say, make no delay.”

Mahitâ.

“ I will pull off my gold-shot turban and robes from
 my body.
 Is this a time for parting ? Shall my life be empty ? ”

Song.

“ Sîlâ is taking my life.
 O God ! what wonders hast thou done ?
 975 I cannot take my food and drink (any more).
 I cannot live without Sîlâ.
 I did not know that this would happen.
 I will go now and turn myself into a *jogî*.* ”

Harbhaj Sâh.

“ Weep not, Mahitâ ; ruin not thy life.

* Religious mendicant.

Silā Daī.

“Rīsāl, tū jug jug jāyo ! Baso nāgār gulzār !
Ab tere sut hovegā sundar Rājkanwār !”

Rāgnī.

- 1005 “Putr hogā tere, Rājā.
Bajeñ chhattīs thān bājā.
Nagar ānand ho bhārī,
Sābhī gāveñ jo nar nārī.
Nām Randhīr to rakhīye.
1010 Bachan hirde meñ to likhīye.
Yeh hī asīs hai mahārī,
Kareñ chalne kī ham tayyārī !”

Harbhaj Sāh.

“‘Rām, Rām,’ lījo mere, ai Nirp, chatr sujān !
Sat Silā kā āñke rākhā Srī Bhagwān !”

Silā Daī.

“O Rīsāl, live for ever ! may thy city be prosperous !
And may thou have a son, beautiful and princely !”

Song.

- 1005 “Thou shalt have a son, Rājā.
And the music shall be played in 36 places : *
Thy city shall be very happy,
When all the men and women rejoice.
Name him Randhīr. †
1010 Write my words in thy heart.
This is my blessing,
(While) we make ready to go !”

Harbhaj Sāh.

“Take my adieus, O wise and clever Rājā !
The Holy God came and preserved Silā's virtue !”

* In a large realm.

† This gives us a name for a son of Rasālū. I have not seen it elsewhere. As a large number of the chief families of the Panjāb and the Panjāb Himālayas claim descent from Sālivāhan and Rasālū, it is probable from the presence of the name here that some of them claim it through this Randhīr.

Ragnī.

- 1015 “ Sīl sat Rām ne rakh lāyā,
 Hūā man kā mere chāyā.
 Unhoi se daur thī mahārī.
 Bāt sun, Rāojī, mahārī.
 Wohī Trīlok ka Sāmī.
 1020 Bane rahe tere rajdhānī ! ”

Jab tayyārī sāh ne karī, sab ko sīs niwāe.
 Lajjā rākhī Rām ne ; lenā rath jutwāe.
 Lenā rath jutwāe sāh ne Sīlā big biṭhāī.
 Hāth joṛ kahe ‘ Rām, Rām,’ phir Ganpat Deo manāe.

Song.

- 1015 “ God preserved Sīlā’s virtue,
 And the desire of my heart was fulfilled.
 My trust was in Him (Rām).
 Sir king, hear my words.
 He is the Lord of the Universe.
 1020 May thy kingdom flourish ! ”

When the merchant (Harbhaj) made ready he bowed
 his head to all.*
 God had preserved his honor ; he put the bullocks into
 the carriage.
 Putting the bullocks into the carriage, the merchant
 quickly seated Sīlā in it.
 With joined hands he bade adieu and did homage to
 Ganpat Deo.†

* Rangāchār, the Brāhman, who appears in the Legend of Gurū Guggā as Guggā’s family priest is here introduced to speak many of the narrative portions of this piece when it is played as a drama. He has no other connection with it. This is one of his speeches.

† The Elephant God Gaṇeśa worshipped always at the commencement of a journey.

- 1025 Agrohê ke ho liê rîstâ, lambâ kûnch karâc.
Phir Mahitâ kare rudan chalâ jogî se 'araz lugâc.

Muktâl.

Mahitâ.

“Bidhî kî hai gat niârî!

Soch mujh ko hûî bhârî.

Karam rekh balwân,

- 1030 Nahîñ tartî hai târî!”

“Hâth jor âge karhâ, mukh se kahûñ âdes.

Kirpâ karo, Gur Deojî; do jogî kâ bhes.

Do jogî kâ bhes, Nâthjî; kânõñ mundrâ pào.

Main jogî hone âyâ hûñ, zarâ der mat lâo.

- 1035 Tan ke bastar utâr lo, mere ang bhît ramâo.

Jog bhekh dîjo, Mahârâjâ; hamre prân bachâo.”

- 1025 They took the road to Agrohâ, making a long march of it.
And then Mahitâ weeping went and besought a *jogî*.

*Refrain.**

Mahitâ.†

“This is the wondrous work of Fate!

Great is my sorrow!

Powerful is the line of Fate,

- 1030 And tarries not for putting off!”

“I stand before thee with joined hands, and make
salutation with my lips.

Have mercy, my holy Gurû: put on me the *jogî's* dress.

Put on me the *jogî's* dress, my Lord; put the (*jogî's*)
rings into my ears.

I am come (to thee) to be a *jogî*, delay not at all.

- 1035 Take the clothes off my body, rub ashes on my body.

Give me dress of a *jogî*, Mahârâjâ,‡ and save my life.”

* The *muktâl* is a piece of four short lines of the nature of a chorus or refrain.

† To the *Jogî*.

‡ Common form of address towards *jogîs*.

Muktâl.

1040 Âp, Gur, kirpâ kîjo :
 'Araz mere sun lîjo :
 Chîro mere kân ;
 Jog kâ râstâ dîjo !

Jogî.

"Jâ, landî ke ! Bhâg jâ ! tû kyâ jâne jog !
 Jo dhâre hai jog ko, tiyâg shakal man bhog.
 Tiyâg shakal man bhog : kaṭhan hai jag meñ jog
 dahelâ !
 Pânchoñ mâr, pachîs tiyâg de : jab jogî kâ chelâ.
 1045 Sab parwâr tiyâg kaiwar, to jag meñ rahe akelâ.
 Baṛâ bikât khânde kî dhârâ ! yeh mat jân suhelâ !"

Refrain.

"Gurû, have thou mercy :
 Here my petition.
 Pierce my ears.
 1040 Show me the way of saintship !"

Jogî.

"Go, thou son of a cur ! Be off ! what dost thou know
 of saintship !
 Who takes the saintship, renounces all the desires of
 his heart.
 Renounces all the desires of his heart : the saintship is
 hard and difficult in the world !
 Put off the five (desires) and the twenty-five (lusts) :
 then canst thou be a *jogî's* disciple.
 1045 Renouncing thy whole family and sons, live alone in
 the world.
 The point of a sword is a very difficult thing (to rest on)
 Imagine not this (saintship) to be easy !"

Muktâl.

1050 " Bachâ, ghar ko jâo !
 Kâheko mund mundâo ?
 Barâ kathan hai panth,
 Nahîn sukh is meñ pao !"

Mahitâ.

" Pitâ, mât, kul, nâr, sab main ne kare nirâs.
 Ab ichhâ nâ bhog kî, jog karan kî âs.
 Jog karan kî âs, Nâth; main man meñ yehî bichârâ.
 Jog bhekh lene ko âyâ, tiyâg shakal nar nârî.
 1055 Silâ, sîl, shakal gun sâgar, so thî jân hamârî :
 Us nagar meñ jâûn, Nâthjî, banke âj bikhârî."

Jogî.

" Pânchoñ indarî bas karo; mân madan lo mâr.

Refrain.

1050 " My son, go home.
 Why shave thy head.
 The road is very difficult.
 And no comfort to be found in it !"

Mahitâ.

" I have put away father, mother, family, wife and all.
 I have no desire for pleasure now; my hope is to
 become a *jogî*.
 My hope is to be a *jogî*, my Lord: this is the longing of
 my heart.
 I came to put on the dress of a *jogî*, renouncing all the
 world.
 1055 Silâ, the paragon (ocean) of all virtue and goodness was
 my life :
 I will go to her home, my Lord, to-day dressed up as a
 mendicant."

Jogî.

" Renounce the five senses : destroy desire and lust.

- Tan trishnâ jog kî mitê, jab jâ jog upâr.
 Jab jâ jog upâr, gyân se pânchoñ dūr haṭâo.
 1060 Kâm krodh ko bas kar rakho, dugdhâ, piyâr, ghaṭâo
 Kaṭhan dhâr khânḍe kî, bachâ, jog jis ko batâo.
 Are Shâh* ke, jâ ghar apne : kis kâ jog kamâo ? ”

Mahitâ.

- “ Jog bhekh lene âyâ, tajkar sabhî kales.
 Jab sat, sîl, santokh ko lagê na mâyâ les.
 1065 Lagî na mâyâ les, tumhen kahtâ samjhâke :
 Jog bhekh main karûn, Nâthjî, man chit lâke.
 Man chit, budh, hankâr âyâ hûn dūr haṭâke.
 Chîro mere kân, jog kâ mantar sunâke ! ”

- Blot out the lust of the world from thy heart, and then
 put on the saintship.
 Put on the saintship and by knowledge (unto salvation)
 put off afar the five (senses).
 1060 Put away anger and lust and (so) lessen thy pain, my
 friend.
 The point of the sword is sharp, my son, which the
 saintship presents.
 O thou son of the Merchant, go to thy own home : what
 will the saintship profit thee ? ”

Mahitâ.

- “ I came for the *jogî's* dress, leaving all my cares.
 And then no part of illusion will belong to virtue, honor
 and contentment.
 1065 No part of illusion will belong to them, as I tell thee.
 I will put on the *jogî's* form, my Lord, with all my
 heart and soul.
 Putting off my wisdom and knowledge from my heart
 I am come.
 Bore my ears and tell me the charm of the saintship ! ”

* For *Sâh*.

Jogî.

- “Mahâ bikat yeh jog hai ; khande kî sî dhâr.
 1070 Chûk gîâ so rah gayâ, bin chûkî woh pâr !
 Bin chûkî woh pâr ; re Bachâ, jān-khatan faqîrî.
 Bhûkan bashan sabhî tiyâgoge, chhut jā shakal amîrî.
 Man ânand nahî rahne kâ, sadâ rahe dilgîrî.
 Kathan jog sadhne kâ nâhîn : jāo gharon dhar dhîrî.”

Mahitâ.

- 1075 “Ab dhîraj man men dharûn tere charan kâ dhyân.
 Der na kîje, Nâthjî ; chîro mere kân.
 Chîro mere kân, âj tum darshan pâo.
 Lenâ âyâ jog, mujhe tum kyâ bharmâo ?
 Hâth joṅkar kahûn, zarâ mat der lagâo.
 1080 Gyân tath kî phûnk kân mere men pâo.”

Jogî.

- “Very difficult is the saintship, as the edge of a sword.
 1070 Who fails remains behind. who fails not gets across.
 Who fails not gets across ; my son, know the saintship
 to be difficult.
 In hunger forego thy food, give up all the appearance of
 nobility.
 No pleasure for the mind, ever remaining distressed.
 Thou canst not bear the difficult saintship : go and
 take thy ease at home.”

Mahitâ.

- 1075 “I will take courage in my heart, worshipping at thy
 feet.
 Make no delay, my Lord : bore my ears.
 Bore my ears, show me thyself to-day.
 I must become a *jogî*, why dost disappoint me ?
 With joined hands I say, make no delay.
 1080 Blow true knowledge into my ears.”

Jogī.

- “ Main tujh ko samjhātā, karo gyān kī rīt.
 Jā, ghar apnā baiṭh raho : chhor jog se prīt.
 Chhor jog se prīt : jān le, Alakh purakh, Abināsī,
 Brahmā wohī, Bishṇ wohī, hai wohī rūp Kailāsī!
 1085 Ghar ko jāo : jog nā lenā ; sun, Mahitā biswāsī !
 Chhin men mahiloni prān taje terī Sil Kanwārī dāsī !”

Mahitā.

- “ Dāsī kā da'wa tajā : ho gae nipat nirās :
 Jab Sīlā ne ham taje, āe tumhāre pās.
 Āe tumhāre pās, Nāthjī, jog bhek lenā yehān se :
 1090 Ham ko tyāg gac bābal ke Sīl Kanwar hamrī dāsī.
 Kyā* tū bhek jog kā de de ; nāhīn, prān tajūn ban menī.

Jogī.

- “ I tell thee, consider knowledge well.
 Go sit in thy home : give up the desire for the saintship.
 Give up the desire for the saintship : know him, the Im-
 mortal, the Imperishable :
 Brahmā is he, Bishṇ† is he, Kailās‡ is his form.
 1085 Go home : thou canst not take the saintship : hear thou
 foolish Mahitā !
 Thy wife, the Lady Sīlā will give up her life at once in
 the palace (if thou become a jogī.)”

Mahitā.

- “ I have given up my claim to my wife : I have no hope
 of her for ever.
 When Sīlā deserted me, I came to thee.
 I came to thee, my Lord, to put on the jogī's dress here.
 1090 My wife, the Lady Sīlā, has left me for her father's house.
 Either you give me the jogī's dress or I destroy my life
 in the forest.

* Kyā = yā.

† Vishṇu.

‡ Śiva.

Jab se bhicharî prân, piârî : bhâe lage mere tan men.”

Kard uthâi nâth ne, kar Gorakh kâ dhyân.

Jogî.

“ Â, bachâ ; yehân baith jâ : chîrûn tere kân.

1095 Chîrûn tere kân.”

Jabhî kanon men phûnk lagâi.

Kân chîrke mundarân gerî, ang bhabhût ramâi.

Jogî.

“ Gur kâ bachan mân le ; Bachâ, tujhe yeh hî samjhâi!

Alakh jagâke, bhichâ lão : jog suphal ho jâe !”

“ Jog bhek lekar chale, âng bhabhût ramâe :

When my life was ruined : fire (misery) entered my
body.”

The *jogî* took up his knife, calling on Gorakhnâth.

Jogî.

“ Come my son ; sit down here : I will bore thy ears.

1095 I will bore thy ears.”

Then he blew into his ears.

Bored his ears, put in the rings and rubbed ashes on his
body.

Jogî.

“ Hear the Gurû's words : my son, I teach thee this !

Call out ‘*alakh*’* and beg food, and may thy saintship
prosper !”

He put on the *jogî's* dress and went, and rubbed ashes
on his body.†

* “ The imperishable name : ” the cry of mendicants begging.

† He thus became what is generally known as a *kanphattâ faqîr*, or ear-pierced mendicant. They are followers of Gorakhnâth, and are under a vow of silence. Nothing will make them speak as I know from experience.

- 1100 Agrohe ke bāgh meñ dene alakh jagâe.
Dene alakh jagâc bāgh meñ bistar lâyâ.
Baith rahâ yeh akant sawâl kisî se nahîn pâyâ.
Alakh Purakh kâ dhyân hirde bich lagâyâ."

Mahitâ.

"Tû hai pûran Brahm ; Terî pâi nahîn mâyâ !"

Mâlan.

- 1105 " Bhojan kîje ; ânke mainî lâc Mahârâj :
Pahile bhojan kîjîye, phir karo kuchh kâj.
Phir karo kâj ; mere sun prîtan prân piârî.
Do rotî aur sâg shâm ke khâtir lâc tumhâre.
Chhoro charas, thâm do kûân, kârij ho jâ thâre :
1110 Bhojan karo ; der mat kîjo ; mâno bachan hamâre."

- 1100 And going into the garden (of Sîlâ's father) at Agrohâ
he called out '*alakh*'.
Calling out '*alakh*', he spread his bed in the garden.
He sat alone and spoke to no one :
Meditating on the Immortal in his heart.

*Mahitâ.**

"Thou art the true Brahmâ: Thy wonders are not
fathomed !"

Gardener's Wife.†

- 1105 "Take the food I have brought thee, Mahârâj.
First take the food and then do something (for us).
Then do something (for us): hear, thou husband, beloved
of my life.
Two loaves and a relish have I brought thee for thy
supper.
Let go the bucket, stop the (working of the) well, and
stay thy work.
1110 Take thy food without delay: hear my words."

* Addressing the Deity.

† To her husband working in the garden at Agrohâ.

Mâlî.

- “Khûb kâ yeh kâm, taiñ bhojan kâ tayyâr :
 Lâ, Mâlan, bhojan karûn; chho; dîâ sab kâr.
 Chho; dîâ sab kâr, piârî, bhojan ham ko lîo.
 Ik darvesh bâgh meñ utarâ : jâkar darshan pâu.
 1115 Ik rotî ham ko de, Mâlan, ik us pe le jâo.
 Sidh purus ko bhojan deke pâs hamâre ào.”

Mâlan.

- “Hâth jor bintî karûn, Jogîjî Mahârâj ;
 Bhojan kijîye, Nâthjî, lâe tumharî kâj.
 Lâe tumharî kâj, Nâthjî, charnon sîs niwâûn.
 1120 Bhojan karo baiñh, Mahârâjâ, jal jhârî bhar lâûn.
 Mere kanth ne ðukm dîâ hai, tumhare tahl bajâûn.
 Âp kaho so hî karûn, Nathjî : ðukm âp kâ châûn.”

Gardener.

- “Thou hast well done, getting ready my food.
 Let me take my food, my (gardener's) wife : I have
 given up all the work.
 I have given up all the work, my beloved, bring me my
 food.
 A holy man has come into the garden, go and visit him.
 1115 Give me one loaf, my (gardener's) wife, and take one to
 him.
 Give the food to the holy man and come back to me.”

Gardener's Wife.

- “With joined hands I beseech thee, Sir Jogî, Mahârâj ;
 Take the food, my Lord, I have brought for thee.
 I have brought it for thee, my Lord, and lay my head
 at thy feet.
 1120 Sit and eat the food, Mahârâjâ, and I will bring thee
 water in a pitcher.
 My husband ordered me to do thy service.
 I will do as thou sayest, my Lord : I desire thy orders.”

Mahitā.

- “Khûb kîâ bhojan lâe, man meñ âp bichâr.
 Sun, Mâlan, Kartâr kî mâyâ apram pâr.
 1125 Mâyâ apram pâr jagat meñ, nahîn kisî ko pât.
 Sab se pît banî thî hamrî, jab Sîlâ parnât.
 Munshî aur dîwân raheñ the mere thal ke mâhîn.
 Har gat param pâr, Mâlinî, bâsî bhojan lâe.”

Mâlan.

- “Kis pe bheji tain, piyâ ? kaisâ woh darvesh ?
 1130 Mahitâ baithâ bâgh meñ kar jogî kâ bhes !
 Kar jogî kâ bhes Kanwar ne tan meñ khâk ramâi ;

Mahitâ.

- “Thou hast done well to bring me food, considering me
 in thy mind.
 Listen, thou Gardener's Wife, the wondrous works of
 God are unfathomable.
 1125 His wonders in the world are unfathomable, and none
 hath fathomed them.
 I was friendly with every one when I was betrothed to
 Sîlâ.
 Clerks and officers lived in my house.
 The works of Hari,* thou gardener's wife, are won-
 derful, that now thou bringest me stale food.”

Gardener's Wife.

- “To whom didst thou send me, my husband ? what sort
 of monk was he ?
 1130 It is Mahitâ that sits in the garden dressed up as a *jogî* !
 Dressed up as a *jogî*, my Lord has put ashes on his
 body.

* God ; Vishnu.

Sir par dhâe jatâ ; kân meñ mundrâ pâl!
 Ho gîâ mahil andher, kânwar jogî ban âyâ !
 Tan man kî na hos bâgh meñ bistar lâyâ !”

Mâlî.

- 1135 “Tû tiryâ kamzât hai ! nek dhare nâ dhîr !
 Woh to Mahitâ shâh thâ : kaise banâ faqîr ?
 Kaise banâ faqîr, bâwarî ? Tû tiryâ mat hînî !
 Sât karorî hai woh Mahitâ : yeh hai bât nâ honî !
 Aisî kotâl kaṭor nâr ! tain jhûṭh bât kah denî !
 1140 Aise Mahitâ ko kahe jogî ; ‘aṭal tere kin chhînî ?”

Mûlan.

“‘Aṭal hamârî nâ gaî : jhûṭh bât mat jân.
 Mahitâ jogî ho gayâ : kahâ hamârâ mân.

He has tied (his hair in) a knot on his head, and put rings into his ears.

The palace has become dark ! Because its lord has become a *jogî*.

Bringing his bed into the garden he has ‘case for his body or mind !”

Gardener.

- 1135 “Thou art a wanton woman ! Thou art confused !
 Mahitâ was a merchant, how can he have become a *faqîr* ?
 How can he have become a *faqîr*, thou fool ? Thou woman without sense !
 Mahitâ is (a man) of seven *karors* * and this cannot be !
 Thou art a wicked wanton woman to tell such lies !
 1140 Call such as Mahitâ a *jogî* ? thou hast lost thy senses !”

Gardener's Wife.

“I have not lost my senses : think my words no lies.
 Mahitâ has become a *jogî* : listen to what I say.

* *I.e.*, worth Rupees 70,000,000

Kahâ hamârâ mân, piyâ ; main Sîl Kañwar pai jâtûn.
Mahitâ jogî hone kî jâkar khabar sunâûn.

- 1145 Binâ kahe main nâ hañne kî ; piyâ, tujhe samjhâûn.
Sârâ hâl sunâ Sîlâ ko pîchhe bhojan khâûn."

Soche hî mâlan bañî ho man men dilgîr.

Mâlan.

" He Bhâve, tû kyâ karî ? "

Bahe nain se nîr.

Bahe nain se nîr : rudan kar umang rahî hai chaltî.

- 1150 Nikas bâgh se chaltî mahil ko Sîl Kañwar pe âtî.
Tap tap ânsû pañe nain se, na mukh barnî jâtî.

Mâlan.

" Piyâ tumhare pañe bâgh men, kyûn nahîn darshan
pâtî ? "

Hear my words, my husband : I will go to the Lady
Sîlâ.

I will go and tell her of Mahitâ's becoming a *jogî*.

- 1145 I will not return without telling her : I tell thee, my
husband.

I will tell Sîlâ all about it and then I will eat my food."

And thinking it over, the gardener's wife was very sor-
rowful in her heart.

Gardener's Wife.

" O Fate, what hast thou done ? "

Tears fell from her eyes.

Tears fell from her eyes : very sorrowfully went she on.

- 1150 Coming out of the garden she went to Sîlâ's palace.
Drop, drop fell the tears from her eyes, nor could she
speak with her lips.

Gardener's Wife.

" Thy husband is in the garden, why dost thou not visit
him ? "

Sîlâ Daî.

- “He Mâlan, sachî kaho : kyûn man kîâ udâs ?
 Kyûn nainon jal châ rahâ ? kaho hamâre pàs.
 1155 Kaho hamâre pàs : rudan kartî kyûn âî ?
 Kyâ kuchh hûâ bigâr mujhe de sâch batâe.
 Kyâ kin biptâ kahâ ? tere ko denî gârî ?
 So mujh se tain kaho, matî kar soch bichârî !”

Mâlan.

- “Sîl Kañwar, main kyâ kahûn ? dhare nahîn man dhîr !
 1160 Woh to Mahitâ Shâh kâ baiṭhâ banâ faqîr.
 Baiṭhâ banâ faqîr dekhke us ko âî.
 Kyâ mukh setî kahûn ? dekh tan hûâ saudâî.
 Tumhare pati lâ jog : kaun gat hûî tumhârî ?
 Yeh mujh ko afsos baṛâ : sun, Sîl Kañwârî :

Sîlâ Daî.

- “Thou Gardener's Wife, speak the truth : why art so sad
 in thy heart ?
 Why fill thine eyes with tears ? Come and tell me.
 1155 Come and tell me : why art so sorrowful ?
 Has anything been wrong with thee ? Tell me the
 truth.
 Has any one said anything harmful, giving thee abuse ?
 Tell it me and be not so grieved and sorrowful !”

Gardener's Wife.

- “My Lady Sîlâ, what shall I say ? I have no joy in my
 heart !
 1160 Mahitâ the Merchant's son sits in the garden having
 become a *faqîr*.
 Sits there a *faqîr* ; seeing him I am come.
 What shall I say with my lips ? when I saw him my
 body was all full of grief.
 Thy husband has taken the saintship : what misery is
 thine ?
 Great is this my sorrow : listen, my Lady Sîlâ.

1165 Bālī 'umar nādān Prabhū ne kyā gat kīnī ?
Is 'umar ke bīch tujhe biptā yeh dīnī !”

Sīlā Daī.

“ Ai Mālan, tain ā ābhī burī sunāe ān !
Tan men bāqī nā rahī : nīkasī jāt hain prān.”

Rāgnī.

1170 “ Prān jātī abhī merī,
Bāchan, Mālan, jo sun tere.
Bidhī, tain kaun gat kīnī ?
Bipat aisī mujhe dīnī !
Nahīn jānūn thī yeh hogī :
Āyā pītam jo ban jogī.
1175 Sahelī dīe lageñ ta'nā !
Tyāg an jal dīā khānā !
Soch mujh ko hūī bhārī.
Bipat aisī mujhe dārī !”

1165 What grief hath God given thee in thy early and inexperienced youth ?
At such an age has He brought thee to misfortune !”

Sīlā Daī.

“ O Gardener's Wife, sad things hast thou told me !
In my body (life) remains not : my life departs.”

Song.

1170 “ My life goes now,
When I hear thy words, thou Gardener's Wife !
O Fate, what misery hast thou wrought ?
Giving me such sorrow !
I did not know it would be thus :
That my husband would come (to me as) a jogī.
1175 My maids blame me !
I give up food and drink !
Great is my sorrow :
That thou (Fate) has brought me such grief !”

Silâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

- “Sîl Kañwar betî, suno : kyûn man meñ dilgîr ?
 1180 Kyûn bhojan kartî nahîn ? bahe nain se nîr ?
 Bahe nain se nîr ? Thâl kyûn pare, rî, bagâyâ ?
 Sach batâo bhed, nahîn kyûn bhojan khâyâ ?
 Kyûn terâ badan malîn phirî ? mukh pe zard âî !
 Kyâ kin ne dînî gûl ? mujhe de sach batâe.
 1185 Do main khâl-utâr, jîb dîngî katwâe.
 Nâ rakhûn pal ik ; turt us ko marwâe.”

Silâ Daî.

“ Ai Mâtâ, tum se kahûn, lagî badan meñ âg.
 Shâh kâ jogî ho gayâ, âyâ tumhare bâgh.
 Âyâ tumhâre bâgh : tumheñ main pîr sunâî.

Silâ Daî's Mother.

- “Lady Silâ, my daughter, hear : why is thy heart
 sorrowful ?
 1180 Why dost thou not eat ? (why) fall tears from thy
 eyes ?
 Fall tears from thy eyes ? O why send thy plate away ?
 Tell me the truth, or else how can I eat my food ?
 Why dost wander with wizened form ? why is thy face
 pale ?
 Has any one abused thee ? Tell me the truth.
 1185 I will severely beat him ; * I will have his tongue cut out :
 Nor will I delay a moment : I will have him slain at
 once.”

Silâ Daî.

“ O mother, I tell thee, my body is aflame.
 The merchant (my husband) has become a *jogî*, and has
 come into thy garden.
 Has come into thy garden ! (and now) have I told thee
 my grief.

* *Lit.* Flay his skin.

- 1190 Kânon mundrâ pâe, âng bhabhût ramâi.
 Jab se chhoṛe patî phir darshan nahîn pâyâ.
 Mere kâran kanth âp jogî ban âyâ.
 Yûn denâ bhojan tyâg : suno, tum mât hamârî ;
 Us kâ adhat biyog, nîr nainon se jârî.”

Sîlâ Dai kî Mâtâ.

- 1195 “Sîl Kaiwâr betî, suno : karo soch ko dûr.
 Mahitâ ko ab mahil men lâo âj zarûr.
 Lâo âj zarûr ; soch taj, Sîl Kaiwârî.
 Man men râkho dhîr, mere prânon kî piârî.
 Un bâghon men jâe âj Mahitâ ko lâo.
 1200 Yeh sârâ ranwâs usî kî thal bajâo.”

Sîlâ Dai.

“ Mâtâ, birkham tum bano, main samjhâûn tûe
 Jo tû lâve mahil men jagat hânsâi hûe.

- 1190 Putting rings into his ears, he has rubbed ashes on his
 body.
 Since I left my husband I have not seen him again.
 My husband has become a *jogî* for my sake.
 So do I give up my food : listen, thou mother mine :
 For the grievous separation from him do tears fall from
 my eyes.”

Sîlâ Dai's Mother.

- 1195 “ Lady Sîlâ, my daughter, hear : put away thy sorrow
 afar.
 Thou wilt surely bring Mahitâ to thy palace to-day.
 Wilt surely bring him to-day : put away thy sorrow, my
 Lady Sîlâ.
 Have patience in thy heart, thou delight of my life.
 Go into the garden and fetch Mahitâ here to-day.
 1200 The whole household shall do him service.”

Sîlâ Dai.

“ Mother, bring thou my husband : I tell thee.
 If thou bring him to the palace the world will jeer.

- Jagat haisâi hâe, samajh tujh ko nahîn âve.
 Kal kahe, 'ai bîr'; âj mahilon meñ lâve!
 1205 Jo honî so hûi : soch kyâ kije, Mâi ?
 Chupke hoke baith kare, mat jagat haisâe!"

Silâ Dai kî Mâtâ.

- "Pachrang orho chûnrî, kar solâh singâr :
 Sil Kanwâr beî, jâo dekhan bâgh bahâr.
 Dekhan bâgh bahâr sâth lo sabhî, rî, sahelî.
 1210 Gâo mangalchâr, matî na jâo akelî.
 Un bâghou meñ-jâe, khabar pîtam kî lâo.
 Jo dekho kuchh bêt ânke mujhe, rî, sunâo."

Mâtâ ke mâne bachan, ho man meñ ânand,
 Sab sakhîon meñ saj rahî, jûn târon meñ chand.

- The world will jeer : dost thou not understand ?
 Yesterday I called him "brother," to-day I bring him
 into my palace !
 1205 What was to be has been : why dost grieve, mother ?
 Do thou remain silent, that the world may not laugh
 at us ! "

Silâ Dai's Mother.

- "Put on thy robe of five colours and thy sixteen orna-
 ments :
 Lady Silâ, my daughter, go and see the beauty of the
 garden.
 Go and see the beauty of the garden with all thy maids.
 1210 Sing songs of rejoicing and go not alone.
 Go to the garden and learn about thy husband.
 And come and tell me all that thou mayest see."

She obeyed her mother's word and was pleased in her
 heart,
 Resplendent among all her maids. as the moon among
 the stars.

- 1215 Jûn târon meñ chand chalan kî jab jân karî tayyarî.
 Sabhî sahelî sang bîch meñ ho lí Sîl Kaiwârî,
 Âi bâgh ke bîch ; dekh man meñ Mahitâ sochâ bhârî.

Mahitâ.

“Karm rekh nâ miṭe, bhañwar to gayâ chhor de
 sârî.”

Muktâl.

- 1220 “Bidhî kî haigî gat niyârî:
 Karm rekh balwân, nahîn tartî târî !”

Pahilî Sakhî.

“Ham tere sanmukh kharî sabhî sakhî, Mahârâj :
 Kyûn mukh se nahîn bolte ? karo kaun kî lâj ?
 Karo kaun kî lâj ? bachan mukh bol sunâo.
 Uṭho hamâre sang Kaiñwar mahilon meñ âo.

- 1215 (Shining) as the moon among the stars she made pre-
 parations (to go).
 The Lady Sîlâ in the midst of all her maids
 Came into the garden, and Mahitâ seeing them was
 very grieved in his heart.

Mahitâ.

“The lines of Fate cannot be blotted out, and my soul
 flies away leaving all (my body).”

Refrain.

- 1220 “Wondrous is the work of Fate :
 Strong is the line of Fate, and waits not for putting
 off.”

First Maid.

“All we maidens stand before thee, Mahârâj.
 Why dost thou not speak ? whom dost thou fear ?
 Whom dost thou fear ? speak a word with thy lips.
 Get up and come with us into my Lord’s palace.

- 1225 Hâth joṛke kahûn, nain ke palak uṭhâo.
Dirg kholo, Mahârâj; dahî kî pîṛ bhujâo."

Dusri Sakhî.

- Bolo, Mahitâ Shâh ke, sundar bachan anûp !
Sab bâlâ beâkul hûi dekh tumhârâ rûp !
Dekh tumhâra rûp, Shâh ke, âj ân birhe ne gherî,
1230 Ham dâsî kharî pâs tumhâre shakal charnan cherî,
Kis kâran, Mahârâj, batâ de, badan terâ jo kum lâyâ ?
Hâth joṛke kahûn bâr bâr, nâ mukh se kuchh farmâyâ !

Pahilî Sakhî.

- "Ai Sîlâ, tum hî kaho pîtam ko samjhâe :
Ham setî bole nahûn, âp gîâ sarmâe.
1235 Âp gîâ sarmâe, tum hîn kaho, prân piârî.
Bolegâ tum sang ; kahegâ man kî sârî.

- 1225 With joined hands I beseech thee, lift up thine eyelids.
Open thine eyes, Mahârâj, and ease the pain from our
bodies."

Second Maid.

- "Speak, Mahitâ, thou Merchant's son, some sweet and
pleasing words.
All the household,* seeing thy beauty, are disturbed.
Seeing thy beauty, thou Merchant's son, the pain of
separation (from thee) hath possessed them.
1230 All we maids are standing before thee to do thee service.
Tell us, Mahârâj, why thy body is so emaciated ?
With joined hands we ask again and again and thou dost
say nothing !"

First Maid.

- "O Sîlâ, speak to thy husband thyself.
He will not speak to us, but is ashamed.
1235 He has become ashamed ; do thou speak, beloved of our
lives.
He will speak to thee and tell thee all his heart's (desire).

* I.e., the female part of it.

Púchho man kī bāt : jog tap kyûn dhârî !
Mukh se bolâ nahîn, hûâ dukh bahot apârî."

Sîlâ Daî.

- 1240 "Sunîyo merî bintî, pîtam prân adhâr !
'Araz karûn, dâsî kharî, gal bich pallû dâr :
Gal bich pallû dâr ; Kanth, sun 'araz hamârî.
Mukh bolo, Mahârâj ; khatâ tum bakhsho sâri.
Kyûn hûâ badan malîn phire ? mukh par zard âi ?
Hâth jor kar kahân : bol mukh, sir ke Sâin !"
- 1245 "Pîtam hamre chal base, sūnî rah gae khor :
Bâlupan ke bich meñ gañ muhabbat tor !

Ask him his heart's (desire) : why he has taken on the
saintship and penance.

He would not speak with his lips, and pained us in-
finitely."

Sîlâ Daî.

- 1240 "Hear my prayer O husband best beloved !
I, thy slave standing (here), beseech thee, with garment
round my neck*
With garment round my neck, husband hear my prayer.
Speak with thy lips, Mahârâj : forgive all my fault.
Why is thy body so emaciated ? why is thy face so pale ?
With joined hands I pray thee, speak with thy lips, thou
Lord of my head !"
- 1245 "My husband has departed and left his body empty. †
Our loves have been torn (asunder) in the midst of my
youth !

* I.e., dressed so as to honor the person supplicated : to be very
humble.

† Speaking now to her maid.

Gaī muḥabbat tor; piyâ mere ho gae jangal ke bāsī.
 Bâlepan ke bîch, sahelī, kyâ Kartâ ne main tarâsī ?
 Mere kâran jog bhes lâ, kân bîch mundrâ dâlī.”

1250 “ Kahân chale ho chhor āj, Sîl Kaiwar sî taj nârī ?
 Kis ne lâ târ, patī, yeh kân tumhâre kî motī ?
 Kahân giâ chirâ, gulbâgâ, shakhal bashan, resham dhotī ?
 Beâkul bahī yeh nâr kahe, kharī Sîl Kaiwar tumhârī dâsī !
 Ik bar mukh se bol, piyâ; nahîn, prân tajûngī main
 yehân se.”

1255 “ Ai Prabhû Dînânâth, tû sunīye merī pukâr !
 Kanth yogan main kharī, kahân gae bhartâr ?”

Our loves have been torn (asunder) : my husband has
 gone to inhabit the deserts.*

My maid, what has God done to me in the midst of my
 youth !

For my sake he put on a *jogī's* dress, and put the rings
 in his ears.”

1250 “ Whither hast gone to-day leaving thy wife, the Lady
 Silâ ? †

Who tore out the pearls from thy ears, husband ? ‡

Where is thy fine turban. all the beautiful robes for thy
 body and thy silken loin-cloth ?

The Lady Silâ; thy slave, stands here : with bewildered
 mind (body) she cries.

Speak one word with thy lips, my husband : or I will
 destroy my life here.”

1255 “ O God, the Lord of Slaves, hear thou my prayer !
 I stand here bereft of my husband : where has my hus-
 band gone ?”

* *I.e.*, has died: the Hindus are always taken into the *jangal*, away
 from inhabited spots for burning.

† Speaking now to her husband.

‡ Most native merchants of the Baniyâ caste wear pearls in their ears.

Râgni.

- 1260 “ Gae bhartâr ban jogî.
Piâ bin kaun gat hogî ?
Prabhû, main kyâ khatâ kînî ?
Bipat aisî mujhe dînî !
Mere paṭ rakhîye, Sâmi !
Bhagat bachhal Garuṭ gâmi.
Sakhî, bâbal pe tum jâo :
Der pal kî matî lâo.
- 1265 Kaho mâṭâ pe tum jâ, rî :
Chitâ kî sab karo tayyârî.”

“ Chandan big mangâe lo : mat man karo udâs.
Satî hûn, kosal rachûn, chalûn piyâ ke pâs.
Chalûn piyâ ke pâs, sakhî, main tum ko 'araz sunâûn.

Song.

- 1260 “ My husband became a *jogî*,
What will happen to me without a husband ?
What sin have I committed, O God ?
That thou hast given me this pain !
O Lord, preserve my honor :
Protector of the Saints and rider on Garuḍa.*
My maid, go to my father.
Delay not a moment.
- 1265 O go thou to my mother
And get ready all the funeral pyre.”†

“ Get the sandal-wood‡ quickly: sorrow not in thy heart.

I am *sati*, I make my pyre and go to my husband.
I go to my husband, my maid, I tell thee.

* *I.e.*, Vishnu.

† *I.e.*, her husband being now dead she intended to become *sati* and burn with him.

‡ For the pyre.

1270 Sab sâmagrî lîo mahil se, Râm Nâm gun gâûrî
Ab jîne kâ nâ phal merâ, tum ko yeh samjhâûn.
Atal suhâg milegâ mujh ko, piyâ milan ko jâûn."

Sun Silâ kî bāt ko bāndî hū̄ udās.
Chalî rudan kar mahil ko, âî Harbhaj Shâh ke pās.
1275 Âî Harbhaj Shâh ke pās rudan ke nainon meñ jal chhâyâ.

Bāndî.

"Woh to Mahitâ jogî hoke bâgh tere meñ âyâ.
Nâ tan meñ prân bhairwar Baikunth Lok ko dhâyâ.
Us ke sang prân taje, Silâ ghî chandan mangwâyâ!"

Sun bāndî kî bāt ko ho man meñ dilgîr.
1280 Jân meñ bāqî nâ rahî, bahe nain se nîr.
Bahe nain se nîr.

1270 Get all the necessaries (for the pyre) from the palace,
sing the Holy Name of God.

I have no profit in living now, I tell thee.
A very wifhood shall I obtain when I go to meet my
husband."

Hearing Silâ's words the maid was sorrowful.
She went weeping to the palace and came to Harbhaj
Sâh.

1275 Came to Harbhaj Sâh weeping, and tears filled her eyes.

Maid.

"Mahitâ came as a *jogî* into thy garden.
No life was in his body and his soul has fled to Heaven.
Giving up her life with his has Silâ asked for sandal-
wood."

Hearing the maid's words he sorrowed in his heart.
1280 No (pleasure) remained in his body, tears fell from his
eyes.
Tears fell from his eyes.

Harbhaj Sáh.

“Bidhí, tain yeh kyâ bát bichârí ?
Ai Bhagwân, ân sukh mâîn dîâ mujhe dukh bhârí !”

Ân bâgh meñ dekh Sîl ko kûk Shâh ne mârî.
Karam rekh balwân kisî se na tartî hai târî.

Harbhaj Sáh.

- 1285 “Sîl Kaiwar betî, suno : kîâ chit kyûn dhang ?
Chalo mahil ke bîch meñ, chhor piyâ kâ sang.
Chhor piyâ kâ sang, Lâdlî, âp chale mahilon mâhîn.
Pun dân kar sîl badhâo : yeh hî bát main samjhâî.
Is Mahite ke âp nâm kâ sadâ birt lagwâo yehân se.
1290 Us Mahite ke râkho sîl, us ke âpar tap karnâjâo Kânshî.”

Harbhaj Sáh.

“O Fate, what is this that thou hast
resolved on ?
O God, thou hast given me grief in my joy !”

Coming into the garden and seeing Sîlâ, the Merchant
cried out.

The lines of Fate are strong and wait not for any's
putting off.

*Harbhaj Sáh.**

- 1285 “My daughter, Lady Sîlâ, hear : why is thine heart
dejected ?
Leave thy husband and come into the palace.
Leave thy husband, my darling, and come into the palace.
Practice good works and charity and virtue : this is what
I tell thee.
Make a (religious) endowment for ever in Mahitâ's name
here.
1290 Keep thyself virtuous for Mahitâ's sake, go and do a
penance at Kâsî (Banâras) for his benefit.”

* He here attempts to dissuade Sîlâ from becoming *sattî*, as he was
bound by custom to do.

Silâ Dâl.

- “ Us Brahmâ ne jo-rachî, wohî bhogue bhog.
 Jag meñ apnâ hai nahûn, nadî nâm sanjog.
 Nadî nâm sanjog, Pitajî, dîâ dukh so hî sahnâ.
 Mât pitâ ne janam dîâ hai, phir qismat kâ lahnâ.
 1295 Jo kuchh dîâ Brahmâ ne kis ke âge kahnâ ?
 Jis bidh râkh Râm, Pitâjî, us tarah se rahnâ.
 Mat barje, Bâbal, mujhe ; kyûn letâ sar pâp ?
 Jaun haṭâvegâ mujhe dîngî us se srâp.
 Dîngî us se srâp, satî se jaun haṭâve.
 1300 Kitne hî jug hûe mujhe wohî bar pâve.
 Ab kangnâ bandhwâe baithke sîs ghundhâûn.
 Kar solâh singâr piyâ milne ko jâûn.
-

Silâ Dâl.

- “ What God hath ordained, that must be done.
 None are thine own (true friends) in the world ; all
 friendship is temporary.
 All friendship is temporary, my Father: we must bear
 the pain that is given us.
 Father and mother give us birth, and then we must
 submit to fate.
 1295 Who can complain of what is ordained of God ?
 As God keeps us, my Father, so must we remain.
 Forbid me not, father : why take sin upon thy head ?
 Who prevents me (from being *sati*) him will I curse.
 Him will I curse who prevents me from becoming *sati*.
 1300 For many ages will I obtain the same husband.*
 Now will I have the marriage bracelet tied on, and my
 hair dressed.
 And putting on all my sixteen ornaments I will go to
 my husband.
-

* *I.e.*, by becoming *sati* : allusion to the belief in the transmigration of souls.

- Kyûn karte ho der ? chitâ kî karo tayyârî.
 Piyâ milan kê châo mere man meñ hai bhârî.
 1305 Tum chandan mangwâe sabhî sâmagrî lîo.
 Hâth jorke kahûn mujhe piyâ pâs pahunchâo.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ Sîl Kaiwar beñî, suno ; mat nâ karo biyog.
 Yehân apnâ kô hai nahîn, nadî nâm sanjog.
 Nadî nâm sanjog, Lâdlî, mat man ko bharkâve.
 1310 Râm Nâm hirde meñ râkho, mat nâ bharam gañwâve.
 Jalkar chhâî badan kî ho jâ, hâth nahîn kuchh âve.
 Karnî kare mile bâlam pai ; bin karnî nahîn pâve.”

Sîlâ Daî.

- “ Ai mere gyânî pitâ, khûb dîâ updes.
 Jin kê sachâ sîl pai lage na mâyâ les.

- Why do you delay ? Get ready the pyre.
 Very great is my longing to go to my husband.
 1305 Send for the sandal-wood and bring all the necessaries.
 With joined hands I beseech thee to bring me to my
 husband.”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “Lady Sîlâ, my daughter, hear : go not away (from us).
 We have no (real friend) here, friendship is transitory.
 Friendship is transitory, my darling : ruin not thy heart.
 1310 Keep the name of God in thy heart and lose not thy
 fair fame.
 By burning thy body will become ashes and will profit
 thee nothing.
 Thou wilt meet thy husband (in the next world) by good
 deeds : without good deeds thou wilt not obtain
 him.”

Sîlâ Daî.

- “ Ah, my wise father, good is thy advice.
 No part of illusion belongs to her whose virtue is real.

- 1315 Lage na mâyâ les, sîl jin kê hai pûrâ.
 Piyâ milan ko jâe koî jag meñ sûrâ.
 Piyâ binâ nahîñ jîwan; jîvêñ pî bin nahîñ hoe;
 Jâûñ piyâ ke pâs, mujhe barjo nâ koe.
 Dîje chitâ banâc, karo mat pal kî derî.
 1320 Piyâ milan kê chât, majîl khoṭî ho merî."

Harbhaj Sâh.

- "Hirde gyân apne karo, mâyâ matî bisâr.
 Yeh lî satî kê rûp hai; sunîye, Sîl Kaiwâr.
 Sunîye, Sîl Kaiwârî betî; samajh soch le man meñ.
 Pun dân kar sîl badhâo, bâbal ke angan meñ.
 1325 Aisâ dukh hûâ hai tujh ko â karke bâlepan meñ.
 Hon satî chhoṛo, ab, Betî, tere lî saran maini."

- 1315 No part of illusion belongs to her whose virtue is complete.
 Some noble (women) there are who go to meet their husbands.
 Without my husband I will not live: without my husband I cannot live.
 I will go to my husband; let none prevent me.
 Get ready the pyre; delay not a moment.
 1320 I desire to go to my husband, though the way be hard to me."

Harbhaj Sâh.

- "Keep knowledge in thy heart, forget not (that these are) illusions.
 For such is the nature of *sati*: listen, Lady Sîlâ.
 Listen, Lady Sîlâ, my daughter: think and consider it in thy mind.
 Do good works and charity and virtue in thy father's house.
 1325 Such grief hath come to thee in thy early youth!
 Give up becoming *sati* now, my daughter, I beseech thee."

Silā Daī.

- “ Bābal, derī mat kare, kahūn tumheñ kar jor.
 Ab mere lag gañ piyā milan se dor.
 Piyā milan se dor : mujhe ab kyā samjhāve ?
 1330 Kyūn le hai sar pāp ? hāth tere kyā āve ?
 Pī ke sang thī prān ; kaho, ab kaun bachāve ?
 Satī hon se mujhe koī mat āj hatāve ! ”

Harbhaj Sāh.

- “ Taiñ mahārī mānī nahīn, bahot rahe samjhāe :
 Ai Beṭī, terī khushī piyā milan ko jāe.
 1335 Piyā milan ko jāe : abhī chandan kī chitā banāūn.
 Sab sāmagrī dharī chitā meñ, terā hukm bajāūn.
 Uṛ gīā hañs, rahī hai kāyā ; kis ko gyān sunāūn ?
 Tā to surg sidhārī, Beṭī, Rām Nām to lāūn ! ”

Silā Daī.

- “ Father, delay not, I pray thee with joined hands.
 A longing is upon me to meet my husband.
 A longing to meet my husband : why press me now ?
 1330 Why take sin upon thy head ? It will not profit thee.
 My life was with my husband : tell me, who can save
 me now ?
 Prevent me not from becoming *sati* to-day ! ”

Harbhaj Sāh.

- “ Thou wilt not hear me, though I greatly press thee.
 Ah, daughter, thy pleasure is to meet thy husband.
 1335 To meet thy husband : I will get ready the sandal-wood
 pyre at once.
 All the necessaries are placed on the pyre ; I obey thy
 order.
 The soul has fled : (it is but) the body (that) remains :
 to what shall I teach knowledge ?
 Thou art gone to Heaven, daughter, I call on the name
 of God ! ”

Rājā Rasālū.

- “ Ai Sūhe, tu chatr hai ; jāne chāron Bed.
 1340 Ab Mahitā, kah de, kahān ? yeh hī batāve bhed.
 Yeh hī batā de bhed : kahān hai Mahitā prān piyārā ?
 Usī jaga ham prān tajenge : yeh hai nem hamārā.
 Kaun makān gā hai Mahitā ? Hamen batā de sārā.
 Yehī bāt batlā de, Sūhe ; tere hāth guzārā.”

Totā.

- 1345 “ Ai Rājā Rīsal, suno ; dharo idhar ko dhyān.
 Us Agrohe nagar māt taj de jāe prān !
 Taj de jāe prān, Rāojī ; sun le bāt hamārī.
 Bāgh bīch men us Mahite kī jal gāī Sīlā piārī.
 Bāgh bīch men un donon kī chitā banī hai bhārī.
 1350 Shāh Harbhaj mahilon se āyā le sāmagrī sārī.”

*Rājā Rasālū.**

- “ My parrot, thou art wise : knowing the four *Vedas*.
 1340 Tell me where is Mahitā now ? Tell me the secret.
 Tell me the secret : where is Mahitā my heart's beloved ?
 In the same place will give up my life : † this is my vow.
 Where has Mahitā gone ? Tell me all about it.
 Tell me this, my parrot ; it will come from thee.”

Parrot.

- 1345 “ O Rājā Rasālū, hear : give thy attention here.
 He has given up his life in Agrohā City !
 He has given up his life, Sir King : listen to my words.
 Mahitā's beloved Sīlā has burnt herself in the garden.
 A large pyre is erected to them both in the garden.
 1350 Harbhaj Sāh is come from the palace with all the neces-
 saries.”

* Change of scene.

† Live and die with him.

Rájá Rasálu.

“ Ab hamrá ná jîûná ; hot dharam kí hân.
 Ik dinâ, ik tithî ke the us ke hamre prân !
 The us ke hamre prân, piârî ; ab talke kahân jânâ ?
 Honhâr to ho gaî, Sâhe ; ab kyâ jân chhapânâ ?
 1355 Ab Mahite ke mare pichhârî merâ nahîn thikânâ.
 Mahârî us kí ik bât thî : tain na bhed pachhânâ ! ”

“ Âgnî matî lagâyo, isî chitâ men âj.
 Âyâ Garh Rîsâl se main jalne kí kâj.
 Main jalne kí kâj nem Mahitâ sang merâ.
 1360 Kyâ rahâ jag ke bîch dharam jo apná hârâ ?
 Yeh man uthe tarang bhasham tan ko kar dâltûn.
 Nâ jîûn pal ik, us ke sang sidhârûn. ”

Rájá Rasálu.

“ I will live no longer now : my honor is lost.
 My and his (Mahitâ's) lives were of one day and one
 moment !
 (So) were his and my lives, my beloved : where shall
 I go now ?
 What was to have been has been, my parrot : why hide
 my life now* ?
 1355 There is no hope for me after Mahitâ's death.
 His and my fate were one : thou dost not understand ! ”

“ Light not the fire† in this pyre to-day.
 I am come from Risâlgarh to burn (on the pyre).
 I have a vow to burn with Mahitâ.
 1360 What remains in the world when one's honor is lost ?
 Great is the desire of my heart to make ashes of my
 body.
 I will live no longer but will depart with him. ”

* Why live any longer ?

† Scene changes again and Rasálu is now at Agrohâ speaking to Harbhaj Sâh.

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ Ai Râjâ, mat nâ jale karo, parjâ kî pâl !
 Kaun chîz kâ dukh tumheñ ? suniye, Râo Risâl.
 1365 Suniye, Râo Risâl, tere bin sab ra'iyat dukh pâve.
 Is Mahite ke sang, Râojî, kyûn tû prân gainwâve ?
 Aisâ balî nahîn koî, Râjâ, tere sâmhne âve.
 Kaun bāt pe jalo, Rasâlû ? kyûn nâ bhed batâve ? ”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “ Shâh Harbhaj, tum se kahûn; man meñ karo bichâr.
 1370 Merâ us kâ kâl thâ, ik thithî ik bâr.
 Ik thithî, ik bâr bîch meñ merâ us kâ marnâ.
 Merâ us kâ yeh hî dharam thâ; ab pîchhe kyâ karnâ ?
 Lâkh kaho main nâ hatne kâ : usî chitâ meñ jalnâ.
 Koî gharî meñ âj jale, ham ab Mahite se milnâ ! ”

Harbhaj Sâh.

- “ O Râjâ, protector of thy subjects, burn not thyself !
 What is troubling thee ? Listen, King Rasâlû.
 1365 Listen, King Rasâlû, without thee thy subjects will
 suffer trouble.
 Why give up thy life, Sir King, with Mahitâ ?
 None should have such power over thee, Râjâ.
 What dost burn for, Râjâ ? why not tell me ? ”

Râjâ Rasâlû.

- “ Harbhaj Sâh, I tell thee : think it over in thy mind.
 1370 His and my life were of one moment and one time.
 His and my death are of one moment and one time.
 This was his and my honor : after him what can I do ?
 Speak for ever but I will not turn back : I will burn on
 the same pyre.
 Burn us some time to-day, I will meet Mahitâ now. ”

Totâ.

- 1375 "Aji Nâth, sun lijye, karo ik tadbîr.
Nâth, tumhâre bâr men taj dûn âj sarîr.
Taj dûn âj sarîr, Nâthjî; ab jîwan kyâ mcrâ?
Râo Rasâlû gîa maran ko, terâ charan kâ cherâ.*
Agrohe men jalan glâ hai, us se kâl ne gherâ.
- 1380 Chalo hamâre sang, Nâthjî; karo idhar ko pherâ."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- "Are bachâ, mat nâ jale, dharo idhar ko dhyân.
Chalo sang, ham bhî chalon; bhale karen Bhagwân.
Bhale karen Bhagwân, re bachâ; man men râkho dhîrâ.
Nahîn maregâ Râo Rasâlû; mat nâ taje sarîrâ.
- 1385 Ik Nâm se dhyân lagâo: sadâ bhajo Raghbîrâ.
'Honhâr hattî nâ,' sohî kah gae Dâs Kabîrâ."

Parrot.†

- 1375 "Sir Saint, hear me, make some plan.
At thy door, my Lord, I will give up my body to-day.
I will give up my body, Sir Saint: why should I live
longer?
Râjâ Rasâlû, the disciple at thy feet, has gone to die.
He has gone to burn at Agrohâ; death is on him.
- 1380 Come with me, Sir Saint: let us journey thither."

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- "My son, burn not: turn thy attention here.
Come with me, let us go together: God will bless us.
God will bless us, my son: have patience in thy heart.
Râjâ Rasâlû will not die: (so) give not up thy body.
- 1385 Worship the One Name (of God): call always on
Raghbîr.‡
'What is to be is not put off,' so saith Kabîr.§

* For *cheld*. † Prays to Gorakhnâth. ‡ Râma, i.e., God.
§ The great mediæval reformer, whose writings and sayings still form the principal beliefs of the modern illiterate Aryan Indians. He flourished in the time of the Emperor Sikandar Shâh Lodî, A. D. 1488-1512.

Totâ.

- “ Woh to baithâ chitâ meñ, merâ badan gâ sũkh.
 Phir jâke kyâ karoge, de holî se phũũkh.
 De holî se phũũkh khabar le ; kyũn mujh ko tarsâve ?
 1390 Chalo hamâre sang, Nâthjî, hamre prân bachâve.
 Jîwan kâ phal jab hai merû, jo Râjâ mil jâve.
 Aj marũngâ tere bâr meñ, jo nâ use jiâve.”

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- “ Chal, bachâ, ab chalat haiñ lenî nâdh uthâe.”
 Agrohe ko chal pa:re chhin meñ pahunche âe.
 1395 Chhin meñ pahunche âe, bâgh meñ âsan ân lagâe.
 Nâdh bajâke, ‘ âlakh ’ jagâke, jab nau Nâth bulâe.
 Jahân bâgh men chitâ banî thî, usî chitâ pe âe.
 Amrit bũnd ger jogî ne, siddhoñ ke bar pâe.

Parrot.

- “ He sits on the pyre and my body is dried up (with
 grief).
 What wilt go and do now, blowing gently on him ?
 Blowing gently on him tell me : why play with me ?
 1390 Come with me, Sir Saint, and save my life.
 Life will be of use to me when I meet the Râjâ :
 To-day will I die at thy door, if thou do not restore him
 to life.”

Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- “ Come, my son, let us go now taking my conch.”
 They started for Agrohâ and arrived in a moment.
 1395 They arrived in a moment, and took their seat in the
 garden.
 Blowing the conch and calling ‘ âlakh ’ they called the
 nine Saints.*
 And they came to pyre that was made in the garden.
 The *jogî* (Gorakhnâth) threw on it a drop of holy water
 and received the blessing of the great saints.

* Reference to the nine Nâths of whom Gorakhnâth was the chief.

Pārbatī.

- “ Ai Pītam, is nagar meṅ kyā hūi hāhā kār ?
 1400 Rudan kare nagarī sabhī, kar rahī bahot pukār.
 Kar rahī bahot pukār ; Nāthjī, kaho sach kī bānī.
 Kis pe bipat paṛī hai bhārī ? Yeh ham ne nā jāuī !
 Is kā bhed batāo ham ko, āp Nāth gur gyānī.
 In kā dukh miṭegā, Sāmī, jabhī pīūngī pānī.”

Mahādev.

- 1405 “ Koī rove, koī haṅse, jag meṅ dukh ā pās.
 Gyān dīshṭ kar dekh le jab jag hot binās.
 Jab jag hot binās, jānīyo dukh sukh kā hai melā.

*Pārbatī.**

- “ My husband, † what is this wailing in this city ?
 1400 All the city is weeping, and crying out greatly.
 Crying out greatly : my Lord, tell me the truth.
 On whom hath this great sorrow fallen ? I do not
 know of it !
 Tell me the secret, thou that art a wise saint and teacher.
 O Lord ‡ until this sorrow is blotted I will not drink
 water.”

Mahādev.

- 1405 “ Some laugh and some weep, troubles come in the world.
 See with the eye of knowledge that the world is tran-
 sitory.
 When the world is transitory, know that in it are mixed
 joy and sorrow.

* This is a clear case of *deus ex machina* : the poet having killed off all his characters, or rather put them into such difficulties as to ensure all their deaths, invokes the supernatural aid of Śiva and Pārvatī to get them out of their troubles.

† I.e., Śiva or Mahādeva.

‡ Sāmī for *Swāmi*, i.e., Śiva.

Is mâyâ se koî bache hai pake gur kâ chelâ.
Jin mâyâ, mche, lobh, sab, tyagâ, chaurasî na khelâ.

1410 Chalî chalo âge ko, Bholî, mat na karo jhamelâ ! ”

Pârbatî.

“Ik nahîñ mâno, piyâ, lûñ in kâ dukh dekh.
Jab yehân se âge chalûñ : yeh hî mujhe hai ÷ek.
Yeh hî mujhe hai ÷ek, Nâthjî : nahîñ âgâñ jânâ.
Man meñ samajh kare hai jo koî, us kâ kyâ samjhânâ.

1415 Bin pûchhe main nahîñ chalûngî : âge nahîñ ÷hikânâ.
In kâ dukh pûchh lûñ pahile, pûchhe bhojan khânâ.”

Mahâdev.

“Is mâyâ sansâr meñ dûkh hai âñhon jâm.
Chal, Bholî, âge chalen : tujh ko kyâ hai kâm ?
Tujh ko kyâ hai kâm ? Piârî, samajh soch apne man men.

(But) saved from this wondrous thing is the disciple of
a true teacher :

Who hath given up illusion, lust, greed and all, and
passed over the eighty-four (*lâkhs* of migrations of
lives).

1410 Pass on, thou foolish (goddess) and disturb me no more.”

Pârbatî.

“I will listen to nothing, my husband, I will see their
grief,

And then pass on from here : this is my vow.

This is my vow, my Lord ; and I will not go on.

To him who understands in his heart why explain any
further ?

1415 Without finding out I will not go ; I have no hope else.
First I will ask their griefs and then I will eat my food.”

Mahâdev.

“Trouble comes all day long in this illusory world.

Come, thou foolish (goddess) and pass on : of what
concern is it to thee ?

What concerns it thee ? Think over it in thy mind, my
love.

- 1420 Kitne râzî hai mast khwârî ? kitne râzî haiin dhan men ?
Jis ne Us kî tek lî hai ab âke bâlepan men,
Unhîn Amarpur bâs hûâ hai; samajh dekh apne tan
men.”

Pârbati.

- “Main to ab mâno nahîn : kyâ samjhâo, Nâth ?
Un kâ dukh niwâr do jabhî chalûngî sâth.
1425 Jabhî chalûngî sâth, Nâthji : yeh mere man âi.
Chalûn âj bâgh men, jogî pûchhûngî samjhâe.
‘Kyâ dukh hûâ ? batâo ham ko, kyûn raul machâe ?
Kis kî chitâ jale bâgh men ? Yeh do bhed batâe.’ ”

Gurî Gorakhnâth.

- “Râo Rasâlû jal gae us Mahite kî kâj.
1430 In ko âp jiwâe do ; kirpâ karo, Mahârâj !

- 1420 Some revel in pleasure : some revel in wealth.
Who take His (God's) name in their early youth,
Become inhabitants of Heaven :* understand this in
thy heart (body).”

Pârbati.

- “I will listen to nothing : why dost press me, my Lord ?
Lessen their pain and I will go with thee.
1425 Then will I go with thee, my Lord : this is in my heart.
I will go to the garden to-day and find out from the
joy.†
‘What is the trouble ? tell me, why do they raise this
weeping ?
Whose pyre is burning in the garden ? Tell me this.’ ”

Gurî Gorakhnâth.‡

- “Râjâ Rasâlû has burnt himself for Mahitâ's sake.
1430 Bring them to life ; have mercy, Mahârâj !

* Amarpur = Amarapura = Amarâvati : the city of the immortals.
† Gorakhnâth. ‡ To Siva.

Kirpâ karo, Mahârâj ! Inhî ko haṭke âp jiwâo.
 Tum ho pûran Brahm Sakat, jo in ke prân bachâo.
 Kirpâ karo, dukh hâro hamârâ, zarâ der mat lâo.
 In ke prân bachâke, Saktî, jab âge ko jâo.”

- 1435 Kirpâ hûi hai Sakat kî : hûâ Quadrat kâ khiyâl.
 Apnî unglî chîrke amrit lââ nikâl.
 Amrit lââ nikâl Saktî ne jabhî chitâ pe dârâ.
 Tînoñ hue chitâ meñ baiṭhe mukh se ‘ Râm ’ uchârâ.
 Nabîn ant Us kî lîlâ kâ : kyâ jâne sansârâ ?
- 1440 Ik Nâm hai sâr jagat meñ, wohi sabhî ko piârâ !

Râjâ Rasâli.

“ Ab kirpâ Gur kî hûi sâre hamârî kâj.
 Sab jag pâlânhar ho, bare gharîb-nawâj !

Have mercy, Mahârâj ! Bring them to life again.
 Thou art Creator and Almighty ; save their lives.
 Have mercy, take away my grief, and delay not.
 Save their lives, O Almighty, and then pass on.”

- 1435 The Almighty had mercy : the Allpowerful considered them.
 Cutting his finger he drew forth the water of life.*
 The Almighty drew forth the water of life and threw it on the pyre.
 All three on the pyre sat up and called on God.
 There is no end to His (God’s) mysteries : what knows the world of them ?
- 1440 There is One Name in all the world, which all love.

Râjâ Rasâli.

“ Now through the mercy of the Gurû (Gorâkhnâth) all my desire has been accomplished :
 The nourisher of the whole world, great cherisher of the poor !

* This is a new origin for the *amrita* !

- Bare gharib-nawâj, jagat kî lîlâ phir rachâo.
 Hatke janam hûâ hai, in kâ dûjâ biyâh karwâo.
 1445 Aur sab pîchhe karîyo ; Paṇḍit bîg bulâo.
 Bedî racho biyâh kî tayyârî; bâje sabhî bajâo."

- Paṇḍit bîg bulâeke shâhâ lîlâ rachâi.
 Mahitâ Sîl Kanwâr ke phere dîe diwâe.
 Phere dîe diwâe, wahân sab â gae gotî nâti.
 1450 Sab parwâr âyâ bâgh meñ, paṛdâ khîcheñ bânâti.
 Mangalchâr hûâ bâgh meñ, Gorakh charhe barâti.
 Nar nârî ranwâs khushî hon, sab parjâ gun gâti.
 Jab unkeñ sahâ sajuêke dîe sutâ ko biyâhe,
 Ghar ghar meñ ânand ho, mahilon meñ uchhâe.

Great cherisher of the poor, perform another marvel
 for the world.

They have been brought to life again, marry them a
 second time.

- 1445 Do all the rest afterwards ; send for the priest at once.
 Make ready the marriage altar ; sound all the music."

Calling the priest quickly they performed all the cere-
 mony.

And performed the marriage of Mahitâ and the Lady
 Sîlâ.

They performed the marriage there and all the kith and
 kin came.

- 1450 All the household came into the garden, and tents of
 cloth were pitched.

Songs of rejoicing were (sung) in the garden and
 Gorakhnâth started the procession.

Men and women of the household were pleased and all
 their dependants sang their praises.

When the propitious moment was fixed he (Harbhaj Sâh)
 married off his daughter.

Rejoicings were held in the houses and palaces :

- 1455 Mahilon men uchhâe, dât haṭke de bhârî.
Milne Sîl Kaiwâr sakhî sab niârî niârî.

Silâ Daî.

“Tijje mujh ko, mât, abhî rî bîg bulâe.
Abhî, Mâtâ milân sâs apnî ko jâe.”

Silâ Daî kî Mâtâ.

- 1460 “Kushal khem se tum jâo, merî Sîl Kaiwâr.
He Sîlâ, merî lâḍlî, tan man dârûn wâr.
Tan man dârûn wâr, merî prânon kî piârî.
Lûngî beg bulâe ; nahûn kîjo man bhârî.
Jâo sâs ke pâs, khushî se mangal gâo.
Lûngî beg bulâe ; matî dil men ghabarâo.”

- 1465 Kû majil dhar majil, phir kûnch kû makân.
Chand roz ke bîch men âe Rîsalgarh darmiyân.
Âe Rîsalgarh darmiyan, âe haii sajkar sab nar nârî.

- 1455 Were held in the palaces, and a great dowry was given
anew.

And all her maids severally embraced the Lady Sîlâ.

Silâ Daî.

“Mother, send for me early.

Mother, now would I go to meet my mother-in-law.”

Silâ Daî's Mother.

- 1460 “Happy and joyful go thou, Lady Sîlâ mine.
O Sîlâ, my darling, I sacrifice my body and soul (to thee).
I sacrifice my body and soul, thou delight of my life.
I will call thee early : be not anxious in thy heart.
Go to thy mother-in-law, singing gaily in thy joy.
I will call thee early : have no care in thy heart.”

- 1465 Stage by stage they went and reached again the house
(of Mahitâ).

After many days they arrived in Rîsalgarh.

They arrived in Rîsalgara, came all the men and women
in their best (to meet them).

- Deo;hîdâr 'araz karte hain hâth jo; intazârî.
 Âge gho;â hai Mahite kâ, pîchhe Sil Kanwârî.
 1470 Ghar ghar men ânand ho;yo hai sunkar bātân sârî.

Silā Daī.

- “Charan tumhâre main lagûn, ai Sâsur, main ân.
 Jo; ân milâ dî hatke Sri Bhagwân.
 Hatke Sri Bhagwân, Sâsji, hamen suhâg diâ hai.
 Dîn-diyâl, Raghu kul, Nâik, jis kâ saran lîâ hai.
 1475 Rachanhâr rachtâve Sâmi, jis kâ khiyâl bhayâ hai !
 Amar nâm un kâ hai ; jag men dūjâ kaun hūâ hai ?”

Silā Daī kī Sās.

“Sukhî sadâ rahîye, Bahû ; rahîyo terâ suhâg.
 Dûdh, putr, dhan, sab phalon ho;yo bûh suhâg.

The door-keepers welcome them, waiting for them with
 joined hands.

- First went Mahitâ's horse, afterwards the Lady Sîlâ.
 1470 Rejoicings were in every house when they heard all.

Silā Daī.

- “I am come to fall at thy feet, my mother-in-law.
 Once more hath the Holy God joined us two.
 Once more the Holy God, my mother-in-law, hath given
 me wedded life.
 The helper of the poor, he of Raghu's race,* the Giver
 whom we worship.
 1475 He the Lord, the Creator hath re-created me, whose
 favour was on me.
 Immortal is his name ! Who is second to Him in the
 world ?”

Silā Daī's Mother-in-law.

“Be ever happy, my daughter-in-law : may thy wed-
 lock last.
 Milk, and sons, and wealth, a wedded old-age, all be thy
 lot.

* Râma = God.

- Hofyo bû:h suhâg, yeh hai asîs hamârî.
 1480 Sadâ karo ânand ; sûkhî sab â gaî kârî.
 Tum pe kare sahâî, ap âwan Girwardhârî.
 Man meñ hûâ ânand, milê jo joî thârî.
 Sub sambat, sub gharî, sadâ sub kêr tumhârâ !
 Shakal tumhâre des, kushal parwâr tumhârâ !
 1485 Gâo mangalchâr, so jâo mahil atârî.
 Hatkar râkhî lâj, ân Kartâ ne thârî.”
- Kirpâ hûi Jagtambâ kî, dharâ dhyân Jagdîs.
 Sâng sampûran tum ne kîâ, Pârvatî ke Îs !
 Pârvatî ke Îs jagat meñ hamrî karî sahâî.
 1490 Sâng sampûran karke, Mâtâ, pîchhe bhît banâe.
 Sur, munî, jan, sankâdik ne terî mâyâ kahîn na pâî !
 Kahte Bansî Lâl, Mât, tâ châr jugon meñ dhyâî.

- Be thine a wedded old-age, this is my blessing.
 1480 Be happy ever : all happiness hath come to thee.
 May he come and protect thee, Girwardhârî (Kṛishṇa).
 I was happy in my heart when he joined you two.
 Happy thy years, happy thy moments, happy be all thy
 work.
 Happy be thy land, happy be thy family.
 1485 Sing gaily and go into the lofty palace.
 Once more hath God come and protected thy honor.”

- Merciful hath been the Earth-mother, the Lord of the
 Earth* hath been mindful (of me).
 Thou hast completed my lay, thou Lord of Pârvatî.
 The Lord of Pârvatî hath protected me in the world.
 1490 Finishing my lay, Mother, I sing thy praises.
 Sages, saints, and the holy ones have not found thy
 mysteries.
 Saith, Bansî Lâl, † Mother, thou art the supporter of the
 four ages (of the world) !

* Śiva and Pârvatî.

† The composer of the poem.

No. XI.

THE STORY OF RĀJĀ MAHĪ PARKĀSH OF SARMOR,

AS TOLD BY TWO INHABITANTS* OF JŪNGĀ, THE SEAT OF THE RĀJĀ OF KYONTHAL.

[Kyonthal is the Hill State whose territories lie about Simla, and this song relates the story of a well-remembered fight between the Rānā of Kyonthal and the Rājā of the neighbouring Hill State of Sarmor, more commonly known as Nāhan. The geography of the song is strictly local, most of the places mentioned lying in the limited Territories of the Rājā of Sarmor, and the remainder within those of the (now) Rājā of Kyonthal. Its history is, of course, strictly local, and excepting the chief heroes, it is, in the present condition of our historical knowledge regarding the Hill States of the Simla District, quite hopeless to ascertain who the many minor personages, that figure in it, were.]

[The song is called the "story of Mahī (or Māi) Parkāsh, Rājā of Sarmor." This must be meant for Rājā Malhī Parkāsh, the fourth of the Sūrajbansī (Rājput) line of the Rājās of Sarmor, who, according to a manuscript epitomised history that I have in Urdū of the Sarmor State, reigned in Samvat (Vikramāditya) 1165—1174, or A.D. 1118 to 1127. The territories along the R. Jamnā in its mountain course, known as Sarmor, were conquered by one Sobhā Rawāl, a Sūrajbansī Rājput, a son of Rawāl (not Rāwal) Ugar Sen of Jaysalmīr (founded according to Tod; *Rajasthan*, II., 187, in Samvat 1212, or A. D. 1158, by Bhattī Rājputs), who established himself in the Rājban forests of the Khyārdā Dūn in Samvat. 1152, A. D. 1095, and called himself Svehabans Parkāsh. He reigned from 1095 to 1099 A. D., and was succeeded by Rājā Sālbāhan Parkāsh, 1099-1102; Rājā Bālakchand Parkāsh, 1102-1108; Rājā Malhī Parkāsh, 1108-1117. Parkāsh is the peculiar designation of the Sarmor Rājās, the present Rājā being Shamsher Parkāsh, the 45th of the line. The name Nāhan for the title of these Rājās is comparatively new, as that town was not occupied and repopulated till the time of the 31st Rājā, Karam Parkāsh, who reigned 1616-1630 A. D. The discrepancy between Tod's date for the foundation of Jaysalmīr and the local historical date for the foundation of Sarmor by a Jaysalmīr prince is a slight one compared to those that follow.]

[In the song Malhī (Mahī or Māi) Parkāsh fights Anūp (or Nūp) Sen, Rānā of Kyonthal. According to the manuscript Urdū history of these chiefs, Rānā Anūp Sen was 67th of his line, (the present chief Rājā [by British

* Kolis, a caste who are weavers and singers by profession.

patent of 1857] Mahindar Sen being 75th,) and was the person who fought Rájá Malhi Parkásh of Nâhan at the Deshú Dhâr. But his date appears to have been A. D. 1670-1693, barely within 600 years of that of Malhi Parkásh. Anup Sen's contemporary was Rájá Budh (or Bidhichand) Parkásh, 34th Rájá of Sarmor, who reigned 1674-1694 A. D. Going back, however, I find that the 33rd Ráná, Rúp Sen, was Malhi Parkash's contemporary, and perhaps this is the Chief meant.]

[Four of the hill legends about Simla will be given in succession as they bear upon localities closely connected geographically and historically, and are all in the same dialect, known as the Kyonthali to students of these matters. The linguistic notes that follow are a guide to all the four stories.]

[The language of these hill songs is very archaic and peculiar, and of considerable value in tracing the history of the modern Aryan dialects. I have therefore brought together here, for the benefit of scholars, all the forms and words that are new or peculiar. The lists also will be of use to those studying the text of the songs. I would remark in passing that the often observed *shibboleth* (*sh* for *s*) of the hill peoples is strongly marked in these texts. One set of forms, that of the continuative participle, is worth remarking on here. It varies as *iro*, *tro*, *ero*, *erú*, (and *tre*). In modern Hindî it is *kar*, *karkar*, *karke* and *ke*: in old Hindî it was often *i* or *t*: in modern dialectic Panjâbî (hill dialects especially) it is often *t*. All the above are variations of the root *kri*, make, used an auxiliary termination, and I give, as a suggestion, that this *iro*, etc, is a double termination (like *karkar*) *i* + *ro*, the *ro* representing the root of the auxiliary verb *rahnâ*, to continue, to remain. In support of this view it is to be observed that in the songs (*vide* vocabularies) *rûâ*, *royâ* and *rohâ* = *rahâ* from *rahnâ*: *loâ* = *liyâ*: *goâ* = *gayâ*, *giâ*: *khoiâ* = *khâyâ*: *jogâ* = *jagâ*. I would also draw attention to the various and indeterminate character of the nominal and verbal inflections. They are worth study. Further there is a change from *a* or *â* to *i* (*e*) and *t*, which is noteworthy in tracing etymologies. Thus we have *kas* = *kis*; *thîngâ* = *thag*; *pîg* = *pag*; *gharâ* = *ghîrâ*; *qîngâ* = *qâng*; *dâve* = *jâve*; *lâdâ* = *lanâdâ*; and more strongly both *pachiâ* and *pichiâ* stand for *châchâ*. Again *bîrnâ* is *bândhnâ*, to bind, fasten. It is possible, therefore, that *bîrnâ* and *bândhnâ* both represent the Sanskrit root *bandh* (*badh*).]

GRAMMATICAL FORMS.

so (= *ai*), *o*, *oh*.

dâ, *de*, *dî* (= *meñ*), in: also (= *meñ* *se*) from inside, from: ex., *jabe dî* = *jab meñ*, when.

hâge (= *pâs*), near, by, to.

tre; *iro*, *tro*, *ero*, *erû*, the continuative participial termination: ex., *âtre*: *jâero*: *bhâgtrô*, *jâtro*, *hârtrô*, *handtrô*: *jâiro*: *jâerû*.

kht = *ko*, to.

kht, *khtye* (= *wâste*), for.

kho (= *se*) from: (= also *ko*) to.

lâ, *le*, *lî*, the termination of the past and aorist tenses: ex., *baslâ*, *japlâ*, *bollâ*, *jatlâ*, *olâ*, *dîlâ*, *bolâ*, *holâ*, *âelâ*, *bolâdâ*: *larle*, *hole*, *dîle*: *bhâlî*.

lo (= *ko*) to.

mā, māñ : *mē, mēñ* : *me*, the future and conditional tense termination :
ex., *lāmā, jāmā, dāmā, lāmā, nāmā* :
āmāñ, bharmāñ, gharmāñ : *dumē,*
jāmi : *karmīñ, āmīñ, bharmīñ, dā-*
mīñ, bējmīñ : *lāme*
māñj, māñje, māñjē, māñjo (= *mēñ,*
bīch mēñ) *mājh, māñjh,* in, through.
nerē, near.

o, oñ, the plural termination : *ex.*,
bastaro, bhākyo, thākuro, dhāro :
sunānganōñ.
rā, re, rē, the possessive termination ;
c. f. Panjābī, *dā, de, dē* and the
 Gurkhā, *lā, le, lē.*
tā, tē, tē ; tō, a diminutive termina-
 tion : *ex.*, *nareltā, nareltō* : *c. f.* Pan-
 jābī and Hindi, *rā, rē, rā, rē.*

PRONOMINAL FORMS.

ānthē (= *itnā*) this much.
e ; es, ēs, ēsū (= *yeh*) *is*, this.
ebe = *ab*, now.
ebho (= *yāñ*) thus.
eunv (= *yahāñ*) here.
esho, ēsho, ēshā ; hēshē ; ēst = *aisā*, this
 kind.
ete, ethēñ (= *yahāñ*) *ethe*, here.
hāmāñ, hāmē ; hemē, hēmēñ, hemīñ,
heme, hemo = *ham*, *we*, (I).
hāñ (= *maiñ*), I.
jābe = *jab*, when, (then).
jāē, jāyā, jē (= *jaisā*) *jihā*, like.
jē = *jo*, when.
jērd (= *jaisā*) *jērdā*, that kind.
jēshē, = *jaisā*, that kind.
jāñt = *jo*, who, which.
kā ? kāt ? kyā ? what ?
kāre ? kārt ? (= *kaisā ?*) *kehrd ?* what
 kind ?
kas ? kis ? what ?
kebe—kēbe, either—*or*.
kene ? kēne ? kine ? kēñ ? kñ ? =
kis ? which ?
ktdā ? = *kehrdā ?* what kind ?
kthē, each.

kint ? (= *kyāñ*) why ?
kishā ? kishē ? keshē ? = *kaisā ?* what
 kind ?
kont ? = *kauñ ?* which ?
mā, māñ = (*mujh*), *maiñ, me* : *ex.*, *mā*
kht, to me : *mā kho*, from me.
mahārd, mhārd = *hamārd*, our (mine).
moveñ (= *maiñ*) I.
orā, ore, = *ure*, here : (this side).
re, like.
sāt, sē, seh (= *woh*) *he*, that.
sēbe (= *we*), they.
tabe, tāmbe = *tab*, then.
tāt, tāñ ; tāne, tāne, tāñt, tāñtē ;
tēne = *tis*, that, (he).
tāñ, tāñ = *tā*, thou.
tārt = *terā*, thy.
teshē, tēshē = *taisā*, such.
tē, tās, tēs, tēsē, tēt, tes, tēs = *tis*, that.
ttdā, ttdē, ttdā, ttdō, (= *tahāñ*), there.
tñon = *tin*, they.
tēte (= *tyāñ*), thus.
tēte = *tithe*, there.
tētēye, tētēye, tētēye, at that time.
tō, toēñ, toñ ; tāne, tāñt ; tost, tost,
tūst, tūso = *tum*, you.

VOCABULARY.

ainē, innē, a fight.
akhēt = *āñkh*, the eye.
akrā, arrogant.
ālō (= *lotā*), a brass pot ; cup.
ashyā = *assē*, eighty.
bādā, all, the whole.

bīdnā = *bajāndā*, to obey.
badrdā, a bag.
badrdā = *barā*, much.
 (?) *bāe* (= *kuchh*) at all.
balā (= *sakā*) could ; [so ? *banā* =
saknā].

oaiānā = *banwānā* (c.f. *nēnā* = *lēnā*) to get made.
bālnā = *bēnānā*, to make.
bālō, a bracelet, wristlet.
bāmū, clothes.
bānā (= *lagānā*) to begin.
bānt, clothing : (= also *sūrat*) appearance.
bashī, rain.
bāṭnā (= *gūṅṅnā* but c.f. *baṭnā*, to make) to knead.
bedno, penetrated (c.f. Panjābī *binnā*).
begī, *bēgrī* (= *bahot*) very, much.
beo, *bīo* (= *hāā*), was : (c.f. *boā*).
berā = *bīrā*, a flock of cotton.
bhalrā (= *bahot*) much.
bhātale, oxen.
bhātrī, arrow.
bhāyo (= *hāā*), was.
bhōlkā (= *bhunnā*) parched, half cooked.
bhūlā (= *hāā*) was.
bīghā, broad.
biorā, a change in music (time or tune).
bīr, village lands.
bīrā, an exchange.
bīrnā (= *bāndhnā*) to bind.
boā = *huā*, was (c.f. *beo*).
chāmbā (= *tāmbā*) copper.
chaurā (= *chaurā*) a verandah, platform.
chaurā (= *thorā*) a little : note *ch* = *t* ; c.f. *chāmbā*.
cheorī, *chīorī*, (= *strī*) a woman, wife.
chīrwā, a babe.
chhārnā = *chhāṅnā*, to leave.
chhījī (= *purā*) fulfilled.
chhījī, *chhījī*, third, i.e. *tīsrī* ; c.f. *chaurā*.
daī = Panjābī, *dhi*, daughter.
dagāsā (= *ganḍāsā*) a small knife for cutting grass somewhat on the principle of an axe.
dalīchā (= *qalīchā*) a mat.
ḡāphī (= *koṭrī*) a room.
deunā (= *jānā*) to go : it occurs in the

forms, *divā*, *ḍivā*, *ḍivī*, *ḍive*, *ḍevī*, went.
ḡīngā = *ḡāng*, a club.
ḡīngnā (= *nikālnā*) to take out.
ḍīse, *ḍese*, *ḍeshī* (= *ḍīn* : Skr. *divas*, *dyaus*) the day.
ḍīve, imp : let us give, give : c.f. *leve*.
dhāchnā, to feed.
dhāt (= *dohāt*) help.
dhātī, on high.
dhāk, *dhākī*, on high.
dharātī = *ādhi rātī*, midnight.
ḡherī, *ḡhīrī*, *ḡhīre*, *ḡhīrā*, (= *dīn*) the day.
dhīso, *dhīshā* = *dīś*, visible.
ḍālke, sunrise.
ḡām (= *Ḍom*, a low caste) a menial.
ḍurāḡī (= *nurāḡrā*) a loud drum.
ḡāveṅ = *ḡāū-ḡāt*, a cow.
ḡāveṅ = *ḡānu*, a village
ḡhīrā = *ḡhārā*, an earthen pot.
ḡīḥī = *angḥīḥī*, a fire-place.
ḡāḍ, *ḡoe*, *ḡoī* ; *ḡoyā* = *ḡayā*, *ḡāḍ*, went : also the auxiliary passive form.
hāḍī, *hāḍrī* (= *bāt*) word, thing.
hāṅṅnā (= *chālnā*) to go, walk.
hāzīrī (= *hāzīr*, present) an attendant, servant, follower.
hīrnā = *hērnā*, to look at, stare.
jāḡrō, the walls of a house.
jāpnā (= *bolnā*) speak : c.f. *jāpnā*. to repeat (religion).
jaṭna, *jaṭhnā* (= *bolnā*) to speak.
jāḡā = *jāḡā*, a place.
kāḥkh = *kīnārā*, a bank.
kāṅ, a row, noise.
kārā, revenue (= ? *kār*).
kareḡo = *kareṅlā*, a corpse.
kartā, great anxiety.
ke = *ki*, or
khātī, revenue.
khoyā = *khāyā*, ate.
kīlo, in the morning.
koḷī, *koḷe*, verandah.
kūkū, cuckoo.
kyātīh, clouds.

lakhā-jokhā = *lekkhā*—*chokkhā*, computa-
tion.

lenā, to take: also auxiliary; it oc-
curs in the forms; *loe*, *lāā*, *loī* = *lāā*,
līe, *liyā*, *līye*, took: *līwā*, *leve*, *līve* =
līye, let us take.

līdā = *lanḍā*, crop-tailed.

līro, a cry.

lāā = *rāā* = *rahā*, remained: see *royā*.

māecho (= *mā bāp*) parents.

mājjat, an army.

manrā (= *mangāṭ*, *sagāṭ*) betrothal.

meūn (= *wazīr*) a minister: ? a caste
name.

mīro, a roof.

nabārā, past tense, pierced.

nadrī = *nazarī*, sight: *c.f.* the common

Panjābi, *kāgād* and *kāgat* = *kāghaz*.

nakhār; gut, leather-string.

nāṭ, *nī*, *nīn* = *nakhān*, not.

nānā = *lānā*, to bring.

narelo, *narellā*, *narellō*, a vessel (= ?
narel, a cocconut: the vessel of a
chillam or *kuqa*).

nāvt, (*c.f.* Panjābi *nedunā*, to bend to
one's will) subject, ruled.

negī, *ngī*, *ngī*, a chief, military
commander, (?) a caste name.

nenā = *lenā*, to take: found in the
forms, *neīn*, *nīnān*, *neūn*, *nīmā*.

neorī, *navīro*, likeness.

nīkrā = *nīkkā*, small.

nokhī = *anokhī*, an unfair injury.

obā (= *ūpar*) above.

pagī, a vestibule, verandah.

pagrā (= *sāhir*) visible.

pagrā, a follower (= ? *pag*, Panjābi).

pākhāro, opposition, enemy.

pānā (= *ḍālānā*) to throw, place.

pandale, a verandah.

parchī = *barchī*, a lance.

pehorā kho (= *āge ko*) next.

pīchiā, *pachiā* (= *chāchā*) paternal
uncle.

pīḍārī (= *prīṭ*) love.

pīg = *pag*, foot.

pienolī, yellow ink.

pīrī = *pīrī*, a generation.

ponā, an ear of corn.

pūchhānā—*nīkhā* = *pūchhānā-gīchhānā*,
to ask.

purō, *pure*, *purā*, = *pare*, back, beyond.

pyūllī, *pyūwal*, a door.

rabbālī, a caress.

raghes (= *matlab*) a meaning.

rāmbī, an instrument for uprooting
grass, etc.

rāngarī, a wife: ? fem. form of *Rān-
gar*, a Rājput caste.

raunā, (= *chaunṛā*) a verandah, plat-
form.

rekhā, a rival (fem.)

rīgarā, *regarā*, member of the royal
family: *rīgarī* (= *log*) the people,
population.

ro, *rā*, (= *aur*) and.

royā, *rūā*, *rove*, *rohā*, forms of the
verb *rahnā*, to remain: past tense.

rābhan (= ? *rābarā*) before, in front.

samān (= *inām*) reward.

sanoṅ (= *salūk*) treatment.

sardā, plenty.

sarī, loud.

serī, *sairī*; *setī* (= *maidān*) a plain,
flat place: ? for *stī*, *strā*, a swamp.

shādnā = *saddknā*, to call, send for.

shāh = *sāh*, life.

shāṭ, (= *sajāt*) made, completed.

sharī = *sarī*, opposed.

shīgī, *shīngī*, quickly.

shīlā (= *san*) hemp.

shīlī (= *gīdar*) a jackal.

shīrush = *sarsoṅ*, mustard.

shokā = *sukā*, dry.

sibure, always.

stīlā, altogether.

soān (= *stīdhā*) straight in front.

tātā pānī, boiling water.

tāve, imp. of *tāvnā*, = to warm up.

thokarī = *hathkarī*, handcuff.

thīngā = *ṭhag*, a scoundrel, cheat.

undā (= *nīche*) below.

TEXT.

Hâr Râjâ Mahî Parkâsh Râjâ Sarmor.

- Tabé bârâ baras Maî Râjâ jorî Kyonthal nârâzî.
 Tabé Nâhan sî* Râjâ taînî fauj pâî jorî.
 Tabé jî derâ âyâ thâ Râjâ râ Balag rî serî.
 Tabé jî Balag rî bastaro goe bhâgîro devî.
 5 Tabé Dharmî Bâhmanî mat lî kamâî :
 Tabé Râjâ âyo goyâ charhîro dere âumî jâe.
 Tabé thâlî bharî motî rî bhetâ Râjâ khî lîe.
 Tabé Râjâ taînî Mahî ghâî pîthîî pherî.
 Tabé "hekîrî, Râjâ, pêthîî dûnî, Sâhibâ, terî.
 10 Tabé jo tû sune, Râjâ, Bâhmanî ri wazîrî†
 Terî bâhin lâo surânganon ; tû jâ Nâhanî pherî !"
 Nahîn sundâ Bâhmanî cheorî râ jânâ.
 "Merî Kyonthal nârâzî khî jânî hî jânâ.
 Tusî bânon, châkaro, pâgarî ; pahiro sanjoyâ."
 15 Tabé âj hukum Râjâ râ Nâgnî khî hoâ.
 Tabé Nâgnî rîgarî goe bhâgîro divî.
 Sunnî chhârî goe Nâgnî to bae goe nâ sharî :
 Tabé Nâgnî rî garhî goe begî darî.
 Tabé dherî ekkî pânjoe† goe Nâgan cho†î.
 20 "Tusî bânon, châkaro, pâgarî, shigî karo ro†î."
 Tabé âj hukum Râjâ râ Sainjûnî khî hoâ.
 Tabé derâ â goyâ Râjâ râ Sainjûnî rî sairî.
 Tabé bârâ jûnî§ dârûe Râjâ kîâ mahâlâ||
 Tabé sâre bhâîyo Kyonthal râ lâmbû jîrâ hâlâ.
 25 "Tusî bânon, châkaro, bugche ; pahiro sanjoyâ."
 Tabé âj hukum Râjâ râ Desû Dhâro khî hoâ.
 Tabé Dhâro Râjâ Deshû rî kîrî¶ pâyâ mahâlâ.
 Tabé Kâthîrî rî Koliye mat pâî kamâî ;
 Tabé Râjâ âyo goyâ Mâiyâ dere aumî jâe.

* So in this text, but *sî* is unintelligible ; probably should be *Nâhanî*.

† † For 'arzi.

‡ ‡ *Pânch ek*, about five.

§ § *Jânî*, a weight, one and a half *mans*.

|| † For *mahâvara* practise : *vulgo mahâdard*.

¶ † For *kilî* from *khila* a fort.

- 30 Tabe Kāṭhrī rī Kolī rā bar Iekhā do serā.
 Tabe jo baslā, "Rājā Deshūe tis rī rāyat hāmī."
 Derā le goe lūtī rūbharo rī dharātī.
 Tabe Koliye devī goe Kāṭhrī Joṅgā re darbāre.
 "Kīshā suttā, Rājiā Sāhibā, Deshī bairī āe?"
- 35 Tabe Rājā Joṅgā re pagiye dā girdā pherū.
 "Tusī Ghīle āindiyo Chhibbrū, Dharte Bhilêrū."
 Tabe jī Ghīlā āyo goya Chhibbrū, Dhartā Bhilêrū.
 Tabe Rājā tainiye Nūp Senī puchhne loe teshī.
 "Tabe Deshū āyo goyā. Maīyā; hāmī karmīn kyā?"
- 40 "Tabe dolā devī, to daī rā, khoe, Sāinā Rājā."
 Daī Rājā rī Sitalā lāndī nā rasōī.
 Tabe Ghīlā japlā Dhartā manrū rī ghāī.
 Jo jo thī nīkrī* dūjhī tain dī karaz laī.
 "Terā desh khāyā, Rājiā, chākare ro ghoṛe.
- 45 Desū laṛle Dhāro dī chākaro ro ghoṛe.
 Bhāt khāyā tere chākare, pichh pītī hāmī."
 Tū bhī laṛe, mere jo rāyat, ādhā kārā chhoṛtī.
 Tabe Ghīle tāine Chhibbre mat ghāī kamāī :
 Tabe Mahite mutsaddī khī kāgaz pahunchāve.
- 50 Tabe bhāeṭ bhāīyo rātī khī kīlo fauj kāṭhī. †
 Tabe bashī lūā thā pāī, jhūmen rahī kyūth.
 Tabe chhirī fauj Rājā rī, hoe dhaule dhāro :
 Tabe thārāṣ charhe Thākuro, pandrā hazār :
 Tabe Deshūā re Dhāro dā goyā mo'āmlā lāge ;
- 55 Tabe Deshūā re Dhāro dī lāgī goī laṛāī !
 Tabe Hanumāne Gosāin ghāyā pagrā jape :
 "Ebe dhanwā chhāro bhāṭhrī dāngare sambhālo."
 Kātī kātīro bhar ghāyā dhārthī ro nālo :
 Tabe gahe lāge goe mūṇḍū re karego re bāṛo.
- 60 Tabe Rājā rī fauj rā ghā re kātā kīā.
 Tabe Deshū rī Dhāro dī lāgī goe jhīṭī.
 Tabe obā āyā thā Rājā pālagī dā undā nāyā || jīrī. ¶
 Rājā Sainjū rī serī dā suranī girā.
 "Merā orā ā, nī tū Molūā, soīnī rā narelo."

* P For *neg.*, rights.
 § For *athārā*.

† For *hūe* was.
 || *Nānā* = *lānd*.

‡ P For *ekattā* together.
 ¶ Doubtful word.

- 65 Tî dâ soñe re narelo dâ Debî râ thâ barâ.
 “Tabe tân lâgî, Râjâ, narelo rî, hân leyâ hûn shâh.”
 “Ebe Nâhan re, Molûâ, konî muñh jâmî.?”
 Tabe eshâ lâgâ thâ boldâ Nâhanî râ Nâthû.
 “Tabe lîde lîde ebe ghorave ebe gâhnâ bâthâ.”
- 70 Tabe peho:û kho bollâ Nâhanî râ Meûn :
 “Tû Râjâ Kyonthal lo jâiro e leyâ samân !”
 Tabe eshu lâgî goe boldî Râjâ rî Rânî :
 “Râjâ, jab thâ barjî kas râ na thâ mânî ;
 Tu bhî Kyonthal lo jâero kê rî karî âyâ ?”
- 75 “Tân bî bolo, Sâhibâ Rânî, nâi mehnâ deve :
 Merâ Deshû Dhâro râ badlâ tainî, Rânî, dekhî.
 Tû bî Râtîpânî, Rânî, dekhî karî tamâshâ.”
 Tabe Râjâ taînî Nâhanî karî loâ samân :
 Tabe bârâ sau kê ghô:lû sâthî lâkh piâdâ.
- 80 Tabe charhî fauj Râjâ rî Râtîpânî âyâ.
 Tabe thârâ* jûni dârûe Râjâ kê mohâlâ.
 Onde jhûmakû Dhatri, obâ Sargo kâmbâ.
 Tabe dhaulie re gîdie, kaliâ re kâgâ,
 Taïne Râtîpânî bhâyo goyâ mo'âmlâ lâgî.
- 85 Tabe bîrâ lâgâ bandûkon râ megh jîrâ go:â :
 Tabe bîrâ lâgâ kamâne râ jâo jî.â ponâ :
 Tabe bîrâ lâgâ talwârî râ bijlî jî chamâko.
 Tabe îshû lâgâ thâ boldâ Nâhanî Râjâ .
 “Toîn Deshû Dhâro bhayvâ Râjâ Sâhibâ, thî nokhî kî.”
- 90 “Tabe ebe pâkî boî, Râjiâ, merî Sîdhî rî wazîrî.”
 “Tabe dûdh sardâ merî Nâhanî ebe lâi dîmâ khîrî.”
 Tabe eshû lâgâ boldâ Sîdhâ Wazîro,
 Jûnî phât pardû, muñh dâ pâchho saî nâ phero :
 “Tabe terî Deshû Dhârî dâ, Râjiâ, bash châlâ nâ thâ merâ,
- 95 Tabe ghane lâge the mûndû re, karego re bârô.”
 Tabe eshû lâgâ bolnî Sidhâ Wazîro.
 “Tûni pichhû Râjiâ Nûp Sainâ, jânâ pherî.”
 Tabe Sîdhâ, Kot râ Thâkuro, baiṭhâ mehnâ deî.
 “Tabe Deshû jîtâ thâ, Râjiâ âj hâriro dewâ.”

* For *aṭhârâ*.

- 100 Tabe Râjâ goyâ seh Nup Sainî pichhro hatî :
 Tabe jî Râjâ seh Mâyâ bigî hûâ khush ;
 Tabe Nâhinî jâero karî loe bahot khushî.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Mahî Parkâsh of Sarmor.

When Mahî was twelve years old the Râjâ of Kyonthal quarrelled with him.

Then the Râjâ (Mahî) collected his army at Nâhan :
 And the Râjâ took up his station at the plains of Balag,*
 And the people of Balag ran away.

- 5 Then Dharmî, the Brâhmanî, made a plan,
 (That) as the Râjâ had come she would go to his camp.
 So she took a platter filled with pearls as a present to
 the Râjâ.

But Râjâ Mahî turned his back upon her.

Then said she "Sir Râjâ, thy face and back are one to
 me ;

- 10 If thou hear the Brâhmanî's petition, Râjâ.
 Take golden-bracelets for thy wrists ; return thou back
 to Nâhan !"

He heeded not the wisdom of the Brâhman woman.

"I must go on account of my quarrel with Kyonthal.

Do you fasten on your turbans, my servants, and put
 on your armour."

- 15 Then the Râjâ gave the order for (the march to) Nâgnî
 at once.†

Then the people of Nâgnî ran away.

Nâgnî was (left) empty and no one opposed them at all :

And the people of Nâgnî were very frightened :

And about the fifth day Nâgnî was conquered.

- 20 "Fasten on your turbans, my servants ; and quickly
 make your bread‡."

* About 15 miles from Nâhan.

† *Lit.* To-day. Nâgnî is the second stage towards Kyonthal.

‡ *I.e.*, prepare for the way.

- Then the Râjâ gave the order for Sainjûnî* at once,
 And the Râjâ's camp came to the plains of Sainjûnî.
 Then the Râjâ fired off twelve *jûnîs*† of gun powder :
 And all the brethren of Kyonthal shook like grass.‡
- 25 "Fasten on your bundles, my servants: put on your
 armour."
- Then the Râjâ gave the order for the Desû Dhâr at once.
 And the Râjâ fired at the fort of Desû Dhâr.
 Then the bards§ of Kâthṛî hit upon a plan,
 To go to the camp of Râjâ Mahî.
- 30 Two *seers* (of food) were ordered as a gift to the bards
 of Kâthṛî.
 Then said they "We are the people of the Râjâ of
 Desû."||
- At dead of midnight the camp was robbed.
 Then the bards of Kâthṛî went to the Court of Jongâ
 (Kyonthal).
 "Why art sleeping, Sir Râjâ, an enemy hath come to
 Desû?"
- 35 The Râjâ of Jongâ was walking about his verandah.
 "Call you Ghîlâ, the Chhibbar, and Dhartâ, the Bhiler."
 When Ghîlâ the Chhibbar and Dhartâ the Bhiler were
 come
 Râjâ Anûp Sen (of Kyonthal) began to ask them thus :
 "Mahî has come to Desû ; what shall we do ?"
- 40 "Give (thy daughter) in marriage (to him), O Râjâ
 (Anûp) Sen and enmity will be lost."¶
- Sîtalâ, the Râjâ's daughter would not take her food.
 Then spake Ghîlâ and Dhartâ, settling the betrothal :
 (And so) on what free rights they had (the Râjâ) de-
 manded double revenue.

* Or Sainj, the third stage. † I.e., 18 *mans* or 1475 *lbs.*

‡ *Lâmbú*? = *lambá*, a grass, *aristida depressa* or *setacea*: see *Panjab Plants*, Stewart, p. 249.

§ *Kolí*, a caste occupied as bards and weavers.

|| I.e. of the conqueror: a flattering speech.

¶ This is a very doubtful line.

- (So they said) "Thy country has been robbed, O Rājā,
by thy servants and their horses.
- 45 Thy servants and their horses are to fight at the Desū
Dhâr.
- Thy servants eat the rice, and we drink the rice-
water."
- "Fight ye, too, (said the Rājā) that are my subjects and
I remit half the revenue (from you)."
- Then Ghîlâ the Chhibbar thought of a plan :
And sent letters (papers) to the ministers and clerks.
- 50 When the night had passed away, the army collected
in the morning.
- The rain was falling and the clouds lowered :
And the Rājā's army advanced and the hills became
white (with their clothes).
- Then advanced the eighteen Lords* and fifteen thousand
(men) :
- And the struggle began at the Desū Dhâr ;—
- 55 The fight at the Desū Dhâr !
Then spoke the follower of Hanumân Gosâfi. †
"Throw aside bows and arrows here and look to your
clubs."
- (With) slaying and slaying the earth and the hollows
became filled :
- And heads and corpses were piled up into fences.
- 60 And the Rājā (Mahî's) army was cut up like grass.
Then they went through the bushes of the Desū Dhâr.
The Rājā (Mahî) who had come (sitting) upright in a
palanquin was carried back prostrate.
- The Rājā came to his senses in the plain of Sainjûnf.
"O thou Mahî, bring here my golden *huqa* :"
- 65 In the golden *huqa* was the offering to Devî.
"Rājā, thou dost want the *huqa* ; I have but brought
my life."

* The 18 *thâkurs* or barons over whom the Kyonthal Rājā ruled.

† Meaning Hanumân, the monkey-god ; the god of warriors.

- “ With what face shall we go to Nâhan now, Mahî ? ”
 Then thus spoke the Lord of Nâhan :
 “ The crop-tailed horses are now (only fit) for (treading out) grain.”*
- 70 Then next spake the Minister of Nâhan :
 “ Going to the Râjâ Kyonthal thou hast taken this army ! ”
 Then thus spoke the Râjâ’s Queen :
 “ Râjâ, when thou wast warned thou wouldst not listen to any one ;
 Thou hast gone to Kyonthal and what hast thou done ? ”
- 75 “ I tell thee, my Lady Queen, do not reproach me.
 Thou shalt see my revenge, Rânî, for the Desû Dhâr.
 Thou shalt see the affair at Râtîpânî, my Queen.”
 Then the Râjâ of Nâhan made his preparations :
 Twelve hundred horse and a hundred thousand infantry.†
- 80 And the Râjâ’s army reached Râtîpânî.
 The Râjâ let off eighteen *jûnis*‡ of gun powder.
 Beneath the earth shook and above the heavens trembled.
 The white vultures and the black crows collected :
 And the struggle was then at Râtîpânî.
- 85 Then the guns in exchange thundered like the clouds :
 And the exchange of arrows was like the chaff from barley :
 And the swords in exchange flashed like lightning.
 Then thus spake the Râjâ of Nâhan :
 “ My brother Râjâ (of Kyonthal), thou didst much damage at the Desû Dhâr.
- 90 The advice of my (Minister) Sîdhâ, O Râjâ, is very good.
 I (the Râjâ) have plenty of milk in my Nâhan, I will bring here *khîr*§ (for thee).”||

* *Bâthû*, a species of *chenopodium*.

† Meaning merely a vague large quantity.

‡ I.e., 27 *mans* or over 2,000 *lbs*.

§ A pottage of milk and rice. || Give thee a plenteous reward.

Then thus spake Sîdhâ, the Minister,
 Who was wounded in the face by a lance, and who did
 not turn back :

“ In the Desû Dhâr my power was useless, Râjâ,
 95 And heads and corpses began to be collected into
 fences.”

Then thus spake Sîdhâ, the Minister.

“ O Râjâ Anûp Sen, do thou turn back.”

Then Sîdhâ, the Lord of Kot, spake (these) reproaches :

“ Thou didst win at Desû, Râjâ, to-day shalt thou lose.”

100 Then was Râjâ Anûp Sen driven back :

And Râjâ Mahî was very pleased.

And great rejoicings were held at Nâhan.

No. XII.

THE STORY OF SYÂMÂ, LORD OF SOHINÎ, AS TOLD BY TWO INHABITANTS OF JŪNGÂ, THE SEAT OF THE RÂJÂ OF KYONTHAL.

[The history of the legend is very mixed and confusing. It relates the quarrels of Râjâ Narpat (*sic*) of Sarmor with Syâmâ of Sohini, who is described as "*jâgirdâr, parganâ Sohini, 'ilâqa Sarmor,*" *i. e.*, fief-holder in the sub-division Sohini of the Sarmor State. But as far as the lists in my possession guide me there never was a Râjâ Narpat-Parkâsh of Sarmor. The 49th Rânâ of Kyonthal, however, was Rânâ Narpatî Sen, and the legend may be explained possibly by supposing that the Râjâ of Sarmor's help was asked for in suppressing Syâmâ. Nevertheless the legend distinctly calls Narpat, Râjâ of Sarmor, and states that Syâmâ's fief was in Sarmor territories. Rânâ Narpatî Sen of Kyonthal seems to have lived about the beginning of the 16th century A.D. His contemporaries on the Sarmor throne have left apparently nothing but their bare names and dates behind them. The mention of the Râjâ of Garhwâl or Spinagar, as the helper of Syâmâ's son Sundar, does not help us, for no name is given, and according to Sarmor history there was more or less continuous fighting between these mountain neighbours from the time of Râjâ Mândhâtâ Parkâsh of Sarmor, A. D. 1634-1654 till the beginning of this century.]

[Syâmâ in the song is called the *mawâwî* of Sohini, a word I have variously rendered as independent, insurgent, rebel, etc., as the context warranted. In the MS. Kyonthal History the word is *mâvî* and is described as indicative of a class, which it undoubtedly is. They seem to have been independent landowners in the hills, holding usually very small estates, but acknowledging no master and paying no one revenue or tribute. The MS. history says "*mâvî, ya'ne khud sar log,*" *i. e.* "the mâvis, or masters of themselves." It is to be noted that Syâmâ is in the song supposed to possess title-deeds in the shape of copper-(plate)-sheets. In short the whole question of these *mâvîs* is very interesting, if not important. I have suggested that this modern word *mawâwî* or *mâvî*, which I heard also pronounced *mawâhî* and *ma'âvî*, is the Arabic word, and our Indian Official term, *mu'âfî*, rent-free lands.]

[The geography and history of the legend are strictly local and call for no further remark here. It is quite impossible, at present, to ascertain the history of the minor personages so frequently mentioned in it.]

TEXT.

Hâr Syâmâ, Jâgirdâr, Parganâ Sohini, 'Ilâqa Sarmor.

- Syâmâ Sohini râ ban gayâ mawâwi.*
 Kârâ mo'âmlâ Râjâ râ khâi loâ grâhi.
 Gâve maheshe parzâ rî ghâi kâre mâjânî.†
 Tabe dove jane Rigarûe gallo pâi lâi.
- 5 Râjâ Narpâ pagîye dî sunno :
 " Sach bolo, mere Regarû, kâre japâ tosi ?"
 " Kene japâ; Sâhibâ, dâkhâ sâkhi lâi ?"
 " Tosî sach bolo, mere Regarû, Râjâ kolhû de pîlo."
 " Hâmen lâi, Râjâ Sâhibâ, mawâwi rî gallo."
- 10 Mânj Deshû dâ, Râjiâ, Syâmâ banâ mawâwi.
 Mahil re baḍhâro kho mângî châmbî rî bahî.
 Châmbî rî bahî dâ kârâ Râjâ dekhâ.
 Sât hoe Râjâwalî kârâ binâ dittâ.
 " Korâ âno merâ kâgat, kalam rû dâwât.
- 15 Pahil likho chithî dâ Râm merî salâm :
 Dûji likho chithî dâ pionolî raghes.
 Kebe âve merî Nâhan khî, kebe rove nân mere deshî."
 Tabe do Râjâ re châkaro Sohini khî dîve.
 Sohini jâiro goê chaurê baithî.
- 20 Syâmî rî rângarî morî mânji dekhî :
 Syâmî rî rângarî bharî laî narîlo ;
 Chaurê khî âi hâth dittâ nareltâ.
 Bâvin paio bândo.
 " Syâmâ mawâwi Sohini râ ghare holâ ke gâven ?"
- 25 " Syâmâ suttî rove Jaiyâ bangalî rî dâphî."
 " Tishâ bîo koîn âdimî jo Syâmî deo jagâvi ?"
 Tabe Thâlîe lâiyâ betî thâli dâ chhenâkâ.
 Suttâ hondâ seh Syâmâ jhumkirû jâgâ.
 " Ūbâ uthe, bâpuâ, goe Râvale âve."
- 30 " Kene khâi na, betîe, Râvele rî khâti."
 Âge nîkalo bahiro khî saurî ro daliche.
 Mâuji raune Sohini re bichi goî satranji.

* (P) From *mu'âft*, rent-free lands. † (P) *Mu'âvaza*, compensation.

- Syâmâ donon Jaiyâ tabe bâhiro khî âe.
Chîlke seh lâ gae tabe kachahri de baiṭhe.
- 35 Pâge dâ khole tî ne kâgat dittî Syâme re bâth.
Tabe Syâme tîne Jâiye bânchne lâf.
Bânchî bânchîro kâgat pâf gîṭhî de phûkî.
“Tûsî done âve bolî, chaṛhero Râjâ ro Rânî.
Râjâ dîmâ gâonṭo, Rânî bhar laf pânî.
- 40 Kâle kare in re munṭo, lâambe deo dhâke.”
Pâthâ ditta shîrash gânthrî dâ bânî.
Kunke Râjâ ginero ennî ainî âve.
Tabe tînon Râjâ re châkaro de lâambe ditte dhâke.
Tabe Sohini seh châkaro pure Nâhan khî haṭe.
- 45 Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ Narpat bârâ re dwâre.
Tabe rîgarûe Râjâ bolî, “jaikârî.”
“Bolo, merio rîgaro; oh Syâmâ rî hâdî.”
“Pâthâ ditta, Sâhibâ, shîrash gâthṛî dâ bânî ;
‘Je kunke Râjâ ginero mâ khî ethî fauj leve.’”
- 50 “Mere nîngî Târû garḥ re ore leo shâde.
To ne, Târûâ nîgiâ, Sohini khî jânâ.
Tû to bhârî laf jâ fauj, baḍâ sîmân.
Mâre begî jâe goâ akrâ Sohini râ mawâwî.
Târûâ nîgiâ, tû to â, bo, Sohini phûkî.”
- 55 Târue nîgî laf fauj jorî.
Chânge chânge loe hâzirî, chângî bandûko.
Shînke dârû re badre hâthî rî bândhe pîṭhe :
Âge nikale mohre de neze re nishân.
Tabe chaṛhi fauj Târûe rî Jimṭe rî ghâṭî.
- 60 Ghâṭ tîas Jimṭe re karî ghâyâ mahâlâ :
Dhoîn rî bādâlî goyâ sîrjo jhîmâ.
Syâmâ baiṭhâ Sohini thare pândale shûno.
“Tâmbe bolo, merâ Choṛûâ, kaun ugmâ Râjâ ?”
“Râjâ koî nî ugmâ, Târû garḥ râ nîgî.”
- 65 Tabe Târû rî fauj âf Sohini bâre :
Sohini rî bâro dî lâf Târû re âgo.
Syâmâ seh Sohini râ lâmbî dilâ hâko.
“Dînoâ, Kînrûâ, merî dhâf khî âve.”
“Tînon sânon khî, Syâmiâ, hâmen koî na âmîn.

- 70 Bârâ dhoë barash Dohchî dã bhâre.
Ghar chîne toîn âpne, tûne* kâti mahârî."
Isho âgî boldî Syâmî re nâro :
"Tere lare hâzirî, mere jâero dâm."
Tabe ishò lãgâ boldâ Sohini rã Syâmâ :
- 75 "Kadhî bhilî râtî ? kadhî olã deshû ?"
Tabe charhe âtre mohre Dhâgû Syâmâ rã Kesû.
"Chorûâ, † Koltûâ, in dhîrî khî pâlã."
Bhitaro dã jatlã sebe Chohurû Koltû :
"Târû parã nadrî : lão, Syâmâjî, golî."
80 Tinon rî hãdi khî Syâmâ hãsne lãgã :
"Je bãnhîn tân dî, meriã Chûrûã, lãndã koe nîn golî ?"
Sohini rî sirî dã goyã mo'ãmlã lãgî :
Târû nîgî rî fauj rã ghã kãtã kiã ;
Târû nîngî seh Nãhan rã tabe lãgã rondã :
- 85 "Kãti Rãjã rî fauj, hãn Deshû jogã nã hondã."
Tabe likhîro Târûe kãgat Nãhan khî ditã.
"Sadã kãti, Târûã, ghãeni rã ghã.
Tû âj mawãwi kho ore leve swãs."
Tes Târû nîngî dî âyo goi dhîrî.
- 90 Jhûrã ro Ruliã hãzirî Kãlsî khî dîve.
Jab jãndã parî jandîye rain rû rãt :
Tabe lãge Dûbî rî Kãlsî pyûlî re pãt.
Bãhar dã jatlã Ruliã rû Jhûrã :
"Pyûlî rã Dûbiã tû pyûwal kholî."
95 "Tu kai rã admî ? kine jogã âyã."
"Nãhan rã hãn admî, Kãlsî khî âyã."
"Tu kare ebho, Jhorîã, bãg mãnje derã.
Tabe baro dîmã bãkarã bhalko re sabere.
Hãdi galo jabe lãndîye bãthîye rain rû rãt.
- 100 Tabe khole Dûbî rî Kãlsî pyûlî re pãt.
Tabe Jhûrã Rãje rã hãzirî bhitaro khî dîwã ;
Tabe pãg dã kholã kãgat dîtã Dûbî re hãth
Hêmã Chand Dûbî lûã kãgat bãnchî.
"Mahãre begî jãt goyã akarã Sohini rã mawãwi :

* Toon wood: cedrela toona.

† For the common opprobrious name Chûhrã.

- 105 Sât hûi Rajâwalî Syâmâ balâ nâ nâvî :
Tân kho mângî, Dûbiâ, ga;h rî jamât.
Chângî live hâzîrî ; chângî Lahorî Nâlî ;
Bhârî live fauj, bhârî live samân.”
Tabe Hemâ Chand Dûbî loî fauj joî :
- 110 Tabe charhî fauj Hemâ Chand re Kâlsî rî Dhâro :
Dhâro tîne Kâlsî karî pâyâ mahâlâ.
Dûjî âyâ Himâ majliye Nâhan re darbâre
Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ Nâhane rû bârâdarî.
Hemâ Chand Kâlsî râ bolo “ jaikârî ”
- 115 Tabe daïn dûje jaikârî pûchho Râjâ nisbo.
“ Mahâre goyâ akarâ Sohini râ mawâwî ;
Râjâ rî fauj râ ghâ kâtâ kayâ.
Himâ Chand Dûbiâ, Sohini khî jânâ.
Bhârî lai jâ fauj : bhârî samân. ”
- 120 Cha;hî Dûbî rî fauj Jimṭe re ghât.
Ghât tîne Jimṭe re kârî pâyâ mahâlâ.
Jimṭe re ghât thâi jamre re bûṭe.
Sâz bâne tîne jamre goe jhûṭhî dâ chhoṭî.
“ Bidhniâ Badhâriâ* baiṭhâ kâ tû hîre ?
- 125 Dârû baṇḍde châkaro khî tâkarî ro sere.”
Dârû baṇḍde châkare paî kâng.
Pâthâ pâthâ dârû râ kîkhe châkar mângô.
Dârû re badare dî gâe chamkî âg.
Âdhî fauj Himâ Chand rî goî dârûe baṇḍde jalî.
- 130 Âdhî fauj Himâ Chand rî Sohini khî chârhi.
Likhî Dûbî kâgat Syâmâ mawâwî khî ditti.
“ Syâmâ, tû orâ melo khî âve.”
“ Chupâ rove tû sharm khî Kâlsî râ Dûbî.
Kâl chârî mahesh, âj girâ lobî.†
- 135 Jape, tû, Dûbiâ, kâl mânjo rî hâdî :
Moveñ dhâchâ thâ, Dûbiâ, chhâi rû âl.”
Âdhî fauj Himâ Chand Sohini darbâre.
Sohini re bâṛo dî lai Himme âg.
Tabe Sohini rî sairî dà goyâ mo’âmlâ lâgt.

* For *baṇḍarâ*, a distributor.† For *lobhî*.

- 140 Beṭe nikāle Syâmâ re sîh jaî guṛṛâne.
 Ishû lâgâ boldâ Sohini râ Syâmâ.
 “Tuso bolûn, mere beṭuon, in dhîre khî pâle.”
 “Pore* jalo, Jaîyâ, terî lāngṛî khoṭî.”
 Bâi Jaîyâ mûsale âdhî jagro chhoṭî.
- 145 Beṭe Syâmâ re sairî khî dauṛo paṛe :
 Sairî mājje Sohini re goyâ mo’amlâ lâgî.
 Bîṛâ lâgâ kamâne râ jâo jayâ pûnâ :
 Bîṛâ lâgâ talwârî rû bijlî rî chamâko :
 Bî â lâgâ bandûk râ meheg jagâ goro.
- 150 Sîrî mājji fauj râ lekḥâ royâ nâ jokḥâ.
 Lîkhe Heme kâgat Nâhan khî ditte.
 “Jalî goî, Râjâ, karam ; jalî goî bhâg.
 Âdhî fauj kâṭî, Syâmâ, âdhî jalî âg.”
 “Sadâ kâṭî, Hemei, ghânî râ ghâo.
- 155 Tû orâ âve Nâhan khî live apnî jân.”
 Hîmâ Chand hatâ Nâhan khî pâchho.
 Râjâ tîne Nâhan re mat pâl kamâî.
 Jamnû ro Syâmâ sâlâ hole bahinoî.
 Do Râjâ re regarû Jamnû khî dive.
- 160 Jamnû Banâyak orâ Râjâ bulâyâ.
 Râjâ baithâ thâ Nâhane râ bârâ re dwâre.
 “Mahâre begî goyâ akarâ Sohini râ mawâwî.
 Syâmâ ândiye Sohini re, deûn nîkrâ gâûn.”
 “Khotâ Râjâ tû Sâhibâ, tân dhîjdâ nâhîn.”
- 165 Râjâ tîne Narpāt chhîn pâyâ janeû.
 “Râjâ, live âmân jo Syâmâ, kâṭne nâ deûn.”
 Gaû re galo dâ Râjâ chauṛâ tâgâ.
 Tabe Jamnû Banâyak Sohini khî dîwâ :
 Sohini jâero chaure dâ baithâ.
- 170 Syânâ rî rāngarî morî mājji dekhâ.
 “Bhâi rî neorî chaure dâ koîn baithâ.”
 Syâmâ rî rāngarî matrî thâi Syânî.
 Bharî lai narelṭo loṭṭâ dâ pânî.
 Syâmâ rî rāngarî chaure khî âi.

- 175 Tise háth dittâ narelto, tabe paire bande
 "Bâg re phúlro, tú kídâ áyâ ?"
 "Syâmâ ro Jaiyâ ghar hole ke gâven ?"
 "Mawâwî sutte rove Sohîní re bangalâ dâ unche."
 "Tishâ beo koî âdmî jo obe deo jagâve ?"
- 180 Thûlí Syâmâ rí betí bangale khî díve.
 Thûlí betí Syâmâ pâyâ jagâve.
 "Ubâ uthe, bâpuâ, māmâ rûâ ávî."
 Tabe Syâmâ rû Jaiyâ bâhiro khî âe.
 Syâmâ mílo Jamnún pídaríye kânde.
- 185 "Tabe, Jamnúâ sâlâ, kine jogâ áyâ ?"
 "Râjá tíne Náhane re táín jogâ láyâ."
 "Kîshî bâní, Syâmâ, toen Râjá khî tán ?
 Râjá sâthí, Syâmâ náhín châlde mân."
 "Râjá Sâhibâ, Jamnúâ, begí holâ khotâ.
- 190 Râjá tís Narpat náhín dhíjâ ánthí."
 "Churí nás barâbarí náhín, Syâmâjí, hõndí :"
 Ishû lágí boldí Syâmâ rí náro.
 "Bahin bhânje re tán khî hatiâ lágo.
 Râjá tíne Narpat chún pâyâ jáneú.
- 195 Bâhn pándí límâ ápní, ghâní na detín."
 Syâmâ rí rângarí matrí syânâ :
 "Syâmâ níân jo Náhaní khî orâ seh ná ható,"
 "Tâve, rângarí, to sâjrâ gheo :
 Khotâ Râjá Náhaní rá náhín leundâ jeo."
- 200 Ishû láge bolde Dâgí Syâmâ rá kiso :
 "Sât jítí, bápú, mo'ámlâ, sat kíní laráí.
 Ebe, bápúâ, Náhane khî ápi hándíro châlâ.
 Jabe dí goyâ Náhane chalo mahârâ ná basú."
 Syâmâ rí rângarí bhulbhulde rone.
- 205 "Baithíro, rângarí, jí jámâ hatéro áve."
 Tabe, Jamnú ro Syâmâ Náhan khî díve.
 Râjá baithâ thâ Náhan rá bârâdwârí.
 Syâmâ Náhaní rá Râjá díe jaikârí.
 Dîndíye jaikârí Râjá píthrí pherí.
- 210 "Hekrí Râjá píthrí dúní Sâhibâ terí!"
 Syâmâ láí hádrí Râjá chupâ shuno.

- “ Tere, shune, Syâmâ, sohnî re moro.”
 “ Moro mere sohnî re sahî, Sâhibâ, the;
 Bahû ro beṭe khelne khî neîn”
- 215 “ Bahû terî thî sobatî, Râjâ, beṭe khî thâ mângo.”
 “ Kheshîye khî kheshtî, Sâhib khî Rânî.
 Joro zamîn khî sadâ rîho, Sâhibâ, sîro.”
 Sîdhâ Thâkurâ, mat de kamâi.
 “ Ebe bâdâ kurmâ Syâmâ râ de Nâhanî ânî.”
- 220 Syâmâ karî pâyâ, Jaiyâ, châkaro re hawâle.
 Hâth pâi thokari, paio dí beṭi.
 Sât kampanî* Râjâ rî Sohini khî divî.
 Bâdâ kurmâ Syâmâ râ pâyâ Nâhanî ânî.
 Îshû lâgî boldî Râjâ rî Rânî :
- 225 “ Bahû ânî pâi Syâmâ rî : kas mahalle pânî ? ”
 Tabe Syâmâ mawâwî râ phâtî goyâ kalejâ :
 “ Ore leve rângari mâ khî pânî rî âlo.”
 Sât beṭe Syâmâ re bândî-khânâ de pâi.
 Îshû lâgî boldî Râjâ rî Rânî :
- 230 “ Syâmâ gurâwane khî tâtâ karo pânî.”
 “ Tabe tâte pânî, Rânî, Syâmâ nâ guro.”
 Îshû lâgî boldâ Nâhanî râ Râjâ :
 “ Syâmâ kâṭnî Jaiyâ Jamnâ re kâchh,
 Jo rajo rakte tano re Jamnâ re mâchho.”
- 235 Syâmâ neîn Jaiyâ Jamnâ re kâchho :
 Phât bâyâ hongrîro Chimnâ Chamâre ;
 Râje rakte tînon re Jamnâ re mâchhe.
 Sât beṭon bîchû dâ ik bhâgîro divâ.
 Seh Syâmâ râ Sundaro goyâ bhâgîro divâ.
- 240 Jimṭe re ghât dâ lâmbî dí goyâ hâko :
 “ Sîh divâ bhâgîro, gherî cbâkaro shîlî :
 Tabe jâne mâ Syâmâ re jabe lâmâ Nâhanî âg.”
 Syâmâ râ Sundaro jâe divâ Garhwâle.
 Garhwâlo jâiro bharâ beṭe dâ pânî.
- 245 Chah mahîne Sundar re bharâ tîte pânî.

* This word is purely English, meaning a *company* of soldiers, and its presence here is very instructive as illustrative of the spread of English terms even among the most remote and backward of Indian populations.

- Chah mahne Rânî bâhiro khî âî;
 Garhwâlo rî Rânî pâyâ Sundaro pûchhî:
 "Kaî râ bhûmî holâ ? kas râ jâyâ ?"
 "Rânî, Sohînî râ bhûmîyâ ; Syâmâ râ jâyâ."
 250 "Tais jayâ soâne* dâ ete kinî jogâ âyâ ?"
 "Rânî, Râjâ tîne Nâhanî re kiyâ satyâ nâsho.
 Sât âth kâte ghar re, jorû râkhî khâwâsî."
 Sundaro rî araz begî Rânîye sonî.
 Rânî seh Garhwâlo rî Râjâ hâge dîvî;
 255 Râjâ hâge Rânî pâî araz karî:
 Betâ Syâmâ râ Sundaro tabe bhitarâ shâdâ:
 "Râjâ tîne Nâhanî re kâ kiyâ terâ ?"
 "Râjâ bādâ kâṭâ merâ kurmâ, joro râkhî khawâso."
 Râjâ Garhwâlo râ tabe harkhe bharâ:
 260 Tabe Râjâ Garhwâlo pâî majjat jorî.
 Charhî fauj Râjâ rî nîâ binyâ lekhâ.
 Âge nikale mohere dî neze re nishân.
 Sînke dârûte re badre hâthî rî pîṭhe.
 Âî fauj Râjâ rî Nâhanî rî neṛe.
 265 Râjâ Nâhanî râ baithâ hondâ shuno.
 Dhârî ghero Kâlsi Râwalî durâgî.
 "Sach bolo, mere regaru, kaun ugmâ Râjâ ?"
 "Râjâ Garhwâlo râ goyâ charhîro âve."
 "Hamen khoyâ nî, rigarûto, tais Râjâ râ kin ?"
 270 "Syâmâ râ Sundaro bhâgîro thâ dîwâ:
 Jo jândâ dîwâ jândîye Garhwâlo re darbâre.
 Râjâ lafyâ Garhwâlîye Syâmâ râ betâ."
 Charhî fauj Râjâ rî Nâhanî re darbâre:
 Syâmâ râ Sundaro tabe deîyo hâko:
 275 "Âj, Râjâ Nâhanî, lâî pâî âg.
 Seh dîwâ thâ jabe bhâgîro, tabe goyâ thâ bolî.
 Râjâ Sîjla merâ badlâ âj goyâ chhîjî."
 Râjâ dîwâ mîlo khî munh leve hathiâr.
 "Râjâ, merî chhâṛe jânṛî, jo bole mâ kabûl."
 280 Chhâṛî pâe Râjâ Nâhanî re Sundare joro:
 Râjâ Garhwâlo râ purâ Garhwâlo haṭâ.

* = *suhâne*.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Syâmâ, the Lord of Sohini in Sarmor.

Syâmâ of Sohini became independent,

And ate up the Râjâ's revenue and property by mouthfuls.

He took away the people's cows and buffaloes as compensation (for revenue).

Two men of the Princes brought complaints.

5 Râjâ Narpât heard them in his verandah :

"Speak truly, my Princes ; what is your complaint ?"

"What complaint, my Lord, of our joys and troubles have we brought ?"

"Speak ye the truth, my Princes, (or) the Râjâ will work you in the oil-press ."

"We have brought, Sir Râjâ, a complaint against the insurgent.

10 Syâmâ has become independent in the midst of thy country, O Râjâ."

(The Râjâ) demanded the copper plates (books) from the palace chests.

The Râjâ saw the revenue (statements) in the copper plates.†

For seven reigns the revenue had not been paid.

"Bring me (a) clean (sheet of) paper, pen and ink.

15 First write in the letter my salutations ;

Next write the letter with yellow ink :

'Either come to my Nâhan, or remain not in my country.'

Then two of the Râjâ's servants went to Sohini.

Going to Sohini they sat in the vestibule.

20 Syâmâ's wife looked through the opening (in the wall) :

Syâmâ's wife filled a *huqa*‡ and brought it ;

Coming into the vestibule she gave the *huqa* into their hands :

* Work you as galley-slaves.

† This is valuable as showing that they probably exist, if they could only be got at.

‡ *Lit.*, a cocoanut.

She bowed to their left feet.*

“Is Syâmâ, the independent of Sohîñî, in his house or in the village?”

25 “Syâmâ and Jaiyâ† are sleeping in a room in the house.”

“Is there a person who will awaken Syâmâ?”

Then Thûliâ, his daughter, clanged a (brass) platter :

And Syâmâ sleeping awoke with a start.

“Get up, father, the king’s (officers) have come.”

30 “I have not eaten, my daughter, any of the king’s dues.”

First the carpets and rugs were brought outside.

In the midst of the vestibule at Sohîñî the carpets were spread.

Then Syâmâ and Jaiyâ both came outside.

At sunrise they held their Court.

35 Opening their turbans‡ they (the messengers) gave the paper into Syâmâ’s hand :

And Syâmâ and Jaiyâ took and read it.

Having read the paper they threw it into the fire and burnt it.

“You two come to say that the Râjâ and Rânî will attack us.

I will give the Râjâ a little village and the Rânî shall fetch us water !

40 Blacken the faces§ of these (men) and thrust them away.”

They gave (the officials) a *pâthâ*|| of mustard-seed tied up in a bundle (saying) :

“Let the Râjâ count them and come here to fight.”

Then they thrust out the Râjâ’s servants :

And the Râjâ’s servants returned back to Nâhan.

45 Râjâ Narpât was sitting in his summer house :

And his ambassadors said to the Râjâ, ‘hail.’

* A very notable custom : sister bowing to the brother.

† His brother.

‡ Allusion to the common native habit of tying up a paper or letter in the turban for safety.

§ Disgrace them.

|| A weight : two *seers* or four *lbs.*

- “Tell me, my ambassadors, the news about Syâmâ.”
 “He gave us, my Lord, a *pâthâ* of mustard-seed tied up in a bundle ;
 (And said) ‘Let the Râjâ count them and bring an army here for me.’”
- 50 “Call here, my Commander of the fort, Târû.
 Târû, my Commander, thou must go to Sohini :
 Take a large army and great equipments.
 My insurgent of Sohini has become very arrogant.
 Târû, my Commander ; O do thou go and burn Sohini.”
- 55 Târû, the Commander, collected an army.
 He took good men and good guns :
 And fastened bags of lead and gunpowder on the backs
 of elephants.
 First came on in front the standards of the spears :
 And Târû’s army advanced to the Jimtâ Pass.
- 60 They made a firing at the Jimtâ Pass.
 Clouds of smoke obscured the sun.
 Syâmâ sat on his seat in his house at Sohini and heard it.
 “Tell me, my Chorû, who is this great Râjâ ?”
 “It is no Râjâ, but Târû, the Commander of the fort.”
- 65 Târû’s army came to the fence of Sohini :
 Târû set fire to the fence at Sohini.
 Syâmâ of Sohini made a loud call.
 “Dînrû and Kînrû, come to my help.”
 “On account of that treatment (of thine) Syâmâ, none
 of us will come.
- 70 For twelve years we bore thy burdens in Dohchî.
 You built your house and you cut down our toon trees
 (for it).”
 Thus spake Syâmâ’s wife :
 “Let thy attendants fight, and my servants go.”
 Then thus spake Syâmâ of Sohini :
- 75 “When will the night pass ? And when will it be day ?”
 Then Dhâgû and Kesû (sons of) Syâmâ came to the front.
 “O Chorû and Koltû I reared you for this day.”
 Chorû and Koltû called out from inside :

- “Târû is within shot: let us shoot balls (at him), Sir Syâmâ.”
- 80 Syâmâ laughed at their words.
 “If you have arms my Choîû, why not shoot balls at (him) ?”
- In the plain of Sohini the battle began :
 And the army of Târû, the Commander, was cut up as grass ;
- And Târû, the Commander of Nâhan, began to weep :
 85 “The Râjâ’s army is cut up, I am not fit to return home.”
 Then Târû wrote a letter and sent it to Nâhan.
 “The grass of the pastures is always cut, Târû.*
 Save thy life here from the insurgent to-day.”
 And comfort came unto Târû the Commander.
- 90 Jhûrâ and Ruliâ, his attendants, went to Kâlsî :
 And as they went the night and darkness fell (upon them),
 And they found the shutters of the door of the Dûbî of Kâlsî shut.
- Ruliâ and Jhûrâ called out from the outside :
 “O thou Dûbî, open the shutters of the door.”
 95 “What men are you ? whence have you come ?”
 “We are men from Nâhan come to Kâlsî.”
 “Do thou, O Jhûrâ, then place thy tent in the garden :
 And I will give you supplies and a goat early in the morning.”
- Then they passed the night sitting and talking.
- 100 Then the Dûbî opened the door of Kâlsî :
 And Jhûrâ the servant of the Râjâ went inside,
 And opening the paper in his turban gave it into the Dûbî’s hand.
- Hemâ Chand, the Dûbî, read the paper.
 “My insurgent of Sohini has become very arrogant. †
- 105 For seven reigns Syâmâ could not be ruled.

* This is the Râjâ’s reply.

† A sub-division of the Brâhmans.

‡ Contents of the letter.

- I ask from thee, thou Dûbî, the forces of thy fort.
 Take good men and good guns from Lahore.
 Take a vast army and take vast supplies.”
 Hemâ Chand, the Dûbî, collected his army :
- 110 And Hemâ Chand’s army advanced along the Kâlsî hills :
 And he practised firing on the Kâlsî hills.
 Next Hemâ came into the assembly of the Nâhan Court.
 The Râjâ of Nâhan was sitting in the summer-house.
 Hemâ Chand of Kâlsî said (to him) ‘ hail.’
- 115 When he returned the salute* the Râjâ spake to him
 thus :
 “ My insurgent of Sohinî has become very arrogant,
 And has cut up the royal army like grass.
 O Hemâ Chand Dûbî, thou must go to Sohinî.
 Take a vast army and vast equipments.”
- 120 The Dûbî’s army advanced to the Jimtâ pass :
 And they fired (guns) at the Jimtâ pass.
 There were *jamrá* trees† in the Jimtâ pass,
 And the weight of the accoutrements‡ uprooted the
jamrá trees.
 “ O Bidhnâ, thou ‘Treasurer, what art thou idly staring
 at ?
- 125 Give out powder to my servants with scales and weights.”
 As he distributed the powder the men made a
 disturbance :
 Each man demanded a *pâthâ§* of powder.
 The bags of powder caught fire.
 Half Hemâ Chand’s army was blown up in the distri-
 bution of the powder :
- 130 And half Hemâ Chand’s army went on to Sohinî.
 The Dûbî wrote a letter and sent it on to Syâmâ.
 “ Syâmâ, come thou here and meet me.”
 “ Be silent for shame, thou Dûbî of Kâlsî.

* *Lit.*, gave the second “ hail.”

† ? *Viburnum fœtens*.

‡ *Lit.*, the accoutrements being fastened.

§ 4 *seers* or 8 *lbs.*

- Yesterday thou didst graze my buffaloes, to-day thou dost desire my life.
- 135 Speak of what happened in the midst of the famine, thou Dûbî :
- (When) I fed thee, thou Dûbî, with curds and pump kins*.”
- Half the army of Hemâ Chand (reached the) Court of Sohinf.
- Hemâ set fire to the fence at Sohini :
- And the struggle commenced in the plain of Sohinf.
- 140 Syâmâ's sons came out roaring like lions.
- Thus spake Syâmâ of Sohinf:
- “I tell you my sons, I reared you for this day.”
- [“May thy bad lame leg burn, Jaîyâ†.”
- Jaîyâ took up his club and broke down half the house wall.]
- 145 The sons of Syâmâ came running to the plain :
- And the struggle commenced in the midst of the Sohinf plain.
- The exchange of the arrows was like the chaff from barley :
- And the swords in exchange flashed like lightning :
- And the guns in exchange thundered like the clouds.‡
- 150 In the plain the army could not be counted.
- Hemâ wrote a letter and sent it to Nâhan.
- “Our fortune is destroyed, Râjâ, and our luck is gone.
- Half the army Syâmâ has cut up and half the fire burnt up.”
- “Hemâ, the grass of the pasture is always cut.
- 155 Come here to Nâhan and save thy life.”
- Hemâ Chand retreated back to Nâhan.
- The Râjâ of Nâhan contrived a plan.
- Jamnû and Syâmâ were brothers-in-law.§

* *AlP cucurbita maxima* : see Stewart, *Panjab Plants*, p 97.

† The two lines in brackets relate an incidental quarrel between Syâmâ and his brother.

‡ This description seems to be conventional.

§ *Lit.*, were sister's husband and wife's brother (to each other).

- Two relatives of the Râjâ went to Jamnû:
 160 And the Râjâ called Jamnû, the Banâyak.
 The Râjâ of Nâhan was sitting in his summer-house.
 "My insurgent of Sohini has become very arrogant.
 Bring me Syâmâ of Sohini and I will give thee a little
 village."
 "Sir Râjâ, thou art false, I believe thee not."
 165 (So) Râjâ Narpat touched his (sacred) thread.*
 "Râjâ, I will bring Syâmâ, but I will not let him be
 killed."
 The Râjâ tore the thread off the cow's neck.†
 Then Jamnû, the Banâyak, went to Sohini:
 And going to Sohini sat down in the vestibule.
 170 Syâmâ's wife saw him through the window.
 "The likeness of my brother is sitting in the vestibule."
 Syâmâ's wife was clever and wise:
 She brought a *huqa* and a cup of water:
 And Syâmâ's wife came into the vestibule.
 175 She gave the *huqa* into his hand and fell at his feet.‡
 "Like a flower of the garden, how hast thou come?"
 "Are Syâmâ and Jaiyâ in the house or in the village?"
 "My lords are asleep in the upper part of the house."
 "Is there any one who will go up and wake them?"
 180 Thûli, Syâmâ's daughter, went to the house.
 Thûli, Syâmâ's daughter, waked them up.
 "Get up, father, my uncle§ has come."
 Then Syâmâ and Jaiyâ came outside.
 Syâmâ fell on Jamnû's neck with affection.
 185 "Jamnû, my brother-in-law, whence hast thou come?"
 "The Râjâ of Nâhan hath called thee home,
 Why hast thou opposed the Râjâ, Syâmâ?
 Thou canst not be the equal of the Râjâ, Syâmâ."

* By way of oath.

† By way of a stronger oath.

‡ This is a very remarkable custom and seems to be universal in the hills. It reverses the regular Panjâbi custom.

§ Mother's brother.

- “The Lord Râjâ, Jamnû, is very deceitful.
 190 I have no faith at all in the Râjâ Narpât.”
 “Sir Syâmâ, flesh and the knife cannot be equal
 (friends).”
 Thus spake Syâmâ’s wife :*
 “The murder of thy sister and nephew will be on thee :”
 “Râjâ Narpât touched his (sacred) thread :
 195 I will take him to my arms and not suffer him to be
 killed.”
 Syâmâ’s wife was wise and clever :
 “If thou take Syâmâ to Nâhan, he will not return
 back.”
 “Warm for me, my wife, some fresh *ghî* :
 I shall not bring my life back from the treacherous Râjâ
 of Nâhan.”
 200 Thus spake Dâgû and Kesû, Syâmâ’s son :
 “Father, we have won seven struggles and fought seven
 battles :
 And now, Father, thou wouldst go to Nâhan.
 When thou hast gone to Nâhan no power will remain
 to us.”
 Syâmâ’s wife began to weep bitterly.
 205 “Sit still, my wife, if I go I will return.”
 Then Jamnû and Syâmâ went to Nâhan.
 The Râjâ of Nâhan was sitting in his summer-house.
 Syâmâ said to the Râjâ of Nâhan, ‘hail.’
 As he was saluting him the Râjâ turned his back on him.
 210 “Thy front or back is the same (to me), my Lord.”†
 The Râjâ heard Syâmâ’s speech in silence.
 “Syâmâ, I have heard of thy golden peacocks.”‡
 “It is true, my Lord, that I had golden peacocks,
 (But) my son and his wife took them away to amuse
 themselves (with them).”

* To Jamnû.

† This scene and expression seem to be conventional.

‡ The signs of independence or royalty.

215 "Thy son's wife was beautiful, and was asked (in marriage) for the Râjâ's harem."*

"Lowly women for the lowly, Queens for Kings !
For women and land, my Lord, heads are always rolling!"

"O my Lord Sîdhâ, † think of some plan
To bring the kith and kin of Syâmâ now to Nâhan !"

220 Syâmâ and Jaiyâ were handed over to the servants :
Handcuffs were placed on their hands and manacles on their feet.

Seven companies of the Râjâ went to Sohini,
And fetched Syâmâ's kith and kin to Nâhan.

Thus spake the Râjâ's Queen :

225 "Syâmâ's son's wife has been fetched ; in which palace shall we place her ?"

Then was Syâmâ, the rebel, heart-broken :

"Bring me here, my wife, a cup of water."

Seven sons of Syâmâ were put into the prison-house.

Thus spake the Râjâ's Queen :

230 "Boil water and throw in Syâmâ."

Then (spake one) "Queen, throw not Syâmâ into boiling water."

Thus spake the Râjâ of Nâhan :

"Slay Syâmâ and Jaiyâ on the banks of the Jamnâ, ‡
That the fish of the Jamnâ may satiate themselves with their blood and bodies."

235 Syâmâ and Jaiyâ were taken to the banks of the Jamnâ :
Chimnâ, the Chamâr, roaring dealt them heavy blows,
And the fishes of the Jamnâ were satiated with their blood.

One out of the seven sons ran away.

It was Sundar, Syâmâ's son, that ran away.

240 At the Jimatâ pass he gave a loud cry :

"The lion has escaped which you jackal servants (of Nâhan) surrounded :

* *Berâ*, a courtyard=here obviously *haramsardâ*, a harem.

† The Râjâ speaking.

‡ The Sarmor State lies mostly within the basin of the River Jamnâ.

You will know me for Syâmâ's son when I set fire to Nâhan."

Syâmâ's son, Sundar, went to Garhwâl*

Going to Garhwâl he drew water in the Court (of the palace).†

245 For six months did Sundar draw water thus.

For six months did the Queen come outside,
And the Queen of Garhwâl fell to asking Sundar :

"Of what land art thou? whose son?"

"O Queen, Schinî is my country; I am Syâmâ's son!"

250 "From that pleasant land why hast thou come here?"

"O Queen, the Râjâ of Nâhan has ruined us!

Seven or eight of our house he slew and made our wives
his slaves."

Eagerly the Queen heard Sundar's prayer.

The Queen of Garhwâl went up to the Râjâ;

255 And the Queen made a prayer to the Râjâ:

And they called in Sundar, the son of Syâmâ:

"What did the Râjâ of Nâhan do to thee?"

"The Râjâ slew my kith and kin and our wives he made
his slaves."

Then was the Râjâ of Garhwâl filled with anger.

260 And the Râjâ of Garhwâl collected his army.

The army of the Râjâ advanced (in numbers) beyond
reckoning.

In the front went the spears and the standards: (and)

Bags of shot and powder on elephants' backs.

The army of the Râjâ approached to Nâhan.

263 The Râjâ of Nâhan sitting there heard it:

(That) the drums of some king were being beaten on
the Kâlsî hills.

"Tell me, my princes, who is this great Râjâ?"

* Called also from its capital Srinagar. It is now a British hill district under the Commissioner of Kumâun in the North-West Provinces.

† *Bera* again used for a palace. Sundar has turned himself into a water-carrier.

- “The Râjâ of Garhwâl has come.”
- “We have done nothing to that Râjâ, my princes.”
- 270 “Syâmâ’s son, Sundar, ran away to him :
And running away went to the Court of Garhwâl.
It is Syâmâ’s son that has brought the Râjâ of Garhwâl.”
The army of the Râjâ advanced to the Court of Nâhan :
And Syâmâ’s son, Sundar, gave a shout :
- 275 “To-day, O Râjâ of Nâhan, have I brought fire.
When I fled (from thee) I spake thus.
Râjâ, my revenge has to-day been altogether effected.”
The Râjâ (of Nâhan) went out to meet them and gave
up his arms.*
- “Râjâ, spare my life who give my consent to thy
terms.”
- 280 The Râjâ of Nâhan released the women of Sundar’s
(family) :
And the Râjâ of Garhwâl returned back to Garhwâl.

* *Lit.*, with his arms in his mouth. A curious custom.

No. XIII.

THE SONG OF NEGÍ BAHÂDUR, AS SUNG IN JÚNGÂ, THE CAPITAL OF THE KYONTHAL STATE.

[This is a love-song and probably refers to some intrigue in the hills about Simla which attained to local notoriety. Bahâdur or Sabdá, as he is called in the song, is described as having been a Negí, or Military Commander in the Kyonthal State, but when he lived I have been unable to find out. There is nothing in this song which would give the least clue to his date.]

[The geography of the song is local as usual, excepting as to one place which I was told was near Srinagar in Garhwâl.]

[It is valuable for its grammar and vocabulary, but its disjointed and spasmodic nature has made it very difficult to render the doubtful words and passages. It seems to consist of a long string of locally familiar images and proverbial expressions, which it would require a native of Kyonthal to adequately explain, could one be found to do so.]

TEXT.

Râg Nigí Bahâdur.

- Nigí gâwandâ nâ Bahâdur gale paṛe royâ shokâ :
Chhotî rakam rî lâichî live ṭhande pâni râ loṭâ.
Bahâdur re ghartû dhîshû dûrâ dâ Dillî.
Ishî rahî jîû dî mere jîshî dahîn khî billî.
5 Ghyo bharmîn ghîṛe, tel bharmîn kuppe.
Manâ silgî maniye, dhûân hondâ nâ loe.
Kotî paṛî Shimlâ,* Nâliyot talâo.
Gujjî lâgî bedno, hondâ pagrâ nâ ghâo.
Jonḡo re beṛe dâ holâ pâthar râ mîṛo.
10 Chatro rove jîo dâ, mûrakh dîo sarlî liṛo.
Devî re mandar dî holî ghûnḡrû re mâlâ.
Koe bhari akhtî ? shîgî lîme sambhâlo.
Maharî bîṛo kho soân dhîso Kanhâr. †
Dhîṛe hoe bhalṛe. terî bhûli na navîro.

* Shimlâ, the local pronunciation of Simlâ.

† Near Simlâ. ‡ 25 miles from Simlâ.

- 15 Mahāre ghar dā dhīshū bangalā terā.
Rātī mīntiye supne hoē kālejā rī līro.
Goro charo ganole, charo maheshī Karole.*
Rātī mīntiye supne jānī bānotī shirwo.
Lānī nānī dostī, Bahādurā, hī dostī buri :
- 20 Hīshī lāgo dilo dī, jishī mās dī churī.
Dhāī baiṭhā sūrijo, Bahādurā, gādī baiṭhā mahant.
Chandī ro phūl, o dīmīn, chhāre dilo rā ant.
Kālī bānī mainā, Bahādurā, harī bānī totā.
Agge dittā thā āsrā, Bahādurā, pīchho dā gotā.
- 25 Kāle khāe tere kājle, Bahādurā, mānj māthe re tīke.
Korī khāī prīt, Bahādurā, gharī pallo rī chīte.
Dillī bījmīnī sīrash, Dillī agere rāī.
Shāg bholkā horīye khāyā, badī hām dī lāī.
Dhāke phūlā phūl, o rāhā dhāk dī arī.
- 30 Je holā mhāre hāq rā, hālā phā, ke parī.
Bāshī to kūkuā kho, o dī ten.
Dhīrā galā āj kā terī, Bahādurā, jānī rī ten ?
Sogī† rī sarak āyā Rānī rā ekkā.
Jitthe lāgo dīl, e bālā tithe jhāldā nānī rekhā.
- 35 Hāns chungo samundare, Sabdā, machhī nadi re
bīghā.
Hemī sībūre thī, bāre khī tusē bīchh, e shīngī.
Chānd bīchh, e sūrijo, Sabdā, ghane rī tāre.
Hemcī tosī nānī bīchh, e, bhāg bīchh, e mhāre.
Ath phūto‡ rā takhtā, nau phūt rī karī.
- 40 Ik kārtā gharo rā, Sabdā, dūjī fikro thārī.
Phul phullā julāb rā, rākhā pāthar pānde :
Heme, gandā, thārī tānī, tosī pāī nānī lānde.
Khara khariye shone araz merī.
It kārtā ghar rā, dūjī zarab terī.
- 45 Dhūro re bādī pānde parī ādhī.
Bārā kātī baras tere hukum bādī.

* Said to be near Srinagar in Garhwāl.

† Seven miles from Simla.

‡ Phūto, phūt, very interesting corruptions of the English word 'foot.'

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Nîgî Bahâdur.

- I cannot sing of Nîgî Bahâdur as my throat is dry :
 Bring me small cardamoms in a cup of cold water.
 Bahâdur's house seems as distant as Dillî.*
 (The longing) of my heart is as a cat's for the curds.
- 5 I will fill pitchers with *ghî* and leathern-bottles with oil.
 My heart burns in my heart, there is no smoke nor flame.
 There is a house at Simlâ, a tank at Nâliyâ.
 It penetrates unseen (for) the wound is not visible.
 The roof of the palace at Jûngâ is of stone.
- 10 The wise remain in their hearts, † the fool cries aloud.
 In the temple of Devî is the circlet for the ankles.
 Why fill thy eyes (with tears) ? Quickly he will take
 care of thee.
- From my palace is seen Kachâr before me.
 Many days have been, thy face is not forgotten.
- 15 I can see thy house from my hut.
 Meeting thee in a dream of the night my heart was torn
 in pieces.
 The cattle graze in the pastures, the buffaloes at Karol.
 In a dream of the night I thought thy arms met (round)
 my head.
- Indulge not in lust, Bahâdur, lust is wicked :
- 20 Thus is the heart injured (by it) as flesh by the knife.
 The sun sits on high, Bahâdur, as a high priest on his
 throne.
- I will give thee flowers of silver, if thou release the secret
 of thy heart :
- A black-coated *mainâ*, ‡ Bahâdur, and green-coated
 parrot.
- First thou didst give me hope, Bahâdur, and afterwards
 didst deceive me.

* Cf. proverb *Dillî dâr hai*, it is a far cry to Dehlî.

† Keep their own counsel.

‡ I.e., the talking *mainâ*, which is much valued.

- 25 The lamp-black in thine eyes, Bahādur, and the beauty
of thy face have devoured me.
Great love (for thee), Bahādur, and the devotion of
(every) moment and hour devours me.
I will sow *sarson** in Dehlī, and *rāī** in front of Dehlī. †
Another has eaten the half-cooked relish; I have been
disgraced.
The flower bloomed on high, and on high it withered.
- 30 Had it been my lot, it would have fallen quickly (into
my lap) ‡.
O Cuckoo! sitting on the branch of the walnut tree:
Why should I waste the day in the (useless) hope of
my beloved, Bahādur?
The Rānī's *ekkhāṣ* has passed along the Sogī road:
Where a girl's heart is attached she cannot tolerate a rival.
- 35 The swans eat in the sea, || O Sabdā! the fishes in the
broad rivers.
I was (for loving thee) for ever, in the end thou didst
quickly separate (from me).
The moon parts from the sun, O Sabdā! the stars from
the sky.
I and thou are not separated, our fates are separated.
The wood is of eight feet, and the beam (wants) nine feet.
- 40 My first anxiety is for the house, Sabdā, my second
anxiety is for thee.
The rose-flower bloomed and I laid it on a stone:
It was for thee, ungrateful! thou didst not receive it.
Stand awhile and listen to my prayer.
The first anxiety is for my house, the next for thy injuries.
- 45 The cloud from afar has split in half.
I have passed twelve years obeying thy commands.

* *Sarson*, *Brassica campestris*; *rāī*, *Brassica juncea*. They are two kinds of mustard.

† This appears to allude to some proverb, or perhaps *Dill* may mean 'in my heart!'

‡ So interpreted, but *hālā* has not been really translated.

§ A conveyance in which one pony is driven.

|| According to a well-known myth.

No XIV.

MADANĀ THE BRAVE, LORD OF CHAURĀ, AS SUNG IN THE KYONTHAL STATE.

[This exceptionally fine and poetical legend relates to some war, or rather fight, between the neighbouring states of Jūngā (or Kyonthal) and Kahlūr (or Bilāspūr) about the year A.D. 1680. The date can be fixed more or less approximately as being in the time of Rānā Anūp Sen of Kyonthal (1670-1692 A.D.) his contemporary on the Bilāspūr throne being Rājā Bhīm Chand, the 35th of his line, (A.D. 1672-1693), according to the manuscript epitome of the history of that State in my possession. Rājā Bhīm Chand is there stated to have been the successful warrior this legend makes him out to be.]

[The geography is again strictly local, and beyond what is above stated there is no history attached to it. The human interest, however, that the bard has infused into it is unusually great.]

TEXT.

Hār Madanā Sardār, Mauza' Chaurā, 'Ilāqā Kyonthal.

“Joū Karāukā,* toīn Chaurē khī jānā.”

Joūā Karāuk diwā Chyontī rī Dhāro :

Joū Karāuke jathā Madanā Bharo ;†

Joū Karāuk, jatho, tītīye shuno na koī :

5 Joū Karāuke ditti pīfī rī gālī.

Tabē Madanē Bhare shonā koīfī dā khare.

“Jithe tośī āve mard Koīfī re thīnge.

Ashyā bharmān Rājā rā, tūso ghānī gharmān dīnge.

Joūā Karāuk to bīshīye dā helā.

10 Bādā Chāele tāt deo nān koīn thelā.”

“Māelī ro Malāngonān rā nikalā dhūān !

Shonī dā nān pīre rā mātān ! ”

Odū ro Madanā donon chhīre khī shāde.

“Rājā Sāhibā hāmūn kadhī nān dhījā !

15 Chhīre khī keshī jāo hemīn pachīā bhatījā ? ”

“Isū chhere khī tūso jānī jānā paro.”

* Said to be the same as *Chaudhri*.

† *Bhar* = *Sardār*.

- Madanâ Bhaṛo goyâ thar-thar kâmbi.
 “Châle, jî Udû châchiâ, Chirmate jâmîn:
 Shaṛṛû Chanâl dâ hemîn dhanon balâmîn.”
- 20 Udû ro Madanâ donon Chirmate dîve.
 “Shaṛṛû rî Chanâliye! Shaṛṛû ghar ke gâven?”
 “Shaṛṛû Chanâl holâ bhîtarâ sutîâ.”
 “Shaṛṛû Chanâliye! Shaṛṛû dîtâ jagâvî.”
 Shaṛṛû Chanâl thar-thar kâmbâ.
- 25 “Bhaṛo rî dhanon khî merî nahâr nî baniâ lâmbâ.”
 “Nahâr nî je tere, Shaṛṛûâ, hemeñ bânî de shîle.”
 Shaṛṛû Chanâl tabe bâldâ lâgâ;
 Odû ro donon Madanâ bhûneñ de baiṭhe:
 Shaṛṛûe Bhaṛo rî dhanon karî pâf taiyâr;
- 30 Odû ro Madanâ donon ghar khî âe.
 Buddhî mâi bâṭâ tabe âṭâ.
 Madanâ ro Udû tarkash shâf.
 Buddhâ bâpû de kân dâ beṛe:
 “Tû Bhaṛo betîâ, jândâ tû pâchhro bhîre”
- 35 Odû ro Madanâ donon hoe taiyâr.
 Bâmûe oḍwe tabe bîṛo le pâgo:
 Donûe seh mâecho tabe uchhnî lâgo.
 Bamûe Bhaṛo oḍwe ditte koele khî pego:
 Titnîye thâ Kâchhîye chhîṛwe chhîkhâ;
- 40 Madanâ Bhaṛo baiṭhâ betîye dâ jânî:
 “Mâele re chhîṛo dâ kabhî jîundâ nâ haṭo.”
 “Rabâli lo khelâve beṛe Kesû.
 Chhîṛo kho âelâ bhalṛe dese.”
 Udû ro donon Madanâ Jûngo khî âe.
- 45 Râjî baiṭhâ Nûp Sain bârâdwârî:
 Udû ro Madanâ bolo, ‘jaikarî.’
 Dittîye ‘jaikarî’ Râjâ pûchhne lâi:
 “Udû ro Madanâ, donon chhîṛo khî jâo.”
 “Râjîâ Sâhibâ, to kabhî nân dhîjo hemo;
- 50 Chhero khî heme doneñ kîshe lâi loe pîchiâ bhatjîâ?”
 “Palâsho rî nâlî lâñî dîngîye jhârî.”
 Joûâ Karâuk dîwâ Chyuntî rî Dhâro:
 Joûâ Karâuk dhâro dâ jâṭhâ.

- Tabē Joûâ Karâuk dîwâ Chaure re bîro :
- 55 “ Îshû châlâ chhîro khî âpe Sâhib Râjâ.
Lâi dhîrye t̄handkâ sabhe Jûngo khî shâde.”
Tabē Chau.e Palâshû rî nâlî Jûnge âf.
Râjâ baiṭhâ Nûp Sain bârâdwârî.
Tissî fauj Râjâ bolî ‘jaikârî.’
- 60 “ Kîshî âf, Râjiâ, chhîro rî mhârî bârî.”
Tabē sârî fauj Râjâ araz karî ;
Râjâ Sâhibâ araz nâ mânî.
Râjâ lâi Sâhib zabarî rî zorî.
Âpnî fauj Bhaṛe kî taiyâr.
- 65 Tîdû dâ Bhaṛo dîwâ Tûndalo Kawâlî.
Tûndalo Kawâlî dâ Bhaṛ ghar khî jâṭho.
“ Mere maheshî ro bhâṭale bhîtaro khî bâno.”
Tîde dâ châlâ dîwâ Bhaṛo Tûndalo rî serî.
“ Tetiye baso Bhaṛâ bhain terî Sâhibâ.”
- 70 Gadambarî bhain leṛye dudh râ kaṭorâ.
“ Chîorî jâtî dî hondî nâ shudho :
Chhîro khî jândiye lei namalâ dudh.”
Gadambarî bhain dittî sarlî lîro :
“ Gadambarî, to roî na pîṭî :
- 75 Âunân jabe haṭîro, nîmân shâḍîro gharo.
Soe dîmân maheshî gâbhano gâvîû.”
Tîdâ râ châlâ dîwâ Beshî re panere :
Beshî rî Bâmanî âf panerî.
Beshî rî Bâmanî bharwe taṅgo.
- 80 “ Dekhîyo, chîorîyo, îs Bhaṛo râ rang !”
Iksî Bâmanî tabe ‘Bhâiyâ’ bolâ :
“ Îsî jawânî koe chhîro khî châlâ ?”
“ Râjâ Sâhibâ mân dhîjâ nân anthî.”
Tisse doe bâñ dâ bâṭo khole :
- 85 “ To purâ haṭe ghar khî, tere dâṅdo khî hole.”
“ Ethîñ bâṭoe mere daṅṅ nâ chhîjo.”
Tîdâ râ châlâ dîwâ Bhaṛ Serî rî ghâṭ :
Serî rî ghâṭ lâi rasoi.
Serî rî ghâṭ dâ ûndâ Mâeli khî dekho :
- 90 Mâeli Malâṅgane nikalâ dhûân.

- Madane Bhare hukum fauj khī kīyā :
 “ Mâeli Malānganān māt kho dhīshīā dhūān ;
 Bāno tosī kamaro, shīgī karo roti.”
 Tīthe kho fauj dīvī Mâeli rī seri.
- 95 “ Samjhe, Bhaṛā, tāt khīye pākharo āi.”
 Pahili innī khī tīne pākari talwāro :
 Pahili fauj kātīro dharnī bichāve.
 “ Samjhe, Bhaṛā Madanā, dujīrī innī.”
 Dujī fauj khī sambhālī dhanon :
- 100 Kātīro fauj dharnī bichāf.
 “ Tāt samjhe, Bhaṛā Madanā, chhījīrī innī.”
 Chhījīrī fauj khī Bhare pakaṛā ḍagāsā :
 Chhījī Bhare fauj dharnī rulānā.
 “ Samjhe, Bhaṛā Madanā, chauthī āi innī.”
- 105 Chauthī Bhare innī khī pākari bandūk :
 Bandūk rī golīye ghāf fauj dhāt.
 “ Samjhe, Bhaṛā Madanā, pānjvīn innī.”
 Pānjvīn pākari khī dāngaro sambhālā :
 Kātīro pākharo dharnī rulāvī.
- 110 Chhefī innī khī pākari rāmbī :
 Chhefī innī Bhare dharnī rulāvī.
 “ Tāt samjhe, Bhaṛā Madanā, satvī innī, Sāhibā.”
 “ Ūdūā chāchiā, mere hāth nān rohā keīn !
 Sākhne hāth bairīyo ebe mārā, chāchiā !”
- 115 Puro dā bolūlā Kahlūriā Sāu : *
 “ Kebe bānde chālī, Bhaṛā, kebe barchā bān ?”
 “ Saṛī Kahlūro, terī bāndī na jāo !”
 Kahlūriye Sāue ghāyā barchā bāt.
 Chhātī bāyā barchā pīthī nabārā.
- 120 “ O Ūdūā chāchiā, ebe bairī mārā !
 Ghar banātī nā merā lūṭīā līwā :
 Āmān bole bāpū hāge, ‘ Bhaṛo chākari khī dīwā.’”
 Ūdūe Chāchiye tīne kamaro kashā ṭāf rā.
 Kamaro kashīro ḍolī dā chukkā.
- 125 Tīdo re chale āe Beshī re panhere.
 Beshī rī Bāmanī āi tabe panhere.

- “ Kal kâ gâbharû jo âj chukhîro ânâ.”
 Beshî rî Bâmanî leî dudh râ katorâ.
 Tîtiye tabe chhâ,i pâi Bhaṛe Madane prân.
 130 “ Mathrûâ Turebâ, ebe biorâ kare bâjâ.
 Ethe râ bâjnâ jo shuno Jânge Râjâ,
 Haṛe âyâ Madanâ jâi goyâ mârâ.”
 Tîde râ châle âe Chauṛe rî bîro.
 Buddhâ rû buddherî dîle sarlî lîro :
 135 “ Râjâ Sâhibâ, hemîn kadhî nân dhîjâ :
 Chhîro khî do lâe the pîchiâ ro bhatîjâ.”
 Kebrû rî setî dî loe chittâ banâvî.
 Ūdûe châche tîne ditte Bhaṛo de dâgo.

TRANSLATION.

Story of Madanâ, Lord of Chauṛâ in the Kyonthal State.

- “ O Joû Karâuk, thou must go to Chauṛâ.”*
 Joû, the Karâuk, went to the Chyoṇṭî Hills :†
 Joû, the Karâuk, spake to the Lord Madanâ ;
 Joû, the Karâuk, called out, but no one heard him :
 5 (So) Joû, the Karâuk, cursed his family.
 The Lord Madanâ standing in his verandah heard him.
 “ All of you men that come from Kotîṭ are scoundrels.
 I will pay the Râjâ eighty (rupees as a fine) and beat
 thee well with a stick.
 Joû, thou Karâuk, thou art an habitual bribe-taker.
 10 In all Châel§ no one will give thee (even) a scrap (of
 food).”
 “ Smoke has arisen in Mâel§ and Malângan ! §
 May thy family perish for thy not hearing|| ! ”
 (Thus) were Odû¶ and Madanâ called to the fight.

* This is the order of the Râjâ of Kyonthal to Joû to call Madanâ to help him in a battle.

† Close to Chauṛâ.

‡ Near Chauṛâ.

§ Divisions of Kyonthal State.

|| Meaning that he had come to say that there was fighting, and that these people would not hear his summons for help.

¶ Uncle to Madanâ

- "The Lord Râjâ never spares us !*
- 15 How can we, uncle and nephew, (both) go to the fight ?"
 "You *must* go to this fight."
 The Lord Madanâ began to tremble violently.
 "Come, Sir Uncle Odû, let us go to Chirmatâ : †
 We will have our bows mended by Sharû, the Chanâl."
 20 Odû and Madanâ went together to Chirmatâ.
 "O wife of Sharû, the Chanâl ! Is Sharû at home or
 in the village ?"
 "Sharû, the Chanâl, is sleeping within."
 "O wife of Sharû, the Chanâl ! Awaken Sharû."
 Sharû, the Chanâl, trembled violently. ‡
 25 "I have no gut ready long enough for my Lord's bow."
 "If you have no gut, Sharû, then make (the string)
 for us of hemp."
 Sharû, the Chanâl, began to make (the string) ;
 Odû and Madanâ both sat on the ground. §
 And Sharû made ready my Lord's bow ;
 30 And Odû and Madanâ returned home.
 The old mother kneaded the flour (for them) :
 Madanâ and Odû filled their quivers :
 The old father filled his cars with cotton : ||
 "O my Lord, my son, if thou go, then fight in the rear."
 35 Odû and Madanâ were both ready.
 Then they put on their clothes and bound on their
 turbans ;
 And both their parents began to caress them.
 My Lord having put on his clothes went into the
 verandah ;
 At that same moment his babe Kâchhî sneezed ; ¶
 40 And the Lord Madanâ knew that he would be defeated.
 "I shall not return alive from the fight at Mâel,
 (thought he)."

* This is Odû and Madanâ's complaint.

† In Châel.

‡ Because he would have to work for nothing for the chiefs.

§ To watch him. || That he might not hear the bad news.

¶ A very bad omen.

(Spake he) "Let me caress and play with my child Kesû.
I will return from the fight after many days."

Odû and Madanâ went both to Jûngâ.

45 Râjâ Anûp Sen was sitting in his summer-house :

Odû and Madanâ said (to him), 'hail.'

When he returned the salute the Râjâ began to ask
(after) them :

"Odû and Madanâ, you must both go to the war."

"O my Lord Râjâ, thou dost never excuse us :

50 Why dost send us both, uncle and nephew, to the
war?"

"I will dig up the (very) bushes from the valley of
Palâsh."*

Joû, the Karâuk, went (again) to the Chyonî Hills :

And Joû, the Karâuk, called out in the hills.

Then Joû, the Karâuk, went into the land of Chauṛâ :

55 "The Lord Râjâ is coming himself to this war.

He has called every wearer of a silver zone† to Jûngâ."

Then the whole valley of Chauṛâ and Palâsh came to
Jûngâ.

Râjâ Anûp Sen was sitting in his summer-house.

To him the host said, 'Râjâ, hail !'

60 "How has our turn, Râjâ, come for service (so soon) ?"

And all the host besought the Râjâ.

But the Lord Râjâ heard not their petition.

The Lord Râjâ used oppression and force.

The Lord (Madanâ) got ready his army.

65 Then the Lord (Madanâ) went to Tûndalo and Kawâlî:‡

At Tûndalo and Kawâlî the Lord (Madanâ) called out
thus to his house :

"Fasten my buffaloes and oxen inside."

From thence my Lord (Madanâ) went to the Tûndalo
plain.

* In Châel. He means to say that he will impress the whole population.

† I.e., all adult males.

‡ Villages, a stage from Jûngâ.

"My Lord, now is the Lady, thy sister, dwelling here."

70 Gadambarî, his sister, brought him a cup of (fresh) milk.*

"Womenkind have no sense!" (said Madanâ).

"On my way to the fight thou hast brought me (fresh) milk!"

Gadambarî, his sister, cried out aloud.

"Weep not and lament (thus), Gadambarî:

75 When I return back I will bring thee to my house.
I will give thee a milch buffalo and a cow heavy with young."

Thence he went to the tank at Beshî.†

The Brâhmanîs of Beshî came to the tank;

The Brâhmanîs of Beshî filled the place (with their numbers).

80 "Behold," said one, "my women, this Chief's doing!"

Then spake one of the Brâhmanîs, "my Brother:

Why go to the wars in this (time of thy) youth?"

"The Lord Râjâ would not at all excuse me."

She took off her bracelets from both her arms:

85 "Go thou back home, these are for thy fine."

"These bracelets will not pay the fine."

Thence the Chief went on to the Sairî pass.‡

At the Sairî pass he eat his food.

From the Sairî pass he looked down into Mâel:

90 The smoke was arising in Mâel and Malângan.

My Lord Madanâ gave the order to the army:

"I see the smoke (arising) in Mâel and Malângan;

Gird up your loins and hasten over your food."

Thence the army went to the plains of Mâel.

95 "Have a care, my Lord, thou wilt be opposed."§

For the first assault the Chief seized his sword.

* A bad omen.

‡ Third stage from Jûngâ.

† Second stage from Jûngâ.

§ The taunt of the enemy.

- The first line were slain and strowed upon the ground.
- “Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, there is a second line.”
- For the second line the Chief got ready his bows:
- 100 The (second) line slain were strowed upon the ground.
- “Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, there is a third line.”
- For the third line the Chief seized his axe:
The Chief destroyed utterly the third line.
- “Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, the fourth line is come.”
- 105 For the fourth line the Chief seized his gun:
The bullets of the guns destroyed the fourth line.
- “Have a care, my Lord Madanâ, for the fifth line.”
- For the fifth (line of) enemies he got ready his battle-axes:
- The enemy were slain and levelled with the earth.
- 110 For the sixth line he seized his knives:
The Chief levelled the sixth line with the earth.
- “Have a care, my Lord Madanâ; there is a seventh, my Lord!”
- “O Odû, my uncle, there is nothing in my hand!
My enemy will now slay me empty-handed, my uncle!”
- 115 From the opposite side spake the Lord of Kahlûr.
“Either be my captive, my Lord, or I thrust in my spear.”
- “Thou wretch of Kahlûr, I will never be thy captive!”
The Lord of Kahlûr thrust in his spear.
The spear entered his breast and came out at his back.
- 120 “O my uncle Odû, the enemy has slain me!
Take not my (blood-stained) robes back to my house:
(But) tell my father and mother that ‘my Lord is gone on service.’”
- His uncle Odû bound up his side.
Binding up his side he placed him in a *doll*.

- 125 Thence they went (back) to the tank of Beshî.
 Then the Brâhmanî came to the tank :
 "The strong man of yesterday is carried back to-day."
 The Brâhmanî of Beshî brought a cup of milk.
 (But) at that very moment the Lord Madanâ gave up
 his life.
- 130 "O Mathrû, thou Bard, change now thy music,*
 That when the Râjâ of Jûngâ hears the notes from here
 He may know that Madanâ is brought back dead."
 Thence they went to the land of Chauṛâ :
 The old father and mother raised a loud cry ;
- 135 "O my Lord Râjâ, thou hast never spared us :
 Sending both uncle and nephew to the war."
 In the Kebrû plain they built the pyre,
 And Odû, the uncle, burnt the Chief there.

* *I.e.*, The bard who accompanied the force must now change his martial music for that of a funeral.

No. XV.

THE LEGEND OF SAFĪDOŃ.

AS GENERALLY KNOWN IN THE PANJĀB, AND AS
TOLD BY AN INHABITANT OF SAFĪDOŃ.

[The legends about SafīdoŃ, which practically relate the story of the holocaust of snakes by Janamejaya, and the events leading thereto, are very widely known throughout the Panjāb, and form perhaps one of the most important groups of the legendary lore of the people. The story—overladen however with much subsequent Brahmanical lore—is told in the *Ādi Parvā* of the *Mahābhārata*, and again partially in the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*, and has been the subject of endless speculation. It no doubt relates the war of extermination carried on by the Aryans about Dehlī (Dillī) against the Nāga race of the Panjāb, and is thus a tale of much historical importance.]

[Throughout the legends, as related by the peasantry of the present day, the Nāga people are confounded with the *Nāg*, or poisonous snake, which was perhaps their totem, and in this respect the tradition of to-day varies but little from that of the Saṅskṛit classical times. But so strongly does the humanity—so to speak—of the Nāgas of the story in all its forms come out, that, wherever the word *Nāg*, and sometimes where the word *Sāmp* (snake), has occurred, I have translated by the vague word *Nāg* in preference to *snake* or *serpent*. It is well worth remarking how clearly the modern Panjābi tradition tends to show that the real cause of the quarrel between the Aryans and the Nāgas was the abduction of a princess of the latter race by Parikshit, the king of the former.]

[The scene of the story is always laid in the Panjāb at the place variously called Safīdam, SafīdoŃ, Sapidān and Saphīdān, which the more learned natives say represents *Sarpa-damana*. This would make the name to mean “the subduing of the snakes or Nāgs.” SafīdoŃ is a town in the Jind State.]

[I have not given the original of the following short prose legend of SafīdoŃ as it is merely the ordinary Uṛdū of Europeans and the polite natives. It only carries us as far as the abduction of the princess and does not relate the subsequent murder (?) of the seducer Parikshit and the terrible reprisal of his son Janamejaya. The *Mahābhārata* story is mostly occupied with the deeds of Janamejaya and the death of Parikshit.]

THE LEGEND OF SAFĪDOŃ.

The town was founded by the Pāṇḍavas* and its modern name is Safīdam, or more popularly SafīdoŃ. In it there were

* Usually the sons of Pāṇḍu and heroes of the *Mahābhārata*, but here probably the descendants of Pāṇḍu, as Parikshit and Janamejaya, the usual heroes of this legend, were respectively grandson and great-grandson of Arjuna the Pāṇḍava. In modern language the whole race are called Pāṇḍus.

at that time three large closed up wells. In one was *amṛita*,* in another snakes, and in the third locusts. Niwal Daī, the daughter of Rājā Bāsak,† once opened the *Amṛita* Well in order to draw off some of the "Water of Immortality" to cure her father, who was suffering from leprosy. For a Nāg‡ of Rājā Bāsak's family had bitten a cow, and the cow had cursed Bāsak, that, as he had not ordered his Nāgs to leave cows and Brāh-mans§ alone, he should become a leper.

Now the people agreed that the only cure for the Rājā's leprosy was some of the *amṛita* from the well at Safīdōn, but, as the stones over the mouth of the well were very heavy, it was almost impossible to procure it. Niwal Daī, the daughter of the Rājā, offered to bring the *amṛita* for her father at all hazards, though the Rājā and all her relatives tried very hard to dissuade her. They all the more advised her not to go, as she had been once betrothed to one of the Pāṇḍavas and Rājā Bāsak had broken off the match,|| so naturally, as the well was in the power of the Pāṇḍavas, she ran a great risk of being seized by them if she went there.

However she would listen to no one, and went off to the well to bring the *amṛita*. So beautiful was she that she fascinated the beasts and birds of the forest, who collected at the well to gaze at her. Even Rājā Indra¶ came down to see her.

By her magic strength she removed the stones from the well mouth, and tried to draw the water so as not to show herself to the god of the water. But the water went downwards into the well and her rope could not reach it. At last being weary

* *Amṛita* is the water of life or immortality.

† Vāsuki, the chief of the serpents or Nāgas. The Niwal Daī of modern legend corresponds somewhat to Jaratkārū of the *Mahābhārata*.

‡ It should be borne in mind that the Nāg is looked on as a true venomous snake by the natives, and that his anthropomorphic character is confined entirely to the legends.

§ Both being sacred in Hindū eyes.

|| This betrothal is a serious matter still, and the breach of the compact on these occasions is a source of much quarrelling to the present day.

¶ The god of the firmament and the sender of rain. As the lord of Swarga, the heaven of the gods, he is now regarded as the personification of lasciviousness and sensuality.

she was ready to curse Khwâjâ Khizar, the god of the water.* But Khwâjâ Khizar said that she should have no water unless she showed herself to him. Now Niwal Daî had never yet shown herself to any one except her own parents, and she felt very uneasy, but, being helpless, and out of affection for her father, she showed herself to the water, which rose up at once to the brim of the well. But in doing this it made such a noise that the Pâṇḍavas heard it, and knew that Niwal Daî had come, for none but she had the power to open the well.

Presently the Pâṇḍava, to whom she had been betrothed, came galloping up to the well and determined to seize her, but she at once transformed herself into a Nâg† (snake) and thrust herself into the brick platform round the mouth of the well. The Pâṇḍava remained there a long while urging her to come out, and assuring her of his good intentions towards her. She refused, and used all her tricks and devices to avoid him, but the Pâṇḍava Râjâ would not budge an inch. So at last Niwal Daî made him swear an oath not to touch her, and promised to assume her proper human form and come out of the platform. The Râjâ swore a great oath, and Niwal Daî assuming her human form came out and stood before him. And when the Râjâ saw her full beauty he tried to seize her again, but Niwal Daî reminded him of his oath and said: "The sea and the wind and the water are bound by their vows and leave not their appointed places."

"But," answered the Râjâ, "your father betrothed you to me and afterwards broke his word, and you will be married to another husband after me! Is such a thing tolerable in the golden age? The women of the Black Age‡ shall abandon

* Often regarded as a Muhammadan saint and identified with the Prophet Elias: really he is the god of the flood, and probably represents an old cult engrafted on to Central Asian Muhammadanism.

† This power of transformation is the main characteristic of the legendary Nâgas, and repeatedly occurs in all stories regarding them.

‡ *Satjug*, the golden age, represents in a loose way the *Krita Yuga* of Saṅskṛit, the first age of the world, when all men behaved well and there was no trouble. *Kâljug*, the black age, represents the *Kali Yuga*, the fourth or present depraved age of the world, when righteousness has ceased and trouble has begun.

their husbands for other men to whom they are not married, but this cannot be *now*; so I will not let you return to your father."

So Niwal Daī, seeing no other way of escape gave her word to the Rājā, that if he let her go now she would return to him soon. And the Rājā let her go.

Niwal Daī went to her father and bathed him in the *amṛita* all over, excepting his thumb, over which she placed her kerchief, because she intended to return to the well under the pretence of fetching more water to cure the thumb. As soon as the *amṛita* touched Rājā Bāsak he was cured of his leprosy, excepting his thumb. Seeing this he said* to his daughter: "The leprosy has left every part of me except my thumb." On this Niwal Daī offered at once to fetch more *amṛita* from the well, but her father did not wish it, as he feared that the second time the Pāṇḍavas would surely catch her. However she would not listen and went off to the well.

As soon as she arrived, the Pāṇḍava, who had been awaiting her, seized her, and making a fire in the forest formally married her and took her to his palace.*

But Rājā Bāsak's thumb was never cured, and that is why leprosy is still rife among the people of the Panjāb.

* The walking round the fire by the bride and bridegroom is the crowning ceremony of the orthodox Hindu marriage. The narrator here means to say that Niwal Daī and her abductor went through all the forms of a real marriage.

No. XVI.

PRINCESS NIWAL DAÍ,

AS SUNG BY TWO SCAVENGERS FROM BIBIYÁL
VILLAGE NEAR AMBÁLÁ.

[This legend covers the whole ground of the story of the war between the Aryans and the Nāgas, from the abduction of Niwal Daí, the daughter of Vāsuki the Nāga monarch, by Parikshit the Pāṇḍava king of Hastināpura and the consequent murder of Parikshit by Vāsuki's emissaries to the final destruction of the Nāgas by Parikshit's son Janamejaya in revenge for his father's death. It contains much that is not to be found in the *Mahābhārata* and *Bhāgavata* versions, and also much that is obviously based on the same foundations as the classical story.]

[The style is excessively uncouth, but the value of the tale is enhanced by the fact that the social isolation of the class that sing and retain it renders them peculiarly free from those Brahmanical influences with which the orthodox version of the Saṅskṛit classics is so overcharged.]

TEXT.

Rāg Rānī Niwal Daí Beṭi Rājā Bāsak kī.

Awalān, Debī parbat mān basnī,

Tere sher daṛūke bānke bhawan meṅ!

Bāsak Rājā soe thā Dhartmaṇḍal meṅ :

TRANSLATION.

*The Song of Princess Niwal Daí, the Daughter of Rājā
Bāsak.**

First (I worship thee), O Goddess dwelling in the
mountains.†

The lions roar at thy splendid temple!

Rājā Bāsak was sleeping in Dhartmaṇḍal.‡

* Bāsak is Vāsuki, but I have not been able to ascertain who Niwal Daí represents, except it be Jaratkārā of the *Mahābhārata* Legend.

† Pārvatī, the spouse of Śiva.

‡ Explained to be Pātāla, the fabled nether dwelling of the Nāgas or Serpents, but it is really I think some portion of the Southern Panjāb : (?) the Multān Province.

- Padmâ Daï Rânî pankhâ jholî.
- 5 Sote Râjâ ko supnâ bhâyâ :
 Jâte kahîn gayâ mirg shikâr.
 Râjâ chamakke uthâ.
 Padmâ Daï Rânî kare jawâb :
- “ Kyâ merî sewâ meñ bhâl hûî ?
- 10 Mujhe sach batâ de, Râjâ.”
 “ Nâ terê sewâ meñ bhâl hûî :
 Mujhe sote ko supnâ bhâyâ.
 Janou main to gayâ khelan shikâr :
 Mârâ sohan mirg.”
- 15 Pâjî kâ betâ bulâyâ.
 “ Pâjî, merê ’araz suno :
 Merâ hañslâ sâ ghorâ pîrke lâ.”
 Pâjî daurâ daurâ âve ;
 Hañslâ ghorâ chit sangârâ ;

- Rânî Padmâ Daï* was fanning him.
- 5 Sleeping the Râjâ had a dream,
 That he went somewhere a-hunting the deer.
 The Râjâ awoke with a start.
 Spake Rânî Padmâ Daï :
- “ What mistake have I made in my care (for thee) ?
- 10 Tell me truly Râjâ.”
 “ There hath been no mistake in thy service :
 A dream came to me in my sleep.
 I thought I went a-hunting.
 And slew a black-buck.”
- 15 He called his minion.
 “ Minion, hear me :
 Saddle me my fine horse.”
 The minion ran off
 And decked out the fine horse

* Apparently Padmapriyâ or Padmâvati—the goddess Mânasâ, the sister of the Nâga Râjâ. There is probably a confusion of mythology here. Here she is the wife of Vâsuki and mother of Niwal Daï.

- 20 Rājā Bāsak ke pās lāyā.
 Bāwān sum nachkārke paure pair dharāve ;
 Sukh āsan āve.
 Dhartmaṇḍal se ghorā daptāyā,
 Chhe ke bīhā-dūnī jangāl jār meṅ āyā.
- 25 Ākar Rājā Bāsak ne mirg ūthāyā :
 Mirgān ke dār ko lalkarā machāyā.
 Jab mirg bhāgkar chale
 Rājā Bāsak ne gherā pāyā.
 Jis waqt tarkash meṅ se kannī nikālī,
- 30 Jī par takāī :
 Jorke mirg ke sir meṅ lagāī :
 Uchalke mirg zamīn par āe :
 Paṛde paṛde kī jān hawwā ho gāī.
 Rājā ghorē se nīche āve :
- 35 Khīse meṅ hāth pāeke chāqū nikāī ;

- 20 And brought it to Rājā Bāsak.
 Bending his left leg he put his foot in the stirrup,*
 And sat at ease.
 Galloping the horse from Dhartmaṇḍal,
 And spurring it he came into thick and boundless forest.
- 25 There Rājā Bāsak put up some deer,
 And shouted at the herd of deer.
 When the deer ran off
 Rājā Bāsak brought them to bay.
 Drawing an arrow from his quiver
- 30 He took aim.
 Taking aim he struck a deer on the head ;
 And bounding up the deer fell upon the ground :
 And its life went out as it fell.
 The Rājā came down from his horse.
- 35 Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a knife,

* It is lucky to mount with the left foot.

- Pet chák karke káljá nikálâ.
 Phir khîse meñ hâth dūsre Râjâ Bâsak ne pâyâ :
 Hâth pâeke dusrî patharî nikâlî :
 Us patharî nikâlke sokhta lagâyâ.
 40 Chugke lakî gîṭhâ* lagâyâ :
 Gîṭhe meñ káljá tikâyâ.
 Gîṭhe meñ se dhundhkâr uthâ.
 Râjâ Pârag apne mahil ke ûpar charhâ :
 Apne shikârgâh meñ dhundhkâr dekhâ.
 45 “Kaun jāne koî Râjâ utarâ ?
 Kaun jāne koî Jogîjî ?”
 Pîrke ghorâ chal parâ,
 Bihâ-dûnî jangal ujâr meñ âyâ.
 Râjâ Pârag ko dekhkar Râjâ Bâsak bhâg chalâ, jî.

- And ripping up the (deer's) belly he took out the heart
 (liver).
 Then Râjâ Bâsak put his other hand into his pocket :
 Putting in his other hand he drew out a flint :
 Taking out the flint he applied it to fuel.
 40 Collecting sticks he made a fire,
 And on the fire he placed the (deer's) heart.
 A smoke arose from the fire.
 Râjâ Pârag† was on his palace roof,
 And saw the smoke in his hunting-ground.
 45 “Who knows (said he) if it be some Râjâ that has come
 (there) ?
 Who knows if it be some jogî ?”
 Saddling his horse he went off,
 And came into the boundless deserted forest.
 Râjâ Bâsak seeing Râjâ Pârag ran off.‡

* For *angîthâ*.

† Parikshit.

‡ From this point nearly every line ends with “jî, sir,” which is addressed to the audience. I have for reasons of convenience omitted this in the translation.

- 50 Pârâg Râjâ ne dîâ thâ lalkârâ, jî :
 “ Bhâge ko jân nahîn dîngâ, jî ;
 Mâr ganwân dîn kisî thaur, jî.”
 Mârke ghoṛâ gherâ pâ dîâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârâg samjhâve Râjâ Bâsak ko, jî :
- 55 “ Ik bāt merî sun lîjo, jî :
 Bahot roz se mere shikârgâh meñ shikâr khelte phire
 hai, jî ;
 Ab main terî jân chhorne kâ nahîn, jî.”
 “ Râjâ Pârâg, ab ke merî jân chhor de, phir kabhî nahîn
 âdîngâ, jî.”
 Râjâ Pârâg kahe, “ mujh ko terâ ’aitbâr nahîn, jî.
- 60 Mujh ko putrî kâ ḍolâ de, terî jân chhorîñ, jî.”
 Râjâ Bâsak kahe, “ mere mahil meñ putrî nahîn, jî.”
 Râjâ Pârâg kahe, “ tû barâ be-îmân hai, jî.
 Putrî tere mahil meñ paidâ hûf hai, jî.
 Putrî denî hai, to de de : nahîn, terî jân mâr dîngâ, jî.”

- 50 Râjâ Pârâg taunted him :
 “ I let not runaways escape alive ;
 Somewhere or other I kill them.”
 Flogging his horse he brought him to bay.
 Said Râjâ Pârâg to Râjâ Bâsak :
- 55 “ Hear a word of mine :
 Many days hast thou been hunting in my hunting-
 grounds ;
 Now will I let not thee escape with thy life.”
 “ Râjâ Pârâg, spare my life now and I will never come
 again.”
 Said Râjâ Pârâg, “ I have no faith in thee.
- 60 Give me thy daughter in marriage and I will spare thy life.”
 Spake Râjâ Bâsak, “ I have no daughter in my palace.”
 Spake Râjâ Pârâg, “ Thou art a great hypocrite :
 A daughter has been born in thy palace.
 Thou must give me thy daughter, so give her, or I will
 destroy thy life.”

- 65 Hâth jorke 'araz kare, "main dolâ tujh ko de chukâ, jî."
 Râjâ Pârag kahe, "mujh ko tere 'aitbâr nahîn, jî.
 Tîn bachan Thâkur ke mujh ko likhkar de, jâo, jî."
 Râjâ ne korâ kâghaz, qalam, da'wât jeb se nikâlî, jî.
 Apne tîn bachan Thâkur ke likhkar Râjâ Pârag ko dîe, jî.
- 70 Apnî jî ko parhkar santokh khâyâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag ne kahâ, ke "ab putrî kâ dolâ mujh ko dîâ, jî."
 Lek-salek* karke Râjâ Bâsak Maṇḍal ko âyâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag Shahr Safîdoṅ ko âyâ, jî.
 Ake pâjî kâ betâ bulwâyâ, jî.
- 75 Pâji ne âke jhukkar kîâ salâm, jî:
 "Kaho, Râjâ Pârag, kyâ farmâo, jî?"
 Râjâ Pârag ne farmâyâ, "Begû Nâi ko bulâo, jî."

- 65 With joined hands he (Râjâ Bâsak) spake, "I have
 already given her thee in marriage."
 Spake Râjâ Pârag, "I havə no faith in thee.
 Write me down an oath three times (in the name) of
 God and go."†
 The Râjâ (Bâsak) took pen, ink and paper from his
 pocket
 And wrote down the oath (in the name) of God three
 times and gave it Râjâ Pârag.
- 70 Reading them himself he was satisfied.
 Said Râjâ Pârag, "Now he has given me his daughter
 in marriage."
 Saluting him Râjâ Bâsak went on to (Dhart) Maṇḍal.
 Râjâ Pârag went to Safîdoṅ City.
 Arriving (there) he called his minion.
- 75 The minion came and saluted respectfully:
 "Râjâ Pârag, tell me; what is thy command?"
 Spake Râjâ Pârag, "call Begû, the Barber."

* For *as-salâm 'alaikum*.

† This expression, *lit.*, "three words of God" is very common in the poem. It means a strong oath.

- Begû Nâi ne âkar salâm kiâ, jî :
- “ Ai Râjâ, mujh ko kyâ khidmat farmâo, jî.”
- 80 “ Srinagal men jâo, bhâichârâ ko bulâo, jî.”
- Srinagal men jâkar bulâwâ diâ, jî :
- Jurke bhâichârâ Kachahrî men âe, jî.
- Âke bhâichârâ ne ‘ Râm, Râm’ dhâe, jî.
- “ Kaho, Râjâ Pârag, bhâichârâ kimrat bulâyâ, jî ?”
- 85 Râjâ Pârag kahe, “ Bhâiyo, Bâsak roz khelne âve shikârgâh, jî.
- Âj main Râjâ Bâsak pakar lîâ, jî.
- Main us ko pakarke mârne lagâ thâ, jî :
- Is ne mujh ko putrî kâ nâtâ diâ, jî.
- Tîn bachan Thâkur ke likhkar de diê, jî.
- 90 Râjâ Bâsak se bair thâ : ab nâtâ ho gayâ, jî.”
- Jab Râjâ Bâsak apne mahil ko âyâ, jî,
- Ghorâ tavelâ men bândh diâ, jî.

- Begû, the Barber, came and saluted :
- “ Râjâ, what service dost thou command of me ?”
- 80 “ Go to Srinagal* and call my kinsfolk.”
- Going to Srinagal he fetched them :
- And the kinsfolk came and sat together in the Court.
- Coming the kinsfolk gave him salutation :
- “ Say, Râjâ Pârag, why hast called thy kinsfolk ?”
- 85 Spake Râjâ Pârag, “ My brethren, Bâsak came daily hunting in my hunting-grounds :
- To-day I caught Râjâ Bâsak.
- Seizing him I would have slain him :
- (But) he gave me his daughter in marriage.
- He wrote me an oath three times (in the name) of God
- 90 Râjâ Bâsak was my enemy : now is he my relative.”

When Râjâ Bâsak reached his palace
He fastened his horse in the stable.

* Near Safidon.

- Chalke mahil men Rânî ke pàs âyâ, jî.
 Jab Rânî ne kahâ, "ai Râjâ, tum ne der kahân lâgâi, jî?"
- 95 Râjâ kahe, "roz roz main shikâr khelan jâûn thâ, jî:
 Âj mujh ko Râjâ Pârâg ne apne shikârgâh men pakar
 lâ, jî:
 Mere se us ne putrî kâ nâtâ lenâ kiâ, jî.
 Tîn bachan mere se le lâ, jî.
 "Tîn bachan main deke mahilon ko â gayâ, jî.
- 100 Ab, Rânî, tere ikhtiyâr hai, jî."
 Rânî kahne lagî, "ai Râjâ, tum ne tîn bachan diê, jî:
 Ab putrî kâ biyâh de do, jî."
 Râjâ kahe, "hamârâ us kâ qadîm se bair hai, jî:
 Main putrî kâ dolâ nahîn dûngâ, jî."
- 105 Rânî kahe, "tîn bachan tûn diê us kî hatyâ lagegî, jî."
 Râjâ kahe, "ai Rânî, ab main kyâ karûn, jî?
 Man mukh se kahke sunâo, rî, jî!"

- Going into the palace he came to the Rânî.
 Then spake the Rânî, "Where didst delay so long
 Râjâ?"
- 95 Spake the Râjâ, "Daily I went a-hunting,
 And Râjâ Pârâg (at last) caught me himself in his
 hunting-ground.
 He made me give him my daughter in marriage.
 Thrice he took an oath from me.
 Giving him an oath thrice I am come to my palace.
- 100 What wilt do now, Rânî?"
 Said the Rânî, "Thou hast given thy oath thrice:
 So marry thy daughter to him now."
 Spake the Râjâ, "He and I are old enemies,
 I will not give him my daughter in marriage."
- 105 Spake the Rânî, "Thou hast given thy oath thrice, its
 vengeance will fall on thee."
 Spake the Râjâ, "Rânî, what shall I do?
 Tell me thy advice with thy lips."

- Râni kahe, " bhâichârâ ko bulâo, jî."
 Râjâ Bâsak ne pâjî kâ betâ bulâyâ, jî.
 110 Pâjî ne âke jhukkar salâm kîâ, jî.
 Râjâ ne hukm lagâyâ, " bhâichârâ ko bulâo, jî.
 Kâlî Singh, Bhûrî Singh ko bulâo, jî:
 Jîwan Singh Nâg ko bulâo, jî:
 Sankchûr Nâg ko bulâo, jî:
 115 Sûtak Pâtak ko bulâo, jî."
 Pâjî kâ betâ chalke Srinagal men âve, jî:
 Ast kul, nau Nâg ko bulâwâ dekar lâve, jî.
 Âkar Kachahrî men bhâichârâ ne 'Râm Râm' dhiyâe,
 " Ai bhâiyo," hâth joṛke 'araz lagâve,
 120 " Merî 'araz suno, jî:

- Spake the Râni, " Call the kinsfolk."
 Râjâ Bâsak called his minion.
 110 The minion came and saluted respectfully.
 The Râjâ ordered him to call the kinsfolk:
 " Call Kâlî Singh and Bhûrî Singh:
 Call Jîwan Singh, the Nâg.
 Call Sankchûr, the Nâg.
 115 Call Sûtak and Pâtak."*
 The minion went to Srinagal†
 And gave the invitation to the eight families and
 nine Nâgs.‡
 Coming into Court the kinsfolk made salutation.
 " O my brethren," spake (the Râjâ) with joined hands
 120 " Hear my prayer.

* Popularly Jîwan Singh is the brother, Sankchûr is the father, Sûtak and Pâtak are the sons of Râjâ Bâsak. Kâlî Singh, Bhûrî Singh are worshipped as godlings along with Gurû Guggâ, are in some way connected with him in the popular imagination. Sankchûr is probably meant to be Śankha, one of the chief Nâgas, Vâsuki's father is usually Kaśyapa. There are long lists of the kinsfolk of the Nâgas in the *Mahâbhârata*, but I cannot trace these names among them.

† It is very observable that this is the same place as that mentioned as being the home of Parikshit's kinsfolk.

‡ These numbers are purely conventional

- Main khelan gayâ shikâr, jî :
 Âke mujh ko Râjâ Pârag ne pakar lîâ, jî ;
 ' Terî mârke gaiwâ dîn jân, jî.'
 ' Râjâ mujhe na mâriye, jî.'
- 125 Main ne kahâ, ' putrî kâ ðolâ dîngâ, jî.'
 Us Râjâ ne merî kuchh bît na mânî, jî :
 Mere se tîn bachan leke chhoîâ, jî.
 Âke Dhartmañdal meñ ghoîâ bândhâ ghursâl meñ mahi-
 lon meñ âyâ, jî.
 Rânî ne âkar 'araz lagâî, jî :
- 130 ' Ai Râjâ, itnî der kahân lagâî, jî ? '
 Main ne kahâ, ' Rânî, mujh ko Râjâ Pârag ne pakar
 lîâ, jî :
 Putrî kâ ðolâ dekar âyâ, jî.'
 Main Rânî se kahâ, ' ai Rânî, main putrî kâ ðolâ dîngâ
 nahîñ.'
 Bole Rânî, ' Râjâ, tîn bachan Thâkur kê hatyâ lagegî.' "

- I went a-hunting :
 Râjâ Pârag came and seized me :
 (And said), ' I will destroy thy life.'
 (Said I), ' Râjâ, slay me not.'
- 125 And I said, ' I will give thee my daughter in marriage.'
 The Râjâ would not take my word ;
 He took from me an oath thrice and released me.
 Coming to Dhartmañdal I fastened my horse in the
 stable and came into the palace.
 The Rânî came to me and said :
- 130 ' Where didst thou delay, Râjâ ? '
 Spake I, ' Rânî, Râjâ Pârag seized me :
 Giving away my daughter in marriage I am come.'
 And I said to the Rânî, ' Rânî, I will not give my
 daughter in marriage.'
 Said the Rânî, ' Râjâ the vengeance of the thrice-
 repeated oath (in the name) of God will be on
 thee.' "

- 135 Hâth joḷke 'araz lagave ;
 "Main jo karke âyâ so batâ dîâ, jî."
 Bole bhâichârâ, "putrî kâ nâtâ de de, jî :
 Nahîn tîn bachan kî tujh ko haṭiyâ lagegî, jî."
 Râjâ Bâsak kahnâ harban* mâne nahîn :
- 140 "Main to nâtâ Râjâ ko nahîn detâ, jî."
 Boltâ bhâichârâ, "hamârî 'araz suno :
 Jaisî ham kaheñ : is laḷké ko bhaurî meñ dâl do, jî.
 Dâi chungâi us ke sâth de do, jî.
 Bârâh baras kâ khânâ dâná deke bhaurî meñ dâkhill
 karo, jî :
- 145 Sawâ sau man ke is par sil dâl do, jî."
 Jab sawâ sau man kî sil us par dâl dîe, jî,
 Tab Râjâ jotishî pañdit ko bulâve :
 Pañdit ânkar kalyân dîâ, jî.
 Râjâ ne bolâ, "Dâdâ, pair lagûn, jî."

- 135 With joined hands he besought them :
 "I have told you all I have done."
 Said the kinsfolk, "give him thy daughter in marriage.
 Or the vengeance of the thrice-repeated oath will be
 on thee."
- Râjâ Bâsak would pay them no attention at all :
- 140 "I will never give the Râjâ my daughter in marriage"
 Said the kinsfolk, "Hear us,
 As we speak : put thy child into a pit.
 Give her nurses and attendants.
 Put twelve years' supply of grain and food into the
 pit :
- 145 And put a stone (weighing) 125 *mans*† on its mouth."
 So when he had placed the stone weighing 125 *mans*
 (on the pit's mouth)
 Râjâ (Bâsak) called the priests and astrologers.
 The priest came and gave his blessing.
 Said the Râjâ, "Father, I fall at thy feet."

* For *harviz*.† *I.e.* about 5 tons.

- 150 "Sukhî raho, jujmân ; terâ nîchal tîkâ, jug jug lâj
sawâyâ, jî !"
" Pushtak bâncho, Bed sunâo, jî :
Tîn bachan kî hatyâ kaisî utare ?
Tîn bachan main ne dîe, jî.
Pushtak bâncho, Bed sunâo, jî.
- 155 Tîn bachan ke lamb kâ bachan batâo, jî."
Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî.
" Sach kahûn tû dîje ghorâ : jhûthe ko gardan dîje
mâr, jî.
Je Râjâ durlamb utâre jag leo sarodh, jî.
Sawâ ser dûdh surân gawwân kâ le âo, jag meñ pâo, jî :
- 160 Jab lekhâ lag jâve, jî."

- 150 "Be at peace my client ; * may thy son succeed thee and
thy honour increase through the ages!"
" Read thy books, expound the *Vedas* :
How shall I escape the vengeance of an oath thrice-
repeated ?
Thrice I gave my oath.
Read thy book, and expound the *Vedas*.
- 155 Tell me the antidote to a thrice-repeated oath."
He read the books, he expounded the *Vedas*, he repeated
the name of Krishṇa.
"If I tell thee sooth, give me a horse : if I tell thee a
lie, strike at my neck.
If the Râjâ would escape vengeance he should divinest
by sacrifice.
Procure a ser and a quarter † of yak's § milk and throw
it on the sacrifice.
- 160 Then will fate be propitious, Râjâ."

* As far as this the expressions are stereotyped and are interesting
as showing the usual salutation between priest and client.

† *sarodh* or *sarodhâ* is a species of divination by breathing through
the nose.

‡ 2½ lbs.

§ So in the text, but I think that merely a sacred cow is meant.

- Bhâichârâ baiṭhâ ; hâth jorke Bâshak ne 'araz lagâf, jî :
 " Bhâf, jag sarodh ho Sîjî Paṇḍit se ; surâ gaû kâ dûdh
 lâo, jî."
- Sab bhâichârâ apne apne kâm par kharâ ho gayâ, jî.
 Sûtak Pâtag leke loṭâ Sîjî Paṇḍit ke âe, jî.
- 165 Âe Sîjî Paṇḍit, ke " Dâdâ, pâûu lagen, jî."
 " Sukhî raho, jujmân ; kimrat âwan hûâ, jî ? "
- Bolâ Sûtak Pâtag, " Ham ko surâ gaû kâ dûdh de de, jî :
 Ham ne jag sarodh kâ hai : jag men dûdh pânâ, jî."
 Bole Sîjî Paṇḍit, " merî 'araz suno :
- 170 Kanyân haiñ dûdhâdâran : an nahîñ khaven ; pânî nahîñ
 pîven.
 ' Pânchoñ kanyân, pânchoñ gawwân' ; woh kahe, jî.
 Pânchoñ apnâ apnâ dûdh kâdhke pîven, jî.

- The kinsfolk sat (in Court) : Râjâ Bâsak besought them
 with joined hands.
- " My brethren, Sîjî the Priest* will divine by the sacri-
 fice : bring me yak's milk."
- All the kinsfolk took up their duties (at the sacrifice).
 Sûtak and Pâtak bringing a pot came to Sîjî, the Priest.
- 165 Coming to Sîjî, the Priest, (they said), " Father, we
 fall at thy feet."
- " Be at peace, my clients : why have you come ?"
- Spake Sûtak and Pâtak, " We bring thee yak's milk.
 We would divine by the sacrifice : put the milk in the
 sacrifice."
- Said Sîjî the Priest, " Hear me :
- 170 I have maidens who live on (that) milk : that eat not
 corn : that drink not water.
 ' Five girls and five cows (yaks)', say they.
 Each of the five will draw her milk and drink it.

* Usually called Sanjâ, the family priest of Vâsuki. The name however probable recalls Sanjaya, the messenger to the Pânḍavas before the war broke out. See *Mahâbhârata*, *Âdi Parva*.

- Main kaunsi gaú kâ dúdh de dún, jí ?
 Jis kâ dúdh main dúngâ us kî hatyâ lage, jí ! ”
- 175 Pañdit ne díâ jawâb :
 Ghusse hokar mahilon ko â gae, jí.
 Bole Bâsak, “ meri ’araz suno :
 Sîjí kî bátân mujh ko batlâ do, jí.”
 “ Sîjí Pañdit ne díâ jawâb ! ”
- 180 Bâsak Râjâ ghussâ khayâ, jí.
 Bis kî gâñdal khâke kâyâ palt lí
 Bhâri Nâg ho gayâ, jí !
 Jangal ko chal parâ, jí .
 Nâg banke jangal ko chal parâ, jí ;
- 185 Surâ gawwân ko dhuñtâ phire, jí :
 Thalyân kî batík meñ gawwân mil gai, jí :
 Sâmâ pâlî soe thâ ; gawwân chug rahî thî :

Which cow's (yak's) milk shall I give to the sacrifice ?
 That (girl's) milk that I give will have vengeance on
 me ! ”

- 175 The Priest refused them altogether.
 In anger they went to the palace.
 Said Râjâ Bâsak, “ Hear me :
 Tell me what Sîjí said.”
 “ Sîjí, the Priest, refused us.”
- 180 Râjâ Bâsak was wrath.
 Taking a quantity of poison he changed his body,*
 And became a mighty Nâg.
 He went into the wilds :
 Becoming a Nâg he went into the wilds,
- 185 And searched for the yaks.
 He met the yaks in a hollow in the wilds.
 Sâmâ, the neatherd, was sleeping: the yaks were
 grazing.

* This is a universal attribute of the Nâgas.

- Rājā Bāsak ne dekhkar mārā phunkār, jī:
 Dang lagāyā, jī!
 190 Surā gawwān us ne dasī haṭī, jī.
 Jab Rājā Bāsak muṛe, jī. .
 [Gaū kā pair sir par Nāg ke lagā, jī :
 Nāg kā sir chaurā ho gayā, jī.]
 Gawwān ko daske Rājā Bāsak mahil ko chal parā, jī.
 195 Mahil meñ āke apnā rūp sidhārā, jī.
 Sāmā pālī sotā uṭhā, jī :
 Dekhkar gawwān ro parā, jī.
 Sir se pagṛī utārke rotā āve, jī.
 Sāmā pālī mahilon meñ jaisā āyā, jī.
 200 Sījā Paṇḍit samjhākar pūchhe, jī :
 “ Kyā ? kis ne mandā bolā ? kyā ? kis ne gālī dī, jī ? ”
 “ Karmān ne mandā bolā ! Lekhā ne gālī dī, jī ! ”

- Rājā Bāsak saw them and hissed
 And bit with his fangs.
 190 He bit the yaks with his fangs.
 Then Rājā Bāsak returned.
 [The yak's foot came upon the Nāg's head.
 And the Nāg's head was flattened.*]
 Having bitten the yaks, Rājā Bāsak went home to his
 palace.
 195 In the palace he put on his own form.
 Sāmā, the neatherd, got up from his sleep.
 Seeing the cows (dead) he wept.
 Taking his turban off his head† he wept.
 Sāmā, the neatherd, came thus to the palace.
 200 Sījī, the Priest, spake and asked him :
 “ What ? hath any one spoken evil ? What ? hath any
 one abused thee ? ”
 “ Fate hath spoken evil ! Destiny hath abused me ! ”

* Probably thrown in as a well-known saying. It has no connection with the passage.

† Sign of humility and sorrow.

- Gawwân je Nâgân ne dasî, khabar pânchoñ kanîyân pai pahunchî, jî.
 Âî kanîyân jin kî dâdh pîveñ ; Nâgân ne dasî, jî !
 205 Pânchoñ kanîyân kesh khandâveñ, kapre phâreñ, jî.
 Ronâ-pîtnâ mahilon meñ rachâveñ, jî.
 Doñon hâth jorke Thâkûr ko ardâs lagâveñ :
 “ Jaisî hamârî gawwân daseñ us kî kâyâ ko bedan lage, jî.
 An nâ khâen, pânî nâ pîveñ, pânchoñ kanîyân dâdhâ-dhâran, jî.
 210 Sat Jug, sachâ pahirâ barhte : Tere bachan nâ hâran, jî ! ”
- Bâsak soe thâ mahil meñ : Padmâ Dai Rânî pankhâ phere :
 Pânchoñ kanîyân lagî ardâs, kanchan sî kâyâ kâ bedan lag gayâ, jî !
 Râjâ Bâsak soe thâ : sote ke Nâg kî kumbal mur gaî, jî !
 Dekhke Padmâ Dai Rânî zâr-zâr roî, jî :

- The Nâgs slew the yaks and the news reached the five girls.
 The girls that drank their milk came, (but) the Nâgs had bitten them !
 205 The five girls tore their hair and rent their clothes.
 Weeping and wailing they came into the palace
 Joining their hands they prayed to God :
 “ As he slew our yaks may leprosy attack his body.
 We eat not corn, we drink not water, we five maids take but milk.
 210 It is the Golden Age, it is the true time of prosperity :
 Thou canst not go back on Thy word ! ”
- Râjâ Bâsak slept in his palace : Rânî Padmâ Dai fanned him.
 The five maidens' prayer was heard and leprosy attacked his golden-hued body.
 Râjâ Bâsak slept: the sleeping Nâg's nose fell in.
 Seeing this Rânî Padmâ Dai wept bitterly.

- 215 Rânî kâ ânsû Râjâ kî chhâtî par parâ, jî.
 Bând parê Râjâ ke ânkî khul gae, jî.
 Bole Bâsak Mahârâjâ, Padmâ Daî se kare jawâb :
 " Indar nâ garjî, ganîr nâ ghorî : merî chhâtî par bând
 kaise pâ'e, jî ? "
- Boh Padmâ Daî Rânî, " Raja, apnî kâyâ ko dekho, jî :
- 220 Terî kanchan kî kâyâ ko kusht lag gayâ, jî.
 Taiñ pânchoñ kaniyâñ kî gawwâñ dasî, jî : tujh ko sarâp
 lag gayâ, jî."
- Dekhkar Râjâ Bâsak apnî kâyâ ko royâ, jî.
 Srî Thâkur pai donoñ hâth jorke 'araz lagâ, jî :
 " He Thâkur, kaun karî bāt, jî ?
- 225 Mere kanchan sî kâyâ ko kusht lagâyâ, jî.
 Rânî, mere Bhâng kî likhî hai more bag gaî, jî."
 " Râjâ, tâtâ manjâ bichû lo ; chaukhandî meñ baitho, jî :
 Kache bhânde mangâo ; us meñ rasoî jîmo, jî."
 Bâsak Râjâ kahne se chaukhandî meñ âve, jî.

- 215 The Rânî's tears fell on the Râjâ's breast.
 As the drops fell the Râjâ opened his eyes.
 Said Bâsak, the Mahârâjâ, to Rânî Padmâ Daî.
 " The heavens spake not : the clouds have not thundered :
 how then fell drops on my breast ? "
- Said Rânî Padmâ Dai, " Râjâ, see thy own body.
- 220 Leprosy has attacked thy golden-hued body.
 Thou didst bite the yaks of the five maidens, and they
 have cursed thee."
- When Râjâ Bâsak saw his own body he wept.
 With joined hands he prayed to the Holy God :
 " O God, what hast thou done ?
- 225 Leprosy has attacked my golden-hued body.
 Rânî, the decree of my Fate hath been passed upon me."
 " Râjâ, take a broken bedstead, go to a separate cell : *
 Send for unbaked pots, and eat from them."
 Râjâ Bâsak, as he was bidden, went to a cell.

* The *chaukhandî* is the mound marking a village boundary. Here the translation gives the obvious sense.

- 230 *Chaukhandí* men ânke tûtâ manjâ bichâve, jî.
Bâsak zâr-zâr roe, “*Ai Srî Thâkurjî, kaun kare, jî ?*”
Rote pitâ kî âwâz sunke Rânî Niwal Daí dàî ko sam-
jhâve, jî :
 “*Dâî, hamâre mahil men kaun âyâ ?*
 “*Jo mil—mil roe, jî ?*”
- 235 *Kaun jâne yeh ghoṛa marâ thâ ? kaun jâne koî hâthî*
hamârâ marâ ?
Kaun jâne yeh tîkâ hamârâ dhalâ thâ, mahilon men
roven, jî ? ”
 “*Nahîn hamârâ koî ghoṛâ marâ : nahîn koî hâthî marâ*
thâ :
Bolî terî Sandal Dâî : tîkâ koî nâ dhalâ, jî.
Bâsak Râjâ dard ke mâre apne rove, jî :
- 240 *Sawarran sî kâyâ ke kusht ho gayâ, jî ? ”*
Rote pitâ kâ mamtâ sunke kahe, jî :
 “*Dâî, mujhe bhauṛe se nikâlo, jî :*

- 230 *Coming to the cell he took a broken bedstead.*
Râjâ Bâsak wept bitterly, “O Holy God, what hast thou
done ?”
Princess Niwal Daí heard the sound of her father weeping
and spake to her nurse :
 “*Nurse, who has come into the palace ?*
That weeps so bitterly ?”
- 235 *Who knows if it be a horse that is dead ? Who knows*
if some elephant be dead ?
Who knows if the heir be laid low, that they weep
in the palace ? ”
 “*No horse of ours is dead : no elephant is dead.*
Saith Sandal, thy nurse ; no heir is laid low.
It is Râjâ Bâsak that weeps in his pain.
- 240 *His golden-hued body is attacked with leprosy.”*
Hearing the cries of her weeping father she said :
 “*Taking me out of the pit, my nurse :*

- Main apne bâbal kâ mukhrâ dekhûn, jî !”
 “Bole Sandal terî dâî, merî ’araz suno, rî :
- 245 Sil sawâ sau man ke bhauñre par dhare haiñ, jî :
 Chandar tû nahîñ dekhâ ; sūrij tû nahîñ dekhâ ; kis bid h
 bhauñre se nikâlûñ, jî, ?”
- Donon hâth joṛe Niwal Daî : “silâ hojâ dîr, jî !”
 Gall mân pallû pâve Niwal Daî ; “merî silâ ko dîr
 karo, jî !”
- Chichalî ungal silâ ke lagâve bhauñre se bagal haṭâve, jî !
- 250 Nikalke bhauñre se bâhir âve, mâṭâ ke mahiloñ meñ
 âve, jî.
- Mâṭâ ke galle se mil-milke rove, jî.
 Bhâî bhatîjân nûñ mile, jî :
 Haryal Paryal nûñ mile, jî.
 Mâṭâ ke milne ko âve, jî.
- 255 “Mâṭâ, mere pitâ sarwan ko milâ de, jî !”

I would see my father's face.”

“Saith Sandal, thy nurse : hear me :

- 245 There are stones (weighing) 125 *mans* placed on the pit.
 The moon thou hast not seen: the sun thou hast not
 seen : how shall I take thee out of the pit ?”
- Joining her two hands, (prayed) Niwal Daî : “May the
 stone be removed !”

Placing her garments round her neck* (prayed) Niwal
 Daî : “May my stone be removed !”

Putting her little finger to the stone she pushed it aside
 from the pit !

- 250 She came out of the pit and went into her mother's
 palace.

On her mother's neck she wept bitterly.

She met her brothers and nephews :

Haryal and Paryal † she met.

She went to meet her mother.

* As a sign of earnest supplication.

† Brothers to Niwal Daî.

- Chaukhandî meñ paṛá thâ Bâsak Râjâ ; us kí kanchan sí
 kâyâ ko bedan lag gayâ, jí.
 “ Mar jácñ tere bhâñ bhatje, terâ sab parwâr, jí !
 Achhe, Mâtâ, ráj kâre, yeh achhe hukm barte the, jí !
 Bhîṛ paṛí meñ dîâ jawâb, jí ! ”
- 260 Pitâ milne ko âve chaukhandî meñ Niwal Daí, jí :
 Bhujjâñ pasârke milne lagí, jí.
 Bole Râjâ Bâsak, “ Betî, mujh se mat nâ milíye : mere
 kanchan sí kâyâ ko bedan lag gayâ, jí.
 Betî, mere sũkh ke sâthí sab koí the : mere dukh kâ
 sâthí koí nahín.”
 Itní kahke zâr-zâr roe, jí.
- 265 Sunke chîr utârke pitâ kâ mukhrâ poiche.
 “ Bâbal, tú matí nâ roe : tere karmâñ ki likhí tere mân
 nûñ* gâi.

- 255 (Spake she) “ Mother, let me meet my noble father ! ”
 Râjâ Bâsak was lying in his cell : leprosy covered his
 golden-hued body.
 “ (Mother), may thy brethren and nephews die and all
 thy house !
 Mother, in comfort dost thou reign, in comfort dost
 thou rule !
 In his pain hast thou foresworn him ! ”
- 260 Niwal Daí went to meet her father in the cell :
 She put out her arms to meet him.
 Spake Râjâ Bâsak, “ Daughter, come not to me : leprosy
 hath attacked my golden-hued body,
 Daughter, in my joy all were friends : in my trouble
 I have no friend.”
 Saying this he wept bitterly.
- 265 Hearing this she took off her kerchief and wiped his
 face.
 “ Father, weep not : thy fate hath come upon thee.

- Panđit jotishî ko bulâ le :
 Apne dard ke dârû pûchhe, jî."
 Pâjî ke beṭe nûn bulwâve.
- 270 Pâjî daurâ âve jhuk-jhuk kare salâm.
 Bole pâjî, " kyâ khidmat farmâo, jî ?"
 Bole Bâsak, " mere jotishî paṇḍit ko bulâo, jî."
 Pâjî daurâ jotishî paṇḍit pe âve :
 " Dâdâ, pair lagûn." " Terî sukhî raho jujmân, jî.
- 275 Kimrat âyâ ? Is kâ bhed batâ, jî."
 " Râjâ Bâsak ne bulâyâ, jî."
 Us waqt sunke tasrî kî dhotî pahinâî, jî ;
 Aur unchî pagrî bândhî, jî.
 Khâsâ kâ jâmâ pherâ, jî.
- 280 Muṇḍe dopattâ pâke, pairon pawwe pâke, hâthi m.
 brahmchharî leke, chaukhaṇḍî meṇ âe, jî.
 Â chaukhaṇḍî meṇ kalyân kahâ, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak bole, " Dâdâ, pâûn lagûn, jî."

- Call the priests and astrologers:
 Ask for medicine for thy pain."
 He called his minion.
- 270 The minion came running and saluted respectfully.
 Said the minion, " What is thy command ?"
 Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Call my priests and astrologers."
 The minion ran to the priests and astrologers :
 " Father, I fall at thy feet." " Be at peace my client
- 275 Why hast thou come ? Tell me the reason."
 " Râjâ Bâsak calls thee."
 As soon as he heard this he put on a silken loin-cloth
 And bound on a lofty turban.
 He put on a cotton coat,
- 280 And throwing a kerchief over his shoulder, putting
 wooden shoes on his feet, and taking his priest
 staff in his hand, he came to the cell.
 Coming to the cell he gave his blessing.
 Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Father, I fall at thy feet."

- “ Sukhî raho, jujmân, jî.”
 Sandal chaukî bichhâî, jî :
- 285 Kharar par patû bichhâe, jî.
 Haryal Paryal bhâî bhatîje sab hatâe bulâe, jî.
 Hâth jor 'araz lagâve, “ He Pañditjî,
 Pushtak bâncho, Bed sunâo, mere dardân ke dârû
 batâo, jî.”
- Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî :
- 290 “ Sach kahûn, tû dîje inâm, jhûthe ko deo mâr, jî.
 Shahr Safidoñ kâ kherâ, us meñ sawarran kûân Pânðoñ
 kâ, jî :
 Us kâ jal mangâo, jî .
 Bârâh baras kî kanîyân kharâve, jî :
 Sawarran kûân se jal bharke lâve, jî.
- 295 Râjâ, us meñ âshnân karo, jî :
 Jab hatke terî sawarran kâyâ bane, jî.”

- “ Be at peace my client.”
 They placed him a chair of sandal-wood :
- 285 They spread mats upon the carpets.
 Haryal and Paryal, and all the brothers and nephews
 were sent for.
 With joined hands prayed (the Râjâ), “ Sir Priest,
 Read thy books, expound the *Vedas*, tell me the cure
 for my pains. ”
 He read the books, he expounded the *Vedas*, he repeated
 the name of Krishna :
- 290 “ If I tell thee sooth, give me reward, but slay the liar.
 In the suburbs of the City of Safidoñ is a golden well
 of the Pândavas :
 Send for its water.
 Send a maiden of twelve years,
 That she may bring the water of the golden well.
- 295 Râjâ, bathe in it,
 And then once again will thy body become golden-
 hued.”

- Râjâ Bâsak bhâichârâ se 'araz lagâve, jî :
 "Kisî sûrat se mujhe sawarran kûen kâ jal mangwâ
 do, jî.
 Us men âshnân karûngâ, jî."
- 300 Bhâichârâ bole, "tû barâ be-îmân, jî !
 Tû putrî kâ nâtâ Pârag ko denâ karke mukar gayâ, jî :
 Jo koî jâegâ, us ko woh jân se mâr degâ, jî."
 Sab bhâichârâ ne jawâb de dîâ, jî.
 "Râjâ Bâsak, hamârâ wahân koî nahîn jâe, jî !"
- 305 Kachahrî men Râjâ Bâsak kî betî Niwal Daî baithî, jî :
 Bolî pitâ se, "Sawarran kûen kâ jal main lâûn, jî."
 Râjâ bolâ, "Tû to, Betî, mat nâ jâe, jî :
 Merc bairî dushman kâ mulk hai, jî :
 Pârag Râjâ na âwan de, jî."
- 310 Jo jîne se marnâ bhalâ, jî !
 Merc satar kulî ko dâgh lagegâ, jî !"

- Spake Râjâ Bâsak to the kinsfolk :
 "By some means procure me the water of the golden
 well,
 And I will bathe in it."
- 300 Said the kinsfolk, "Thou art very faithless !
 Thou hast gone back on thy promise to give thy
 daughter in marriage to Râjâ Pârag :
 If any one go (to the well the Râjâ) will slay him."
 All the kinsfolk refused (to go) :
 "Râjâ Bâsak, none of us will go there."
- 305 In the Court sat Niwal Daî, the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak.
 Said she to her father, "I will bring the water from the
 golden well."
 Said the Râjâ, "Daughter, go thou not :
 It is in my enemy's land :
 Râjâ Pârag will not let thee return."
- 310 Death were better than this life (to me then, as)
 A stain will be cast on my seventy* families."

* Really a vague number.

- Bolî Rânî Niwal Daï, " Bâbal, merî 'araz suno, jî :
 Aise aise Nâgân kî main beṭî potî, jî :
 Aisâ main to rūp sidhâron, jî,
 315 Bhârî sî Nâgin ban jâûngî, jî.
 Dharke phunkârâ aisâ mârûn, jî,
 Ban banâsatî ko phûnk dûngî, jî,
 Sâthî Râjâ Pârag ko phûnk dûngî, jî !"
 Bole Râjâ Bâsak, " Beṭî, woh to Dhanhantar Baid kâ
 chelâ, jî :
 320 Tere ṭukrâ banâke, gadḍon meñ lādke, mahilon meñ
 dâkhil kare, jî."
 Sunke bāt pitâ kî Niwal Daï ghussâ karâ, jî :
 " Main sâr kî sūi banke rete meñ ghus jâûn, jî !"
 Bole Râjâ, " Beṭî, mat na jâc, jî !

- Said Princess Niwal Daï, " Father, hear me :
 I am the daughter of such Nâgs (as thou) :
 I will so change my form,
 315 That I will become a huge Nâgin*
 So will I hiss,
 That I will burn up the leafy forest ! †
 I will burn up Râjâ Pârag and his host !"
 Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Daughter, he is a disciple of Dhan-
 wantar, the Leech : ‡
 320 He will cut thee in pieces and load thee on carts and
 take thee to his palace."
 Hearing her father's words Niwal Daï became wrath :
 " I will become as a fine needle and mix with the
 sand !"
 Said Râjâ Bâsak, " Daughter, go thou not !

* Female Nâg or Serpent.

† It is a common belief that a serpent's breath can set fire to any thing.—See Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlu, *ante*.

‡ Dhanhantar, Dhântar, Dhanantar, Dhanthar Baid, is the classical Dhanwantara, the conventional all-curing physician of the Hindûs, as Luqmân Hakîm is of the Musalmâns.

- Woh rete kî chhalanî meñ chhanwâke sûtî kamar meñ
lagâe, jî.”
- 325 Râñî Niwal Daî kahe, “main kahnâ nahîñ mânûñ, jî.”
Bâsak kahe betî ko, goh par gayâ, jî.
Râj goh, tiryâ goh, bâlak goh, par gayâ, jî.
Râñî Niwal Daî kahe “Sawarran kâ gharâ mangwâo, jî :
Rûpe kâ dol banwâ de, jî :
- 330 Ratan-jatan kî indvî, resham ke lajjû batwâ de, jî :
Nike nike ghungrû, anbat, bichhwe, do pawâ, jî :
Hâr, hamel, tât, bichhe, bandî mâthe ki, banwâ de, jî.
Paunṭe, pâzeb, jhânjan, banwâ de, jî :
Jhumke, bâli, nâth, main nuñ karwâ de, jî :
- 335 Hâthon ko sachâ chûrâ banwâ, de jî :
Paunchî, ârsî, banwâ de jî :
Hîre, motî, sache main nûñ mangwâ de, jî :

- He will sift the sand and place the needle in his waist.”
- 325 Spake Princess Niwal Daî, “I will not listen to thy
words.”
- Râjâ Bâsak’s persistence failed with his daughter,
The Râjâ’s persistence, the women’s persistence, the
children’s persistence (all) failed*
- Spake Princess Niwal Dai, “Send for a golden pitcher :
Make me a silver bucket :
- 330 Make me a jewelled pad,† spin me a silken rope :
Make me little ornaments for my toes, and two sandals.
Make me necklaces and ornaments for my forehead :
Make me ornaments for my ankles and feet :
Make me earrings and necklaces and nose-rings :
- 335 Make me real wristlets for my wrists :
Make me bracelets and rings :
Get me real diamonds and pearls :

* Allusion to a proverb: the obstinacy of a king, a woman, and a child cannot be overcome.

† A roll of cloth for placing under weights when carried on the head.

- Battî âbhran, solâh singâr mangwâ do, jî :
 Nau lâkh kî chûnrî mangwâ do, jî.”
- 340 Râjâ Bâsak ne sab kuchh paidâ kîâ, jî,
 Aur sab Niwal Daï ko diâ, jî.
 Thandâ jal garam kare, jî :
 Chandan chaukî mangâve, jî :
 Dahî phulel Rânî mangâe, jî :
- 345 Ang male, tan nhâve jî :
 Nhâve dhove Karte Pûrakh ko shfish niwâve, jî.
 Solâh singâr, battî âbhran lâve, jî :
 Bâl bâl motî, tâl tâl hîrâ parove, jî :
 Hâr, hamelî, tât, bichhlî, anbat, bichhave, jî :
- 350 Paunçe, pâzeb, jhânjan, pahine, jî :
 Mâthâ bandî sindhûr kâ, nain siyâhî lâve, jî :
 Sir par sâlû Dakhanî le lîâ, jî :

- Get me the 32 jewels and the 16 ornaments : *
 Get me a kerchief worth nine *lâkhs*† (of rupees).”
- 340 Râjâ Bâsak procured all (she asked for),
 And gave them all to Niwal Daï.
 Cold water was warmed,
 A sandal-wood chair was placed,
 And the Princess sent for curds and perfumes,
- 345 And she anointed her body and bathed her person.
 Bathing and washing she bowed her head to the Creator.
 They brought her the 16 ornaments and the 32 jewels.
 She put the pearls into her hair and the diamonds into
 her locks : *
- She put on the necklace and the forehead ornaments,
 the anklets and the toe-rings :
- 350 She put on the anklets and the foot ornaments.
 She put the vermilion (spot) on her forehead and the
 lampblack to her eyes :
 She put the Dakhanî‡ kerchief on her head :

* The full gala dress of a girl in a villager's ideas.

† Rupees 900,000.

‡ Southern Indian : a very vague term in the Panjâb.

- Sir par ĩᅇvĩ tikãe, jĩ :
 ĩᅇvĩ par gharã tikãýã, jĩ :
 355 Ghare ke ũpar dol tikãve, jĩ :
 Mondhe par lajjũ gere, jĩ.
 Dhartmaᅇdal se pagwãn uthãe, jĩ :
 Pagwãn uthãke sawarraᅇ kũeᅇ ko dhyãn lagãýã, jĩ.
 Jab Rãᅇᅇ ne pagwãn uthãýã, jĩ,
 360 Sab zewar kã jhinkãr paᅇã, jĩ.
 Jhinkãr kĩ ãwãz Rãjã ĩᅇdar ne sune, jĩ :
 Sunke ĩᅇdargaᅇh chhorke Rãᅇᅇ Niwal Dai ko gherã
 pãýã, jĩ.
 Bolĩ Rãᅇᅇ Niwal Dai, " main nũᅇ kyũᅇ gherã pãýã, jĩ ? "
 " Rãᅇᅇ, tere darshan ke piãse, jĩ :
 365 Mujh ko darshan de, jĩ."
 Rãᅇᅇ kahe, " main Rãjã Bãsak kĩ betĩ, jĩ :

- Put the pad on her head,
 And the pitcher on the pad,
 355 And the bucket on the pitcher.
 She threw the rope round her shoulders,
 And started from Dhartmaᅇdal.
 Walking she made for the golden well.
 As the Princess lifted her feet
 360 All her jewels tinkled.
 Rãjã ĩᅇdar* heard the noise of the tinkling :
 Hearing it he left ĩᅇdargaᅇh† and encompassed Princess
 Niwal Dai.
 Said Princess Niwal Dai, " Why hast thou encompassed
 me ? "
 " Princess, I thirsted for a sight of thee :
 365 Let me look on thee."
 Spake the Princess, " I am Rãjã Bãsak's daughter :

* Indra, the God of the Heavens.

† Apparently meant for Amarãvati, the capital of ĩᅇdra's heaven.
 If it be a memory of the name ĩᅇdraprastha, the city of the Pãᅇᅇavas,
 i.e., Dehli, its presence here is very interesting.

- Tû to, Râjâ Indar, merâ lage dharm kâ pitâ, jî.
 Putrî kâ pardâ fâhish na karîyo, jî !”
 Râjâ Indar resham tewar dekar mur parâ, jî :
- 370 Ghor-gharak Râjâ Indar murâ, jî.
 Chhotî chhotî badalî wahân hûf, jî :
 Nikî nikî bûnden parî, jî.
 Bhij gaî chûndri Niwal Daï kî tan se lagî, jî.
 Wahân se pagwân uthâke sawarran kûen ko chal parî, jî.
- 375 Chand aur Sûrij ne âke Niwal Daï ko gherâ pâyâ, jî.
 Chând Sûrij bole, “ Rânî, tere darshan ke piâse, jî,
 Ham chalke dûr se âe, jî.”
 Rânî Niwal Daï bolî, “ main Râjâ Bâsak kî betî ; tum
 Râjâ Kasab ke bete, jî :
 Bahin kâ pardâ hargiz fâhish na karîyo, jî.
- 380 Main to lagûn dharm kî bahin, jî :

- Thou, Râjâ Indar, art as my sworn father.
 Seek not to shame thy daughter.”
 Râjâ Indar gave her a silken petticoat and went back :
- 370 With thunders Râjâ Indar went back.
 Small clouds gathered there,
 And light drops (of rain) fell.
 Niwal Daï's garment was wetted and clung to her body.
 Moving onwards thence she went on to the golden well.
- 375 The Sun and Moon came and encompassed Niwal Daï.
 Said the Sun and Moon, “ Princess, thirsting for a
 sight of thee,
 We have come from afar.”
 Said Princess Niwal Daï, “ I am Râjâ Bâsak's daughter ;
 ye are Râjâ Kasab's* sons :
 Ye should never shame your sister.†
- 380 I am your sworn sister,

* Kâsyapa: the Puranic legends are doubtfully reproduced in this passage.

† As the daughter of Vâsuki she would be, according to the usual legend, grand-daughter of Kâsyapa (but see line 115), and thus be niece to Sûrya, the Sun, and doubtfully so to Chandra, the Moon.

- Bahin bhâî kâ birwâ parâ, jî."
 Resham tewar dekar mure, jî ;
 Hâth jorke kaheñ, " hamarâ gunâh mu'âf karo, jî."
 Hath jorke singhâsan ko mure, jî.
 385 Wahân se Rânî Niwal Daî pag uthâke chalî, jî. :
 Raste meñ sohan mirg mil gayâ, jî.
 Bole sohan mirg, " tere darshan ke ham piâse, jî,
 Jangal chhorke âe, jî."
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, " Mirgâ, mere nain zahar se
 bhare, jî:
 390 Mere nainân kâ mârâ tû mar jâegâ, jî ! "
 Purwâ pachhwâ pawan chalî, jî :
 Mukh se pardâ dûr hûâ, jî.
 Nain kâ bijlâ jhhamkâ aisâ lagâ, jî,
 Jaise bâdal se karke, jî.
 395 Jis waqt Rânî kî nazarân mirg kî lagî, jî,
 Khâke pichhâ: mirg gir parâ, jî.

And there is (near) kinship between brother and sister.*
 Giving her a silken petticoat they went back,
 Saying with joined hands, " forgive our fault."
 With joined hands they returned to their seats (in the
 heavens).

- 385 Princess Niwal Daî went onwards thence.
 On the road she met a black-buck.
 Said the black-buck, " I thirst for a sight of thee,
 And have left the forests and am come (to thee)."
 Said Princess Niwal Daî, " Thou deer, my eyes are full
 of poison:
 390 Stricken by my eyes thou wilt die."
 The winds blew east and west,
 And lifted the veil from her face.
 The flash of her eyes fell (on him),
 As the lightning's flash from the clouds.
 395 The moment the Princess's gaze fell on the deer,
 He started back and fell down.

* i.e., they are within the naturally forbidden degrees.

Râni utârke ghaṛâ rone lagi, jî :

“Thâkur, merî haṭiyâ ko utâro : main to biptâ kî mârî,
jî !”

Chîr meñ se tâgâ nikâlê apne chichî unglî kî bândhâ, jî.

400 Dûb se chichî unglî ko chîr lî, jî.

Chîrke lahû nikâlâ, jî.

“Sri Thâkur, us haṭiyâ ko tâlo, jî !”

Jatî-satî kî âwâz neṛe sune thâ, jî.

Mirg ke mûñh meñ 'araq pâ, woh bhâg gayâ, jî.

405 Jab sîngân se pakîâ, jî,

Ultâ baṭwâ dîâ, jî.

Jab mirg bhâgke jangal ko chalâ, jî,

Niwal Daî ghaṛâ uṭhâke sawarran kûeñ pe âi, jî.

The Princess took down her pitcher (from her head)
and began to weep.

“O God, take away my trouble; I am stricken with
grief !”

Drawing a thread from her kerchief she tied it to her
little finger.

400 And cut her little finger with (a blade of) *dûb** grass.
Blood flowed from the cut.

“O Holy God, remove my trouble !” (said she).

The prayer of the righteous was heard.

She poured the blood into the deer's mouth† and it
(got up and) ran away.

405 She seized it by the horns,

And twisted them backwards.‡

When the deer ran off to the forests,

Niwal Daî took up the pitcher and went to the golden
well.

* *Cynodon dactylon*.

† Apparently she dripped it in by the thread.

‡ The story goes that the twisted horns of the black-buck (and also the back-curved horns of the antelope) thus took their present shape. These two lines have apparently been dragged into the text merely as a reference to the legend.

- Sawarran kûen chhipâ thâ, jî :
- 410 Us par sawâ sau man kî sil dharî thî, jî.
 Us ko dekhke Niwal Daî ghabarâî, jî.
 “Sri Thâkur, yeh kaun karî, jî?”
 Niwal Daî hâth jorke bandagî lagâve, jî :
 “Main biptâ ke mâre sawarran kûen par âî, jî.
- 415 Chandar main nahîn dekhâ : Sûrij mahî nahîn dekhâ, jî.
 Jis din main mahilon men jamî mujhe bhaurî men ger
 dîâ, jî.
 Pitâ mere ko kusht lagâ, jî :
 Bhâichârâ ne jawâb de dîâ, jî.
 Mere Thâkur, mujhe biptâ parî, jî !
- 420 Thâkur mere, is biptâ ko kâto, jî !
 Kûen ke upar se silâ ko thâ* do, jî.
 Sawarran kûen se jal bhar lûn, jî.”
 Sawarran kûen pe pair ke gûnthe se silâ ko thâve.†
 Jhukke jal ko na dekhe, jî :

The golden well was hidden :

- 410 On it was placed a stone of 125 *mans*.
 On seeing it Niwal Daî was perplexed.
 “O Holy God, what hast thou done?”
 Niwal Daî prayed with joined hands :
 “I came to the golden well in my sorrow.
- 415 I have seen not the Moon: I have seen not the Sun.
 The day I was born in the palace they put me into the
 pit.
 Leprosy has attacked my father,
 And the kinsfolk have refused (to help him).
 Trouble has fallen on me, my God !
- 420 My God, take away my trouble !
 Lift up the stone from the well.
 I would draw water from the golden well.”
 She pushed away the stone with her great toe.
 She did not look at the water out of modesty,

* For *uthâ*.

† For *uthâve*.

- 425 Jal utar gayâ thâ patâl meñ.
 Hazrat Khwâjâ le âe manâve, jî.
 Dol ko kêñ meñ phirân,
 Dol chhor dîâ, jî.
 Pânî par dol nahîn pahunche, jî.
- 430 Rânî zâr-bazâr roî, jî :
 “ Srî Thâkur, yeh kaun karî, jî ?
 Bâbal, terâ patwâ, jî, mar jâiyo, jî :
 Yeh chhotî lajjû bânwâ de, jî !
 Tere Haryal Paryal mar jâiyo ! chhotî lajjû banwâ de, jî !
- 435 Terâ sab mar jâe parwâr, jî ! ”
 Sir se chundrî târî Niwal Daí :
 Us lajjû kî bândhî, jî.
 Khwâjâ ne, darshan Rânî ke liye, jî,
 Pânî umagke charhâ, jî.
- 440 Sikrâ baithâ thâ rakhwâî, jî ;

- 425 And the water went down into the bottom (of the well).
 She prayed to the holy Khwâjâ (Khizar),*
 And swung the bucket over the well :
 She let down the bucket :
 But the bucket did not reach the water.
- 430 The Princess wept violently.
 “ Holy God, what hast thou done ?
 Father, may thy rope-maker die,
 That made the rope (too) short !
 May thy Haryal and Paryal die ! He made the rope
 (too) short !
- 435 May all thy family die ! ”
 Niwal Daí took the kerchief from her head
 And fastened it on to the rope.
 Khwâjâ (Khizar), to get a sight of the Princess,
 Sent the water up bubbling.
- 440 A latcon was sitting as watchman (of the well),

* The god of the waters : see Legend of Safidon.

- Rājā Pārag pe khabarān sunāi, jī :
 “ Jis Rānī ke kārān mujhe biṭhlāyā, woh sawarrān kūēn
 pe jal bhārne āi, jī.”
- Rājā ghore par pākhar pāve :
 Bāwān sum nichkāre sukh āsan āve :
- 445 Chherke ghore ko chālā thā.
 Pahilā ḍol Niwal Daī nikāle Khwājā Pīr ko manāve.
 Dūjā ḍol nikāle chirī jānwar ko jamāe, jī.
 Māram māram ghore ko Rājā Pārag āve :
 Ghore kā paṛ bajtā sunā thā, jī !
- 450 Bāvīn dāhine dekhan lagī, jī.
 Battīs abhrān Rānī ne utāre, jī.
 Pāke ghare meñ kūēn par mūndhā mār diā, jī.
 Dharke kāyā palat lī, jī.
 Chhotī sī Nāgin banke baiṭh rahī, jī.
- 455 Kūēn kī man meñ baiṭh gai, jī.

- And brought the news to Rājā Pārag :
 “ The Princess for whom you set me (over the well), has
 come to draw water from the golden well.”
- The Rājā saddled his horse :
 Mounting with his left foot he sat at ease (on it) : and
- 445 Spurring his horse he went on.
 The first bucketful Niwal Daī offered to the Saint
 Khwājā (Khizar).
 The second bucketful she gave to the beasts and birds.
 Rājā Pārag came on flogging his horse :
 The horse's hoofs were heard !
- 450 She began to look right and left.
 The Princess took off her thirty-two jewels.
 Putting them into the pitcher she put it face down-
 wards on the well platform.
 She changed her form.
 Becoming a little Nāgin she remained (quiet).
- 455 She remained (quietly) in the platform of the well.

- Pârag ghorâ mârke â gayâ, jî.
 Pârag Râjâ phir-ghirke to dekhâ thâ.
 Îndvî wa gharâ man pe dharâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag pair kî jûtfî ko dekhê.
 460 Man men soch kare, jî.
 Lâve dhore phir-phirke jangal men dekhe.
 Nahîn pâtî phir khûen pe chal-chalke âve jî.
 Ghore se niche utarke jawâb kare, jî :
 "Rânî, tâ jo bhalâ châhe, bahir â jâ, jî :
 465 Nahîn to bichhû kâ rûp sidhârân, jî !
 Toh-tohke tujh ko bâhir nikâlûn, jî.
 Tâ to sahasar Nâgân kî betî poti :
 Tain ne aisâ rûp sidhârâ, jî,
 Kûen men barke tu baith gayî, jî.
 470 Main to Dhanthar Baid kâ chelâ, jî :

- Flogging his horse Râjâ Pârag came up.
 Râjâ Pârag searched hither and thither.
 Saw the pad and the pitcher placed on the platform.
 Râjâ Pârag saw the sandals of her feet.
 460 He pondered in his mind.
 He searched in the forest hither and thither and round
 about.
 Not finding her he came again and again to the well.
 He came down off his horse and spake (to her).
 "Princess, if thou seek thy good, come out (of the
 well) :
 465 - Or else I will put on a scorpion's form ! *
 By degrees I will bring thee out.
 Thou art the daughter of a thousand Nâgs.
 Thou hast put on such a form,
 That thou canst enter into the well.
 470 I am a follower of Dhanwantar, the Leech :

* Scorpions are supposed to kill snakes. See Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû.

- Aisâ rûp bichhû kâ sidhârûn, jî :
 Toh-tohke tujh ko bâhir lâûn, jî."
 Jab Râjâ Pârag ne itnâ kahâ, jî,
 Woh ghabarâ gal, jî.
- 475 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, ji :
 " Merî 'araz suno, jaisî main kahûn, jî :
 Râjâ Pârag, pardâ se ho jâ, jî ;
 Main to bâhir âûn, jî."
 Itnî sunke Râjâ samjhâve, jî :
- 480 " Niwal Daî, merî 'araz suno, jaisî main kahûn, jî :
 Machh kâ rûp sidhâro, jî."
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, " Râjâ Pârag, jî,
 Tû to pardâ se ho jâ, main bastar pahinûn, jî."
 Râjâ Pârag pardâ se hogâyâ, jî.
- 485 Niwal Daî bâhir âkar kâyâ paltî, jî.
 Nâgin se Rânî banî, jî :
 Battî abhran lagâve, solâh singâr, jî.

- So I will put on a scorpion's form,
 That I may draw thee out by degrees."
 When Râjâ Pârag had said this,
 She became frightened.
- 475 Said Princess Niwal Daî :
 " Hear me, what I say :
 Râjâ Pârag, turn thy face from me
 And I will come out."
 Hearing this spake the Râjâ :
- 480 " Hear me, Niwal Daî, what I say :
 Put on the human form."
 Said Princess Niwal Daî, " Râjâ Pârag,
 Turn thy face from me, that I may put on my clothes."
 Râjâ Pârag turned aside.
- 485 Niwal Daî came out and changed her form.
 From a Nâgin she turned into a Princess,
 And put on her thirty-two jewels and her sixteen
 ornaments.

- Kûen kî man meñ Rânîjî baiṭhî, jî.
 Bole Pârag, "Rânî Niwal Daï, merî 'araz suno, jî :
 490 Bahot dinân se chhal chhal jâe the, jî.
 Rânî, tum to mahilon ko chalo, jî.
 Dhartmaṇḍal meñ nâ jâne dîn, jî."
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daï, "main Râjâ Bâsak kî betî, jî :
 Merî 'araz suno, jaisî main kahûn, jî.
 495 Râjâ, main to biptâ kî mâri, jî.
 Mere bâbal kî kanchan sî kâyâ nûn kusṭ lagâ, jî.
 Sawarran kûen kâ jal bhar le jâûn, jî :
 Apne bâbal ko karwâûn ashnân, jî :
 Sawarran kâyâ us kî ban jâe, jî."
 500 Bole Râjâ, "tujhe jal nâ bharne dîn, jî."
 Bole Pârag Râjâ, "tere pitâ ne bachan kare the :
 Woh to bachanon se phir gayâ, jî.
 Mujhe thâre qaum kâ 'aitbâr nahîn, jî."
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daï, "mujh se tîn bachan le le, jî."

- The Princess sat down on the platform of the well.
 Said Râjâ Pârag, "Princess Niwal Daï, hear me :
 490 I have been deceived for many a day.
 Princess, come thou to my palace.
 I will not let thee go to Dhartmaṇḍal."
 Said Princess Niwal Daï, "I am Râjâ Bâsak's daughter ;
 Hear me, what I say.
 495 Râjâ, I am stricken with sorrow.
 Leprosy hath attacked my father's golden-hued body.
 I would take water drawn from the golden well,
 And bathe my father in it :
 And his body will become (again) golden-hued."
 500 Said the Râjâ, "I will not let thee draw the water."
 Said Râjâ Pârag, "Thy father swore to me,
 And he went back upon on his oath.
 I have no faith in thy race."
 Said Princess Niwal Daï, "Take my oath thrice
 repeated."

- 505 Bole Râjâ Pârag, " Niwal Daî, jî,
Mujhe tîn bachan Thâkur ke sache de do, jî."
Tîn bachan Thâkur ke Niwal Daî ne dîe, jî,
Bole Pârag, " tû ne tîn bachan to dîe, jî :
Ab tû phir kis tarah se âve, jî ?
- 510 Mujhe in kâ bhed batâ de, jî."
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, " Râjâ Pârag, jî,
Ik gharâ main bharke le jâûn, jî :
Apne Bâbal kâ karâkar ashnân, jî,
Chalke tere mahilon âp âûn, jî."
- 515 Rânî Niwal Daî gharâ jaisî bharî thî :
Hâth jorke 'araz lagâve, jî :
" Râjâ, mujhe to lakhâ do, jî "
- Sir par îndvî Rânî ne takâî, jî :
Îndvî par gharâ takâyâ, jî.
- 520 Gharê par doi takâyâ, jî.
Dol takâke Dhartmaṇḍal ko chalî, jî.

- 505 Said Râjâ Pârag, " Niwal Daî,
Give me thy solemn oath three times (in the name) of
God."
Thrice Niwal Daî gave him her oath (in the name) of God.
Said Râjâ Pârag, " Thou hast given me thy oath thrice,
But how wilt thou come back again ?
- 510 Tell me thy plan for this."
Said Princess Niwal Daî, " Râjâ Pârag,
I will take one pitcher (of water),
And I will bathe my father with it ;
And then I will come to thy palace."
- 515 So Princess Niwal Daî filled her pitcher.
With joined hands she besought him :
" Râjâ, do thou escort me (to thy boundary)."
The Princess put the pad on her head,
And on the pad she put her pitcher :
- 520 On the pitcher she put the bucket.
Putting on the bucket she went on to Dhartmaṇḍal.

- Agge agge Rânî chalî, pichhe pichhe Râjâ chale, jî :
 Jangal se bîhâ-dhûnî lakhâ dî, jî.
 Murke Râjâ Pârag to chalâ mahîl ko, jî.
 525 Râjâ Pârag ko lag gayâ farâq, jî.
 Rastâ rastâ par chaukîân Râjâ ne bithâve, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag un ko samjhâve ;
 “ Yehân ko âvegî Niwal Daî, jî.
 Mujhe usî waqt batlâîyo, jî.”
 530 Chaukî ke sipâhî rastâ pe baithe, jî :
 Pahirâ to lagâ diâ jâve, jî.
- Rânî Niwal Daî Dhartmaṇḍal ko âve :
 Chaukhaṇḍî meñ Rânî ghaîâ utâre.
 Chandan chaukî Rânî mangwâve : sawarran kâ
 garwâ mangwâve, jî.
 535 Chandan chaukî, jî, bichhwâve.
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, “ Bâbal, merî ’araz suno, jî :

The Princess went on in front and the Râjâ followed
 behind.

He escorted her through the boundless forests,
 And then Râjâ Pârag returned to his palace.

- 525 The separation fell (heavily) on Râjâ Pârag.
 Along the road the Râjâ set guards :
 And Râjâ Pârag conjured them :
 “ Niwal Daî will come here ;
 Tell me of it at once.”

- 530 The watchmen remained at the guard,
 And sentries were posted.

Princess Niwal Daî came to Dhartmaṇḍal.

The Princess put down the pitcher in the cell.

The Princess called for a sandal-wood chair : she called
 for a golden ewer.

- 535 She set the sandal-wood chair.
 Said Princess Niwal Daî, “ Father, hear me :

- Chandan chaukî par baiṭho, jî.”
 Bâsak Râjâ chaukî par baiṭhâ, jî.
 Bhar bhar garwe jal ke gere, jî.
 540 Pair ke gūṭhe se gūṭhâ dabâve, jî.
 Sârî kâyâ sawarran bargî ho gaî, jî :
 Pair kâ gūṭhâ kusṭî rahâ thâ, jî.
 Bolî Niwal Daî, “ merî ’araz suno, jî :
 Ik lotâ jal kâ bhar lâûn, jî.”
 545 Bole Râjâ, “ Betî, ab nâ jâîyo, jî :
 Us par khabar ho jâegî, jî.
 Betî, mere dushman ke mulk se, jî,
 Woh tujhe âne na degâ, jî.”
 Bâbal kâ kahnâ nahîn mânî Niwal Daî, jî.
 550 Garwâ leke sawarran kûen pe chal parî, jî.
 Garwâ leke sawarran kûen pe âve, jî :
 Lambî lambî âve Niwal Daî, jî.
 Shahr Safidon ko râste hûî, jî.
 Chaukîdâron ko khabar hûî, jî :

- Sit thee on the sandal-wood chair.”
 Râjâ Bâsak sat him on the chair.
 Filling the ewer she threw the water over him.
 540 With her great toe she covered his great toe.
 All his body become golden-hued,
 But his great toe remained leprous.
 Said Niwal Daî, “ Hear me :
 I will bring thee a pot of (the) water.”
 545 Said the Râjâ, “ Daughter, go thou not :
 He (Pârag) will get news of it.
 Daughter from my enemy’s land
 He will not let thee return.”
 Niwal Daî would not listen to her father’s words.
 550 Taking the ewer she went off to the golden well.
 Taking the ewer she came to the golden well.
 With long strides Niwal Daî walked,
 Along the road to Safidon City.
 The watchmen knew of it :

- 555 Jis waqt chaukîdaron ne dekhî, jî,
Râjâ Pârâg ke mahil ko chale, jî.
Khabarân Râjâ Pârâg ko karte, jî :
“ Rânî Niwal Daï âï, jî ! ”
Râjâ Pârâg sunat sâr ghore ko pîre, jî ;
- 560 Bâwân bâwân sum nichkâre.
Chherke ghore ko chalâ thâ, jî ;
Rânî ke pâs â gayâ, jî.
Dekhke khushîân Rânî ko kare thâ.
Bole Pârâgjî Mahârâjâ, jî :
- 565 “ Tum chalo mahil ke bîch, jî.”
Bolî Rânî Niwal Daï, Râjâ Bâsak kî beṭî, jî ;
“ Main nahîn jâûngâ mahil ke bîch, jî.
Kisî Brâhman ko bulâve, jî :
Phere le le biyâh karwâ le, jî.
- 570 Aï Mahârâjâ, phere leke ḍolâ mangwâ le, jî.
Dekhe, to kyâ Paṇḍit âve, jî ! ”

- 555 When the watchmen saw her,
They went to Râjâ Pârâg's palace.
They gave news to Râjâ Pârâg :
“ Princess Niwal Daï has come.”
As soon as Râjâ Pârâg heard it he saddled his horse,
- 560 And mounted with his left foot.
Spurring his horse he came on,
And came to the Princess.
Seeing the Princess he was delighted.
Said Pârâg, the Mahârâjâ :
- 565 “ Come thou into my palace.”
Said Princess Niwal Daï, the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak :
“ I will not go into thy palace.
Send for a Brâhman ;
Making the circuit (round the fire) marry me.
- 570 O Mahârâjâ, making the circuit send for the palanquin.
Look, what Priest is this that comes ! ”

- Brâhman ko Râjâ ne bulâyâ, jî.
 " Dâdâ, pâûn lagûn."
 " Sukhî raho jujmân, jî."
 575 Boltâ Pârag, " Dâdâ, tum sâkhâ parho, jî."
 Brâhman Kishn ko manâve, jî :
 Sâkhâ pa:hne lagâ, jî.
 Khise meñ hâth Râjâ Pârag pâve thâ, jî.
 Us meñ se patharî nikâlî, jî :
 580 Sokhtâ meñ lagâî, jî.
 Sokhtâ meñ âg lagâke jhâr ko lagâî, jî.
 Jhâr phûnke phere lie, jî.
 Sone kâ takâ Brâhman ko dîâ thâ, jî.
 Pârag ne hukm dîâ thâ, jî.
 585 Châr kahâr dolâ mahil se mangâve, jî.
 Leke dolâ jangal meñ âe baithê, jî.
 Niwal Daî to dolâ meñ baithî thî, jî :

- The Râjâ called the Brâhman :
 " Father, I fall at thy feet."
 " Be at peace, my client."
 575 Said Râjâ Pârag, " Father, perform the marriage."
 The Brâhman called on Kṛishna,
 And began to perform the marriage.
 Râjâ Pârag put his hand in his pocket,
 And took out of it a flint.
 580 He applied it to the tinder.
 Striking fire into the tinder he lighted a bush.
 Lighting the bush he performed the circuit (round the
 fire).*
- He gave golden coins to the Brâhman.
 Râjâ Pârag gave orders,
 585 And sent for four (palanquin) bearers from the palace.
 They came with the palanquin into the wilds.
 Niwal Daî sat in the palanquin,

* The crowning ceremony of an orthodox marriage.

- Baithke ðole meñ mahiloñ Râjâ Pârag ke âi, jî.
 Turî-nuqârâ mahiloñ meñ bânjen, jî :
- 590 Tere lâgî logoñ âe, jî :
 “ Râjâ Pârag, tû ne biyâh to karwâyâ, jî ! ”
 Dolâ mahiloñ lâyâ, jî.
 Gawwân Brâhman ko dân-pun karke dî, jî.
 Domoñ ko ghoṛe Râjâ ne dîe jî ; ûpar ko dushâlâ dîe, jî.
- 595 Chândî sone ke dân dîe the, jî.
 Brâhman Râjâ ne jamâe, jî.
 Khilwat mahiloñ meñ gayâ, jî !
- Dhartmañdal ko Bâsak pe âe Brâhman, jî ;
 Kachahrî meñ pagrî utârke mârî, jî.
- 600 “ Sahansar Nâgân kî beṭî potî, jî,
 Râjâ Pârag mahiloñ meñ le baiâ, jî.
 Jhâr phûke phere terî beṭî se lîe the, jî.”
 Sir mâre aur mânḍe dhunne thâ, jî.

And sitting in the palanquin, she came to Râjâ Pârag's palace.

- Drums were beaten in the palace,
 590 And the hangers-on came,
 (Saying), “ Râjâ Pârag, thou hast married (her).”
 They brought the palanquin to the palace.
 They gave cows as alms to the Brâhmans.
 The Râjâ gave horses to the bards, and placed shawls
 on them.
- 595 Silver and gold were given as alms.
 The Râjâ collected Brâhmans (there) :
 And went into the private palace.

- The Brâhman came to Râjâ Bâsak at Dhartmañdal ;
 And threw down his turban in the Court :
- 600 “ The daughter of a thousand Nâgs
 Hath entered into Râjâ Pârag's palace.
 Lighting a bush he made the circuit with thy daughter.”
 He beat his head and dashed his skull.

- Bole Bâsakjî Mahârâjâ, jî :
- 605 “Tain kaun kare, Srî Bhagwân, jî ?
 Jâdo Vakîl Nâg ko bulâve, jî.
 Jâdo Vakîl Nâg âyâ, jî.
 Betî merî Pârag ne biyâh le, jî !”
 Nangî nangî teghân dhare the, jî.
- 610 Pânân ke bîre dhare the, jî.
 “Hai koî aisâ nangî tegh ko miyân kare, jî ?
 Bîre ko uthâke Râjâ Pârag pe chaṛhâî kare, jî ?
 Pârag Râjâ ko mârke âve, jî ?”
 Jâdo Vakîl ko samjhâio, jî.
- 615 Jâdo Vakîl ne hukm dîâ, jî :
 “Chhîmbe Nâg bulâo, jî.”
 “Shahr Safîdon nûn jâo, jî :

- Said Bâsak, the Mahârâjâ :
- 605 “O Holy God, what hast thou done ?”
 He sent for the Nâg, Jâdo* the ambassador.
 The Nâg Jâdo the ambassador, came.
 (Said Râjâ Bâsak), “Râjâ Pârag has married my
 daughter !”
 Naked swords were placed (in the Court) :
- 610 Betel leaves were placed (there) : †
 “Is there any one (said the Râjâ) who will put the
 naked swords into their scabbards ?
 Any one who will take up the betel leaves and attack
 Râjâ Pârag ?
 And come back after slaying Râjâ Pârag ?”
 He explained to Jâdo the ambassador, and
- 615 Jâdo the ambassador gave an order :
 “Call Chhîmbâ the Nâg” ; (and the Râjâ said to him)
 “Go to Safîdon City,

* The modern name Jâdo represents the Saṅskṛit Yâdava, but its presence here is not to be directly accounted for.

† As a challenge : see Adventures of Râjâ Râsâlû. *ante*.

- Pârag Râjâ ko mârke âve, jî.
 Sattar kullân ko merî Pârag ne dâgh lagâyâ, jî.
- 620 Jo Râjâ Pârag nûn mâregâ, jî :
 Us ko bahot inâm-karâm dûngâ, jî.
 Betî kâ badlâ main nûn le do, jî.”
 Chhîmbe Nâg ne teghân ko miyân meñ karâ, jî :
 Bîû pân kâ uthâyâ, jî.
- 625 Pân kâ birâ uthâkar mukh. meñ dâlâ, jî.
 Dahine jhukkar kiâ salâm, jî.
 Shahr Safidoñ ko chalâ, jî.
 Shahr ke dohre âke ñerâ lagâyâ, jî.
- Khilwat khâne meñ bātân donoñ karen the.
- 630 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daï, “merî ’araz suno, jî :
 Sobhâ terî sifat meñ suno thî, jî :
 Mirgân kâ shikâr khelê thâ, jî :
 Binâ shikâr rasoî nahîn jîme thâ, jî.

- Slay Râjâ Pârag and return.
 Râjâ Pârag has disgraced our seventy families.
- 620 Who slays Râjâ Pârag,
 I will give him a great reward.
 I will have vengeance for my daughter.”
 Chhîmbâ the Nâg put the sword into the scabbard.
 And took up the betel leaves.
- 625 Taking up the betel leaves he put them into his mouth.
 He saluted respectfully with the right hand,
 And went to Safidoñ city.
 He took up his abode in the suburbs of the city.
- They were talking together in the private chamber.
- 630 Said Princess Niwal Daï, “Hear me :
 I have heard the praise of thy glory ;
 How thou didst go a-hunting the deer,
 And didst never eat food but after hunting !

- Jab se main mahil meñ âf, kabhî shikâr khelte dokhâ, jî.”
- 635 Sej pe ta'na lagâyâ, jî.
Bole Pârag Mahârâjâ, “ merî 'araz suno, jî :
Bhalke hone de sawerâ, jî ;
Merâ Pârag nâm ; tujhe khilâ dûn shikâr, jî.”
- Jangal kî mirgânî ko supnâ bhâyâ, jî ;
- 640 Mirgânî Hîre mirg ko samjhâve, jî :
“ Jânî, ren kâ supnâ aisâ chandrâ parâ, jî ;
Jânî, kisî he:î ne mârâ, jî ;
Ghar ghar meñ bhâjî baṭṭî parî, jî.
Jo merû kahnâ mâne is ṭhaire ko chhoro, jî.”
- 645 Hîrû mirg kahe hai, “ thalîṭû mere pitâ kî wa dâde kî
haiñ, jî :
Je main aur thalî meñ marûngâ merî sattu kullî Nark
meñ jâveñ, jî :

Since I came into the palace, I have never seen thee
hunting.”

- 635 Thus she blamed him (lying) on the bed.
Said Pârag the Mahârâjâ, “ Hear me :
But let it be day-break to-morrow,
As Pârag is my name I will show thee some hunting.”
- A dream came to the doe in the wilds,
640 And the doe said to Hîrû, the buck :*
“ My beloved, I had a very bad dream in the night ;
My beloved, some hunter slew (thee),
And the game (thy flesh) was distributed to the (hunts-
men's) houses.
If thou mind my words thou wilt leave this place.”
- 645 Spake Hîrû the buck, “ These wilds were my father's
and grandfather's ;
If I die in any other wilds my seventy families will go
to Hell :

* *Hîrû mirg* is like *soham mirg* used for the black-buck or antelope, usually *kâlî mirg*. Here I think *Hîrû* is a proper name. See *Adventures of Râjâ Rasâld*.

Je apnî thalf meñ marûngû, merî sattar kuliân Sarg
meñ jáveñ, jî."

Hîrà mirg wa hirnî donon bátân kareñ, jî.

Râjâ Pârag pájî ko buláve, jî.

650 Pájî jhukke kare salám, jî :

"Terû jíwan hove, jî :

Kaho, Râjâ Pârag, kyâ khidmat farmáo, jî ? "

"Begû Nâî ko buláo, jî."

Begû Nâî buláyâ, jhukke kâ salám.

655 Bole Râjâ Pârag, " chandan chaukî, Gangâ nîr mangâiyo,
jî."

Dahî phulel Râjâ Pârag hâr mangáve, jî.

Sawarran garwâ jal kâ bharke ang mal-mal nháve, jî.

Nhâyâ dhoyâ máthâ tilak lagáyâ, jî.

Karte Purakh ko shîsh niwáve, jî.

660 " Pânchoñ láo, Pájî, mere kapre ; pânchoñ láo hathiyâr, jî."

If I die in my own wilds my seventy families will go to
Heaven." •

Hîrà the buck and the doe talked together.

Râjâ Pârag sent for the minion.

650 The minion saluted with respect :

" May thy life last :

Tell me, Râjâ Pârag, what service dost thou command ? "

" Send for Begû the Barber. "

Begû the Barber being called saluted with respect.

655 Said Râjâ Pârag, " Get my sandal-wood chair and the
Ganges water. "

Râjâ Pârag sent for curds and perfumes and his necklace.

Filling his golden pot he anointed and bathed his body.

Bathing and washing he put the (sacred) spot on his
forehead,

And bowed his head to the Creator.

660 " Minion, bring my five robes and bring my five arms. "

- “Kahân dhare, Râjâ, tere kapre? kahân dhare hathiyâr,
jî?”
- “Pitâre dhare kapre : khûntî dhare hathiyâr, jî.”
Pitâre se lâyâ kapre ; khûntî se lâyâ hathiyâr, jî.
Pânchoñ lâve kapre : pânchoñ lâve hathiyâr, jî.
- 665 “Pâjî, hañslâ ghorâ chet singâro, jî.
Lâo deorhî ke bâr, jî.”
Pâjî kâ betâ dauî â âve, jî :
Hañslâ ghorâ lâve deorhî ke bâr, jî.
Râjâ Pârag bâwân sum ghorë ko nichkâr, jî.
- 670 Jab paurî pair dharâ chartî kâ tût gayâ tang, jî.
Sukh âsan nahîn âtâ, jî.
Rânî Niwal Daî chaukat pakrî kharî, jî.
“Ai, Râjâ Pârag, matî nâ jâyo shikâr, jî !
Mande ho gae sâwan, jî !”
- 675 Râjâ Pârag kahnâ nahîn mântâ, jî.
Ghorâ dabtâyâ bihâ-dûnî jangal-jhâr, jî :

- “Where are thy robes placed, Râjâ? where thy five
arms?”
- “The clothes are in the box, the arms are on the pegs.”
He brought the clothes from the box and the arms from
the pegs.
Five robes he brought : five arms he brought.
- 665 “Minion, array quickly my fine horse,
And bring him to the door.”
The minion ran off,
And brought the fine horse to the door.
Râjâ Pârag lifted up his left foot to the horse,
- 670 When he put his foot in the stirrup the leather broke.
He could not get his seat properly.
Princess Niwal Daî stood with her hand on the doorway :
“O Râjâ Pârag, go not thou a-hunting !
An evil omen has befallen (thee) !”
- 675 Râjâ Pârag would not listen to her words.
He galloped his horse into the boundless forest wilds.

- Niche kî gardâ úpar ko charh gai, jî.
 Mirgânî mirg dekhe koî shikâri áve, jî.
 Mirgânî mirg se kahî, "woh nere á gae, jî!"
- 680 Mirg kahe, "ab ke tú jîúrâ bachâ le jî :
 Age ko samajhke chalûngâ, jî."
 Bolî pushtâ mirgânî ne, jî :
 "Dehî ko, mirgâ, apnî tolo, jî !
 Khuriân ko apnî mâpo, jî !"
- 685 Jab mirgâ dehî ko tolâ, jî,
 Khuriân ko mâpe, jî.
 Zâr-zâr mirgânî ke pás roe, jî :
 "Ai, Sri Bhagwân, kaun kare, jî ?"
- Râjâ Pârag ne mirgân ko dekhkar lalkârâ dîâ, jî.
- 690 Sohan mirg hirnî ke áge ho gayâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag ne kahâ, "jâne nahîn dûngâ, jî :
 Ik kiârî, dusrî, tisrî meñ mârûngâ, jî."

- The dust beneath him arose.
 The doe and buck saw a huntsman coming.
 Spake the doe to the buck, "There he comes towards
 us!"
- 680 Spake the buck, "Now save thou my life:
 In future I will act carefully."
 Said his beloved doe :
 "Buck, use thy feet (body) !
 Bound off with thy hoofs !"
- 685 Then the buck used his feet (body),
 And bounded off with his hoofs.
 Weeping bitterly to his doe, (said he) :
 "O Holy God, what hast thou done ?"
- Râjâ Pârag seeing the deer shouted at them.
- 690 The black-buck came in front of the doe.*
 Spake Râjâ Pârag, "I will not let thee go.
 In thy first, second or third bound I will slay thee."

* i.e., as a protection.

- Jab sunke mirg bhâgkar chale, jî :
 Râjâ Pârâg ne ghorâ dabtâke gherâ pâyâ, jî.
 695 Sat Jug sache pahire barteñ, jî :
 Tin-min karen jawâb, jî !
 Sohan mirgânî Râjâ Pârâg ko samjhâve jî :
 " Râjâ Pârâg, tû bhûkhâ âyâ shikâr kâ, jî :
 Tîn sau sâth mirgânî se mâr lo do châr, jî."'
 700 Bole Râjâ Pârâg, " Suno, mirgânî, jî :
 Jis din kâ khelan lagâ shikâr, jî,
 Mirgânî pe kabhî choṭ nahîn kare ; mâre hîre mirg, jî."'
 Mirgânî phir kare jawâb, jî :
 " Tîn sau sâth mirgânî kâ yeh ik sardâr, jî,
 705 Je yeh mar gayâ, tîn sau sâth mirgânî rânḍ hojâû, jî."'
 Tarkash meñ se kanî Râjâ nikâlî, jî :
 Dharke jî par mirg ko sar par ṭikâve, jî.
 Uchhalke mirg zamîn par âvo, jî :

When he heard this the buck bounded off,
 And Râjâ Pârâg galloped his horse and brought him
 to bay.

- 695 It was the virtuous time of the Golden Age :
 All things could speak their mind !
 Said the black-doe to Râjâ Pârâg :
 " Râjâ Pârâg, hungry hast thou come to the hunt ;
 Out of 360 does slay three or four."'
 700 Said Râjâ Pârâg, " Hear, thou doe :
 From the day I began to hunt
 I have never (even) wounded a doe : I have slain the
 black-buck."*
 Again spake the doe :
 " This is the lord of 360 does ;
 705 If this one die 360 does will be widowed."'
 The Râjâ took an arrow from his quiver :
 Aiming it he struck the buck on the head.
 Bounding up the buck fell on the ground :

* This sense of *hîrâ mirg* comes out clearly here.

- Parde parde kî sâis alag ho gaf, jî.
 710 Tîn sau sâth mirgânî Hîre mirg ko gherâ pâven, jî.
 Gherâ pâke tîn sau sâth mirgânî zâr-zâr roven, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag ghoṛe se utarke kumân se thâve, jî.
 Sab mirgânî Râjâ se kuhen, jî :
 "Jaisî râṇḍûn ham karen hojâ terî Niwal Daf, jî !"
 715 Uthâke mirg ko ghoṛe kî kunch se lagâve, jî.
 Chherke ghoṛâ mahil ko dhyân lagâyâ, jî.
 Jab Râjâ Pârag ko piyâs lagî tab khâkâ-bar ko âve, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag ghoṛe se nîche âke mirg ko nîche ger de, jî.
 Zîn-posh bichhâke Râjâ baithâ, jî.
 720 Ghoṛe ko darakht se bândh dîâ, jî ;
 Thâkur se 'araz lagâve, jî :
 "Jaisî dhûp meñ sâyâ dî, waisî gharz jal de, jî !"
 Nikâlke kaṭordân jhôte meñ se nîche rakhe, jî :

- And as he lay his breath went out of him.
 710 The 360 does surrounded Hîrâ, the buck.
 Surrounding him the 360 does wept bitterly.
 Râjâ Pârag came off his horse and frightened them off
 with his bow.
 All the does spake unto the Râjâ :
 "As thou hast widowed us so may thy Niwal Daf be
 widowed !"
 715 Taking up the buck he put him on the horse's saddle.
 Spurring his horse he made for his palace.
 Râjâ Pârag became a-thirst and came to a fig tree.*
 Râjâ Pârag came down from his horse and threw down
 the deer.
 Spreading his saddle-cloth the Râjâ sat down.
 720 He tied his horse to the tree ;
 And prayed to God :
 "As thou gavest shade from the sun, so give me water
 for my necessity."
 Taking his cup from the saddle-bag he put it down :

* ? *Ficus caricoides*, but see line 787 post.

- “ Jaisî sâyâ de, waisî jal de, jî ! ”
- 725 Chhotî chhotî badalî nîkî nîkî pañî bhawâr, jî.
Râjâ Pârag ko nînd âve, jî.
Sikre jânwar ko kahe, “ tû khabardâr, jî ! ”
Râjâ Pârag ko nînd âve, jî :
Râjâ Pârag paṛke so rahâ, jî.
- 730 Chhîmbâ Nâg darakht se nîche utare, jî :
Kaṛordân ke pâs âve, jî.
Goral bhawâr joṛke kaṛordân ko bhare, jî :
Chhîmbâ Nâg ûpar ko chaṛh gayâ, jî.
Sikrâ jânwar man men soche, jî :
- 735 “ Ai Srî Thâkur, yeh kyâ kare, jî ?
Râjâ Pârag kâ main ne nimak pânî khâyâ, jî :
Râjâ yeh pânî zahar pîkar mar jâegâ, jî.”
Jab Râjâ Pârag sotâ uṭhâ, jî :
Râjâ Pârag kaṛordân ke pâs âve, jî.
- 740 Katorâ uṭhâke hâth men rakh lâ, jî.

- (Saying,) “ As thou gavest shade give me water ! ”
- 725 Small clouds came, light drops of rain fell.
Râjâ Pârag feeling sleepy
Said to his falcon, “ Do thou watch.”
Râjâ Pârag felt sleepy,
And the Râjâ lay fast asleep.
- 730 Chhîmbâ the Nâg came down from the tree,
And came up to the cup.
Gathering up a drop of poison he filled the cup,
And Chhîmbâ the Nâg went up again.
Thought the falcon in his mind :
- 735 “ O Holy God, what hast thou done ?
I have eaten of Râjâ Pârag’s salt,
And if the Râjâ drinks this poisoned water he will die.”
Râjâ Pârag got up from his sleep,
And Râjâ Pârag came up to the cup.
- 740 Lifting up the cup he took it in his hand.

- Râjâ Pârag rûmâl nikâlke mûnh par phere, jî.
 Sikrâ man meñ soche, jî :
 “ Râjâ pí jávegâ mujhe hañiyâ lagegî, jî.”
 Sikre ne mârhe jhapñâ kañorâ ñiche girâ dîâ, jî.
- 745 Râjâ Pârag man meñ soch kare, jî :
 “ Sikrâ merâ kisî waqt kâ bairî, jî.
 Mujh ko Parmeshar ne jal dîâ thâ, jî ;
 Sikrâ merâ janam kâ bairî, jî.”
 Râjpût ko ghussâ âyâ, pakarke zamîn par mârâ, jî :
- 750 Sikre kí jân hawwâ ho gañ, jî.
 Barh ke úpar bole tîn gañârân, jî ;
 Râjâ Pârag joñke nazar lagâve, jî.
 Darakht par bañhâ Nâg, jî.
 Tarkash kanî nikâlke Nâg ko mâre, jî.
- 755 Nâg ñiche âve, jî.
 Chhote chhote ÷ukre banâve, jî.

-
- Râjâ Pârag took his kerchief and wiped his face.
 Thought the falcon in his mind :
 “ If the Râjâ drinks the curse (of it) will be on me.”
 The falcon struck out (with his claw) and threw down
 the cup.
- 745 Thought Râjâ Pârag in his mind :
 “ The falcon must have been my enemy for some time ;
 God gave me the water ;
 The falcon is an enemy to my life.”
 The son of kings was angered, seizing it he threw it on
 the ground :
- 750 The falcon's life departed.
 Above in the fig tree were three *mainâs** chattering,
 And Râjâ Pârag cast his eyes upwards.
 In the tree was the Nâg.
 Taking an arrow from his quiver he slew the Nâg ;
- 755 The Nâg fell down.
 He chopped it into small pieces.

* the *gañâr* is the common forest *maind*, *acridetheres tristis*.

- Sir kâ ÷ukrâ urke jîtî meñ paṛâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag jîtî ko jab pahine, jî,
 Sir ke ÷ukre ne gûñthe meñ dang marâ, jî.
 760 Uchhalke Râjâ Pârag zamîn pe girâ thâ, jî :
 Parde paṛde kî jân alag ho gaî, jî !
 Sâmâ Pâlî gawwân ko wahân lâve, jî.
 Sâmâ Pâlî plir-ghirke dekhe thâ, jî :
 Jaisâ ghoṛâ Râjâ Pârag kâ kharâ, jî.
 765 Ghoṛe ke pâs mirg paṛâ, jî.
 Dekhe aur sikrâ marâ paṛâ, jî :
 Sikre ke pâs Nâg ke ÷ukre paṛe, jî.
 Âgâî dekhe Pârag marâ paṛâ, jî.
 Rotâ hîtâ mahil meñ chalâ, jî.
 770 Basanti Rânî Mâtâ Pârag pe gayâ, jî.
 Pârag kî Mâtâ ke pâs kharâ hokar rove, jî.
 Pârag kî Mâtâ Sâmâ Pâlî se pûchhî, jî :

-
- The head flew up and fell into his shoe.
 When Râjâ Pârag put on his shoe,
 The head bit his great toe.
 760 Leaping up Râjâ Pârag fell on the ground,
 And as he lay his life left him.
 Sâmâ the neat-herd brought his cows there.
 Sâmâ the neat-herd looked about him,
 And saw a horse like Râjâ Pârag's standing there.
 765 Near the horse lay the deer.
 And again he saw the falcon lying dead,
 And near the falcon the picces of the Nâg were lying.
 Further on he saw Râjâ Pârag lying dead.
 Weeping he went to the palace.
 770 He went to Rânî Basantî,* Râjâ Pârag's mother.
 Standing before Râjâ Pârag's mother he wept.
 Râjâ Pârag's mother asked Sâmâ the neat-herd :

* According to the Classics her name was Uttarâ, and she was daughter of the Râjâ of Virâta (Bairat near Jaypûr). Ought not the name in the text to be Bîrantî ?

- “ Kyâ, kisî ne gâlî dî, jî ? kisî ne mandâ kalâ, jî ?”
 Sârnâ Pâlî hâth jorke kahe, jî :
- 775 “ Karmâ ne mandâ bolâ, Lekh ne gâlî dî, jî !
 Betâ terâ Pârag Nâgân se khâyâ, jî.”
 Sunke Basantî zâr-zâr roî, jî :
 Kesh khandâve, kapre phâre, jî.
 “ Jis din ke mahilon meñ Niwal Daî ât, jî,
- 780 Nâg hamâre bairî ho gae, jî !”
 Bolî dâ ta'nâ Niwal Daî ko chubhâ thâ, jî.
 Phore donon hâthon chûrî, jî :
 “ Thâkur mujhe dukhâ layâ, jî !
 Ta'nâ sarîr ko lagen, jî !”
- 785 Char kahârân nûn mangwâve, jî.
 Dôlâ meñ baithkar nîb lekar chale, jî.
 Akhai-bâr par âkar dôlâ utarwâ, jî.
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, “ Kahâro, tum parde se, jî,

“ What ! hath any one abused thee ? hath any one
 spoken thee evil ?”

With joined hands spake Sârnâ the neat-herd.

- 775 “ Fate hath spoken me evil : Destiny hath abused me !

Thy son Râjâ Pârag hath been bitten by snakes.”

Hearing this Rânî Basantî wept sorely.

She tore her hair and rent her clothes.

“ From the day Niwal Daî entered the palace,

- 780 Hath the Nâg been our enemy !”

Niwal Daî felt the sting of the reproach.

She broke the bracelets on both her wrists.

(Saying) “ God hath brought trouble on me !

The reproach hath pierced my heart (body) !”

- 785 She sent for four (palanquin) bearers.

Sitting in the palanquin she went off with *nîm* leaves.*

Coming to the fig tree† she had the palanquin set down.

Said Princess Niwal Dâî, “ Bearers, away from me,

* As a charm against snakes.

† See line 717 *ante*. But here the name is for the date palm apparently : *phoenix silvestris* or *târt*.

- Bâhir baitho, main dôle ke bâhir âûn, jî.”
- 790 Dole se bâhir chalke âve, jî.
Phir-ghirke bâhir dekhe, jî.
Châr loth pare, jî :
Dekhke Bhagwân kâ khauf khâya, jî.
Sawâ pahir kî pûjâ Rânî karî thî, jî.
- 795 Hath jorke pallâ pâke, jî :
“ Srî Thâkur, chârôn men jî pâve, jî !”
Pahile Rânî mirg ke pâs âve, jî.
Shîsh goḍe par mirg kâ dharâ, jî :
Unglî chîrke 'araq mûnh men pâyâ, jî.
- 800 Mirg bhâgkar jangal ko chalâ, jî.
Uṭhke Rânî sikre ke pâs âve, jî.
Prabhû us men jân pâve, jî.
Jatî-satî kî âwâzân nere sune thâ, jî.
Sikre men jân par gaî, jî.

- Sit apart, I am coming out of the palanquin.”
- 790 She came out of the palanquin,
And looked outside hither and thither.
Four corpses were lying there.
Seeing them the fear of God came upon her ;
For four hours* the Princess worshipped (God).
- 795 With joined hands and kerchief round (her neck, she
prayed :)
“ O Holy God, give them all four life !”
First the Princess came to the buck and
Put the buck's head in her lap.
Cutting her finger she put the blood, into its mouth.
- 800 The buck ran off into the wilds.
Getting up the Princess came to the falcon.
God gave it life also.
The prayers of the virtuous were heard,
And life came to the falcon.

* A watch and a quarter.

- 805 Tísrí pahírí Râní chalí thî, jí :
 Nâg ke tukre katthe karke milâve, jí.
 Thâkur pe háth jortí thî, jí:
 Jân us Nâg meñ parí thî, jí.
 Nâg utheke bhâg chalâ, jí ;
- 810 Nâg ko Râní ne pakar lá, jí :
 “ Bhâge ko jáne nahín dângí, jí,
 Ai Chhîmbe Nâg, jí ;
 Qasm khâ já, jí, ‘ Shahr Safidon ko, jí.
 Phir kabhí nahín âtîngâ, jí ! ’ ”
- 815 Tîn bachan Thâkur ke dîe, jí.
 Jo sâns Râjâ ke píe the, jí,
 Woh chhor dîe, jí !
 Pârag Râjâ pe Niwal Daí chal âve, jí.
 Suchhâ to nîb lá thâ, jí :
- 820 Apne Râjâ pe ’araz lagâve jí.

-
- 805 The Princess went on to the third place,
 And putting the pieces of the Nâg together she joined
 them.
 She joined her hands (in prayer) to God,
 And life came to the Nâg.
 The Nâg got up to go away.
- 810 But the Princess seized the Nâg, (saying) :
 “ I will not let thee go,
 O Chhîmbâ, thou Nâg:
 Take an oath that to Safidon City
 Thou wilt never come again ! ”
- 815 He swore to her thrice (in the name) of God.
 Him, who had taken the Râjâ’s life,
 She released !
 Niwal Daí came to Râjâ Pârag.
 She had brought the fresh *nîm* leaves,*
- 820 And spake a charm over her Râjâ.

* *nîm* leaves to be efficacious as a charm against snakes must be fresh.

Mantar.

- Donon Rânî rolî-bholî, jî !
 Tere sir meñ khâk ramânî, jî !
 Mârûn bis, banâ dîn pânî, jî !
 Jahân tahân se lâûn bâl, jî !
 825 Kelûn tere hot, dânt, kapâl, jî !
 Sankchûr kâ phorî, gal motîon ke hâr, jî !
 Padmâ Daî pânî Nâgin nîsrî, jî !
 Lankâ meñ kîâ jawâhir, jî !
 Bis kâûn, bis harûn, jî !
 830 Bis kî rîdhûn khîr, jî !
 Jhol jamâ dîn gârarû, jî !
 Seûn Bâsak parwâr, jî !
 Jâg jâg Bisiyar Deotâ, jî !
 Tujhe Râm Chandar kî dohâî, jî !
 835 Râm Chandarjî jagâne âe jî !

Charm.

- Both Queens are simple-minded !*
 Put ashes on thy head !
 I will destroy the poison, I will turn it into the water !
 Wherever it be I will boil it !
 825 I will charm thy lips and mouth and skull !
 The staff of Sankchûr, the pearl necklace of his neck !
 Padmâ Daî the Nâgin spurts out water.
 She made her obeisance in Lankâ. †
 I will destroy the poison, I will charm the poison.
 830 I will make (a pottage of) rice and milk out of the
 poison.
 I will fill the wickets of the sorcerers (with food).
 I will worship the family of Bâsak !
 Awake, O demon of the poison !
 I claim the protection of Râma Chandra against thee !
 835 Râma Chandra hath come to awaken thee !

* This charm occurs again at line 966ff. It is, as usual, difficult to make common sense out of it.

† Ceylon.

- Thâr jhapatke baithâ kar lâ, jî.
 Bole Râjâ Pârag, " Rânî; ham to bahot soe, jî!"
 Nazar uthâke dekhe bah ke niche baithâ, jî.
 " Ai Rânî Niwal Daí, tû kaisî jangal mein âi, jî?"
 840 Bolí Rânî Niwal Daí, " Râjâ, tujhe samjhâ rahî, jî,
 Mahil se matí jâo, jî!
 Mande sâun hûe the, merû kahnâ na mânâ, jî.
 Jo tû sair shikâr ko âyâ, tujhe Nâg ne dasâ jî.
 Tû to, Râjâ, marâ pa:â thû, tujhe jhârke uthâe, jî.
 845 Terí Mâtâ ne ta'nâ lagâke mahil se kâdhnâ sharû' kîâ, jî.
 Jo tû na jîtâ terí mâtâ mahil mein mujhe nâ barne de, jî."
 Rânî Niwal Daí Râjâ Pârag chalke mahil mein âe, jî.
 Râjâ kî mâtâ mahil mein zâr-zâr roí, jî.
 Râjâ ke gale se lipatkar roí, jî:
 850 " Jab se Rânî âi Nâg hamâre dushman ho gae, jî.

-
- Having exorcised and charmed she sat him up.
 Said Râjâ Pârag, " Rânî, I have had a heavy sleep!"
 Lifting up his eyes he saw that he was sitting under
 the fig tree:
 " O Princess Niwal Daí, how camest thou into the
 forest?"
 840 Said Princess Niwal Daí, " Râjâ, I told thee often, (to)
 Go not from the palace!
 The omen was evil, and thou didst not hear my words.
 And when thou wentest a-hunting, the Nâg bit thee.
 (I found) thee, Râjâ, lying dead, and awoke thee by a
 charm:
 845 Thy mother reproaching me would have turned me out
 of the palace.
 Hadst thou not lived thy mother would not have let me
 enter the palace."
 Rânî Niwal Daí and Râjâ went into the palace.
 The Râja's mother was weeping bitterly in the palace.
 Falling on the Râjâ's neck she wept: (saying),
 850 " From the day the Princess came the Nâgs have been
 our enemies.

- Sahansar Nâg kî betî potî, jî ;
 Tujhe Râjâ Bâsakjî nâ jîne deve, jî !
 Tujhe samjhâ rahî, merâ kahnâ ne mânâ, jî."
 Râjâ Pârag khilwat khânâ meñ gae, jî.
- 855 Dhartmañdal meñ Chhîmbâ Nâg jâke dohâî lagâî, jî.
 Lek-salek karke chaukhañdî meñ baith gayâ, jî ;
 Râjâ se 'araz karî, jî :
 Râjâ Bâsak pûchhe, " Chhîmbâ Nâg, tû kis tarahâyâ, jî ?"
 " Râjâ Pârag khelan gayâ thâ shikâr, jî :
- 860 Main akhai-bar par baithâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag ne jarh se ghorâ bândh dîâ, jî.
 Zîn-posh utârke nîche bichhâ dîâ, jî.
 Thailî meñ se kaṭordân nikâlke rakhâ thâ, jî.
 Sikrâ rakhwâlî bithlâ dîâ, jî.
- 865 Main ne úpar se utarke, jî,
 Kaṭordân ko pur dîâ, jî.

She is the daughter of a thousand Nâgs :
 Râjâ Basâk will not let thee live !
 I told thee and thou wouldst not heed my words."
 Râjâ Pârag went into his private apartments.

- 855 Chhîmbâ the Nâg went to Dhartmañdal and demanded
 protection.
 Saluting he sat down in the cell,
 And spake to the Râjâ.
 Râjâ Bâsak asked him, " Chhîmbâ, thou Nâg, how hast
 thou come ?"
 (He answered) " Râjâ Pârag went a-hunting.
 I sat in the fig tree.
 Râjâ Pârag tied up his horse to the roots.
 Taking off the saddle-cloth he spread it on the ground.
 Taking his cup out of the (saddle-)bag he put it down.
 He set the falcon to watch for him.
- 865 I came down from above,
 And filled the cup (with poison).

- Kaṭordân purke ûpar chaṛh gayâ, jî.
 Ûpar boleñ gatârân, jî.
 Râjâ baiṭhâ ho gayâ, jî.
 870 Râjâ ke nazar kaṭordân par lagî, jî.
 Kaṭordân jal se bharâ, jî :
 Piâse ke man chal dîâ, jî ;
 Hâth kaṭorâ par pâyâ, jî.
 Sikrâ man meñ soche, jî ;
 875 Râjâ ne yeh zahar piâ, jî,
 Pîte mar jâegâ, jî.
 Râjâ ne mukh se kaṭorâ lagâyâ, jî.
 Sikre ne mârke nîche girâyâ, jî.
 Râjâ ko jab ghussâ âyâ, jî,
 880 Sikre ko mârke zamîn par girâyâ, jî.
 Nazar uthâke darakht par mujh ko dekhâ, jî ;
 Tarkash kanî nikâlke mere tan meñ mâri, jî.
 Mârke mujhe zamîn par gerâ, jî.
 Lekar khañḍâ mere chhoṭe chhoṭe piñḍ banâe, jî.

- Filling the cup I went up again.
 Above *mainûs* were chattering.
 The Râjâ sat up.
 870 The Râjâ's glance fell on the cup.
 (He thought that) the cup was full of water.
 The greed of thirst came upon him,
 And he put his hand to the cup.
 Thought the falcon in his mind,
 875 That the Râjâ would drink the poison :
 And that if he drank he would die.
 The Râjâ put the cup to his lips.
 The falcon struck it and threw it down.
 Then the Râjâ was wrathful,
 880 And slaying the falcon threw it on the ground.
 Lifting up his eyes he saw me in the tree.
 Taking an arrow from his quiver he struck my body.
 Striking he brought me to the ground.
 Taking his knife he chopped me into little bits.

- 885 Sir kâ tukrâ urke jîtî meñ paṛâ, jî.
 Jab Râjâ ne jîtî pahine maiñ ne mârke Râjâ Pârag ko
 ger dîâ, jî.
 Âî terî betî, mujh ko paidâ kîâ, jî.
 Tîñ bachan lekar Dhartmañdal ko bhij dîâ, jî :
 ‘ Phir yehâñ âyâ, to jîtâ na chhorâñ, jî.’ ”
- 890 Râjâ Bâsak itnî sunke gabharâ gayâ, jî.
 Dastânâ bajâ, Râjâ Jâdo Vakîl ko bulâve, jî.
 Râjâ ke pâs Jâdo Vakîl âyâ, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak zâr-zâr roe, jî :
 “ Dhar dastânâ aisâ bajâo, jî,
 895 Ast kulfânî ko bulâo, jî.”
 Sârâ bhûichârî bulâke Kachahrî lagâî, jî.
 Nângî tegh, pân kâ birâ Kachahrî meñ rakhâ, jî :
 Bhâñon se araz lagâve, jî :
 “ Bhâî, sahañsar Nâgân kî betî, jî,

-
- 885 My head flew up and fell into his shoe.
 When the Râjâ put on his shoe I bit Râjâ Pârag and
 threw him down.
 Thy daughter came, and brought me to life.
 Taking an oath of me thrice (in the name) of God she
 sent me to Dhartmañdal.
 (Saying) ‘ Come here again and I will not let thee go
 alive.’ ”
- 890 Hearing this Râjâ Bâsak was astonished.
 The Râjâ clapped his hands and called Jâdo the Amba-
 sador.
 Jâdo the Ambassador came to the Râjâ.
 Râjâ Bâsak wept bitterly: (saying),
 “ So (loudly) clap thy hands,
 895 That thou call the eight families.”
 Calling all the kinsfolk he held his Court.
 He placed the naked sword and the betel leaves in the
 Court,
 And he besought his kinsfolk :
 “ Brethren, the daughter of a thousand Nâgs,

- 900 Râjâ Pârag biyâhko le gayâ, jî !
 Merî sattar kulî ko dâgh lagâyâ, jî.
 Hai koî aisâ sûrmâ, jî,
 Nangî tegh ko miyân kare, jî ?
 Pân kê bîrâ uthâve, jî ?
- 905 Shahr Safîdon ko charh jâe, jî,
 Râjâ Pârag ko mârke âve, jî ?
 Kharâ Râj main us ko dîn, jî !
 Bhaithâ Râj main karûn, jî ! ”
 Sûtak Pâtak sunko Ûthe, jî :
- 910 Nangî teghân ko miyân karcî, jî.
 Pân kê bîrâ uthâkar mukh meñ pâven, jî.
 Sabhâ Kachahrî ko salâm karke Shahr Safîdon ko
 âven, jî.
 Shahr Safîdon kî galî kûnchâ kî sair karî, jî.
 Nâkâ morî mahil meñ barne kî dekhen, jî.

- 900 Hath Râjâ Pârag married and carried off !
 Shame is on my seventy families.
 Is there any hero (here)
 To sheath the naked sword ?
 To take up the betel leaves ?
- 905 And going to Safîdon City,
 To slay Râjâ Pârag and return ?
 I will give him real authority !
 I will make his rule easy ! ”
 Hearing him Sûtak and Pâtak stood up.
- 910 They sheathed the naked sword.
 They took up the betel leaves and put it into their
 mouths.
 Saluting the Assembly and Court they went to Safîdon
 City.
 They wandered about the streets and lanes of Safîdon
 City.
 They looked for some entrance or hole in the palace.

- 915 Shām paṛī, din ḍhal gayā, dhan kā lagā bahīr, jī.
 Baith gae gore donon bhāī, jī : rūp Nāg kā sidhāreñ, jī.
 Chaleñ mahil ke bīch, jī.
 Mahilon men chhipke baith rahe, jī.
 Rānī Niwal Daī kahī Rājā se, jī :
- 920 “Mujhe Nāgāñ kī khūshbo āve, jī.”
 Rājā Pārag kahe, “tū to Nāgāñ kī betī, jī,
 Tujhe roz roz khūshbo āve, jī.”
 Rājā Rānī sejon pe gae, jī.
 Rānī bolī, “mera kalmā mān le, jī :
- 925 Mere mahil men Nāg āj ā gae, jī.
 Pahilā pahirā, Pārag, mainḍ dūngī, jī :
 Dūjā pahirā tum do, jī.”
 Niwal Daī pahire par baithī, jī :
 Ādhī rāṭī Rājā jagā dīā, jī.
- 930 Gharī sā’at Rājā jagā, jī :

- 915 The evening fell, the day grew dim, the (evening) crowd
 of cattle (returning from pasture) commenced.
 Both the brothers sat down in the neighbourhood (of
 the palace) and put on the form of Nāgs.
 They went into the palace.
 In secret they sat in the palace.
 Said Princess Niwal Daī to the Rājā.
- 920 “I smell the smell of Nāgs.”
 Spake Rājā Pārag, “Thou art a daughter of the Nāgs,
 The smell of the Nāgs is always on thee.”
 The Rājā and the Princess lay on their bed.
 Said the Princess, “Hearken to my words:
- 925 The Nāgs have (surely) come into my palace to-day.
 The first watch, Rājā Pārag, I will keep :
 Do thou keep the second watch.”
 Niwal Daī kept her watch, and
 At midnight she awoke the Rājā.
- 930 The Rājā remained awake for an hour.*

* A gharī=24 minutes.

- Gharī sā'at Rājā baiṭhā, jī :
 Phir sejā pe ghāfil par rahā, jī.
 Rānī ke chanwar palang se latke, jī.
 Chanwar se Sūtak Pātak ūpar charḥ gae, jī :
 935 Pīke Rājā Pārag ke sāns mahil se gae, jī.
 Bāhir āke apnā rūp sidhārā, jī :
 Dhartmaṇḍal ke rāste hūe, jī.
 Rāste men kūen ke mūnh baiṭh gae, jī :
 Salāh karen rasoī banāen, jī.
- 940 Rānī sotī chamak parī, jī :
 Rājā Pārag ko ṭohke jagāve, jī.
 Rājā ke sāns sāmpoñ ne pī līe, jī.
 Rājā ko dekhke jaldī se bāhir nikalī, jī.
 Jis rāstā ki Sūtak Pātak gae the, jī,
 945 Us rāste ko gāī, jī.

-
- For an hour the Rājā sat,
 And then lay on the bed in forgetfulness.
 The Princess' fan* hung from the bed.
 Sūtak and Pātak climbed up by the fan,
 935 And drinking up Rājā Pārag's life went out of the
 palace.
 Coming out they changed their form,
 And took the road to Dhartmaṇḍal.
 On the road they sat down at the mouth of a well,
 And arranged to take their food.
- 940 The Princess started in her sleep,
 And shook Rājā Pārag to awake him.
 The snakes (Nāgs) had drunk up the Rājā's life.
 Seeing the Rājā's (state) she went out quickly.
 The road that Sūtak and Pātak had taken,
 945 The same road she took.
-

* *Chanwar*, the tail of the yak and a sign of royalty, used as a flapper to drive off flies.

- Chalke kûen pe âve, jî.
 Nazar uthâke donon bhâyon ko dekhe, jî :
 " Srî Thâkur, ye to jîmen rasof, jî.
 Jab donon bhâf rasof jîm lenge, jî,
 950 Tab donon ko pakarûngî, jî."
 Rasof donon ne jîmf, jî :
 Donon ke chôte pakâr lê, jî :
 Chôte pakarke mahilon ko le chalf, jî :
 Jâ mahil men chôte bândhke latkâ dfe, jî.
 955 " Mujh ko rând karke chale, jî :
 Yâ to Râjâ Pârag kî jân pao, nahîn, jân se mârûn, jî."
 Rânî man men bichârî, jî ;
 " Râjâ Pârag mere bhâyon ko na mâre, jî :
 Pahile in ko chhor dûn, jî."
 960 Chalke bhâyon ke pâs âve, jî,
 Bhâf ko samjhâve, jî :
 " Qasm tum ko-mâf bap ke, jî !

- She came on to the well.
 Lifting up her eyes she saw both the brothers.
 " O Holy God, they are at their food.
 When both the brothers begin to eat
 950 I will seize the pair. (of them)."
 They both began their food.
 She seized them both by their hair,
 And dragged them by the hair to the palace.
 And going to the palace she hung them up by the hair.
 955 " You made me a widow and left me :
 Either you bring Râjâ-Pârag to life or I slay you."
 (Then) the Princess thought in her heart,
 " It is not right that Râjâ Pârag slay my brethren.
 (So) I will first release them."
 960 So she went to her brothers,
 And spaké unto them :
 " I swear you on your father and mother

- Jo phir yehân chalke âo, jî !”
 Sûtak Pâtak ko nikâlke shahr panâh lakhâve, jî.
 965 Sûtak Pâtak Dhartmaṇḍal ko âveñ, jî.

Râñf Niwal Daï Râjâ pe âve, jî.

Mantar paṛhe Râñf.

- “ Donoñ Râñf rolî-bolî tere sir meñ khâk ramâf’
 Mârûñ bis ! banâ dîn pâñf !
 Jahân tahân se lâûñ bâl !
 970 Nâgân kilûñ, hoṭ, dânt, palât !
 Sankchûṛ kî poṛf, gal motîn ke hâr !
 Padmân ke pâñf nîsre, Lankâ kî johâr !
 Bis kâṭûñ, bis meñ baṛûñ !
 Bis ke rîdhûñ khîr, jhol jamâ dîn !
 975 Gâraṛû seûñ Bâshak parwâr !
 Jâg jâg, Bisiyar Deotâ ! Tujhe Râm Chandar kî dohâf !”

- Not to come here again !”
 Turning Sûtak and Pâtak out she saw them from the city
 965 Sûtak and Pâtak went to Dhartmaṇḍal.

Princess Niwal Daï went up to the Râjâ.

*The Princess charmed him.**

- “ Both the foolish Queens rubbed ashes on their head !
 I will destroy the poison ! I will turn it into water !
 Wherever it be I will burn it !
 970 I will charm the Nâgs, lips, teeth, and skull !
 The ulcer of Sankchûṛ, the pearl necklace on his neck !
 Padmâ’s poison spurted in rain at Lankâ !
 I will destroy the poison, I will charm the poison !
 I will make (a pottage of) rice and milk of the poison,
 and fill (the sorcerer’s) wallet !
 975 I will work the sorcerer’s and Bâsak’s family !
 Awake, awake, O demon of poison ; the protection of
 Râma Chandra against thee !”

* This is the same charm as that sung above.

Jagáwan áe.

Jhârâ jamatke baithâ ho gayâ, Râjâ, jî.

Sûtak Pâtak ne dohâi lagâi, jî.

Râjâ Bâsak ne Jâdo Vakîl ko bulâyâ, jî.

980 Bole Râjâ Bâsak "merî 'araz suno, jî :

Shahr Sapîdân ko faujân lekar charh jâo, jî,

Shahr ko âiyo ujâr, jî."

Jâdo Vakîl angustânâ bajâtâ,

Sâre Nâg katthe kar lîe, jî,

985 Nâgân ke Nâg ghorê sawâr ho gae, jî.

Chalke Râjâ Pârag ke Shahr Sapîdân ko âe, jî.

Rât kî samâ meñ Shahr Sâpîdân meñ bar gae, jî.

Galî dar galî phireñ, jî.

Galî kûnche meñ Nâg phireñ, jî.

990 Mur-murke Jâdo Vakîl pe âveñ, jî.

Sârâ Shahr ra'iyat soe the.

She awakened (Râjâ Pârag.)

The Râjâ sat up by the charm.

Sûtak and Pâtak demanded protection.

Râjâ Bâsak called Jâdo the Ambassador.

980 Said Râjâ Bâsak "Hear me:

Take thy army and advance on Safîdôn city.

Make the city desolate."

Jâdo the Ambassador clapped his hands,

And all the Nâg's collected together.

985 The Nâgs rode on Nâgs' horses,

And went to Râjâ Pârag's city of Safîdôn.

In the night time they entered Safîdôn city.

Street by street they wandered (through it).

The Nâgs wandered in the streets and lanes.

990 Coming back they went to Jâdo the Ambassador.

All the people of the city were sleeping.

- Bole bole Nâg, "Jai Mahârâjâ!"
 Bole Jâdo Vakîl, jî :
 "Ra'iyat ke khân meñ sukh nahîn, jî :
 995 Mâro Râjâ Pârag ko, jî.
 Dere thâre yehân lage, jî."
 Barî fajar hûî, jî :
 Ra'iyat ko fauj nazar parî, jî.
 Jâke ra'iyat ne Râjâ ko kahâ, jî :
 1000 "Nâgon kî fauj charhke âe, jî :
 Koî bachne kâ 'ilâj karo, jî.
 Kis bidh se shahr base, jî ?"
 Pârag man meñ apne soche, jî.
 "Jaise main kahûn, jî !",
 1005 Bhâiyon se 'araz kare, jî.
 Mâlî Mahite ko bulâve, jî :
 Khân Subhân Wazîr ko bulâve, jî :

- Spake the Nâgs, "Victory Mahârâjâ!"
 Said Jâdo the Ambassador :
 "It is not well to slay the people ;
 995 Slay ye Râjâ Pârag (only).
 This is your goal."
 It was early morning,
 And the people saw the army.
 And the people went and told the Râjâ.
 1000 "The army of the Nâgs hath come ;
 Make some plan to save (us).
 How shall the city be saved ?"
 Thought Râjâ Pârag in his mind.
 "(Do) as I tell you !",
 1005 Besought he of the Brethren.
 He sent for Mâlî, the Minister.
 He sent for Subhân Khân, the Minister.*

* Names evidently in mistake for some mythological ones. Observe the Muhammadan form *Subhân Khân Wazîr*.

- Daṇḍiâ chobdâron ko bulâve, jî :
 Parde meñ Rânî Niwal Daî ko bulâve, jî :
 1010 Jorke Kachahrî Râjâ Pârag baiṭhe, jî.
 Jorke Kachahrî Pârag baiṭhe, jî :
 Sab se 'araz guzâre, jî :
 " Nâgân kî faujân chiṛhî, jî.
 Tîr talwâr in par nâ chale, jî! "
- 1015 Sârî Kachahrî bolî, jî :
 " Râjâ Pârag 'araz suno, jaise ham kahan, jî :
 Apne 'aqal se kâam karo, jî."
- Parde meñ bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, jî :
 " Merî 'araz suno, jaisî main kahûn, jî :
 1020 Pitâ merâ hankârî tujhe jîwan nâ de, jî.
 Main to bahot tujhe samjhâ rahî, jî :
 Merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî.
 Jo merâ kahnâ mânê, tujhe jînê kî bidh batâûn, jî.
 Shîshe ke mahil banwâ le, jî :

- He sent for criers and messengers.
 He called Princess Niwal Daî to (sit behind) the screen.
- 1010 Râjâ Pârag sat in his assembled Court.
 Râjâ Pârag sat in the assembled Court,
 And spake unto all :
 " The army of the Nâgs has advanced (on us).
 Arrows and swords harm them not "
- 1015 Said all the Assembly :
 " Râjâ Pârag hear us ; what we speak.
 Make some plan of thy wisdom."
- Said Princess Niwal Daî from (behind) the screen :
 " Hear me ; what I say.
- 1020 My warrior father will not thee live.
 Often have I conjured thee,
 And thou didst not heed my words.
 If thou wilt (now) heed my words I will show thee a
 plan for thy life.
 Build a palace of glass :

- 1025 Kumbhar khâi khudwâ le, jî:
 Sûi kâ sanjâr lagâ de, jî:
 Pânî chirhwâke nûn girwâ de jî."
 Kahâ Pârag ne Niwal Daf kâ manzûr kîâ, jî.
 Mahil banâne ko hukm kar diâ, jî.
- 1030 Kumbhar khâi khudwâne shurû' ke , jî.
 Sûi kâ sanjâr lagne shurû' hûâ, jî.
 Shîshe kâ mahil banke tayyâr hua, jî;
 Apne mahil men Râjâ Rânî raheñ, jî.
 Jâdo Vakîl ne faujân ko hukm diâ, jî:
- 1035 " Râjâ Pârag ne bandobast kîâ, jî:
 Kisî sûrat se us ko mâro, jî."
 Jâdo Vakîl kî faujân chirhî, jî:
 Mahil men jâne kâ rastâ dekheñ, jî.
 Kahîn dâû nahin lage, jî.
- 1040 Sab Nâg Jâdo Vakîl pe âveñ, jî.
 " Râjâ Pârag barâ hoshiâr, jî.

- 1025 Dig (round it) a wide ditch:
 Make a wall of needles (round it):
 Sprinkle water and salt (over it)."
 Râjâ Pârag approved of Princess Niwal Daf's words.
 He gave an order for the building of the palace (of
 glass).
- 1030 He began digging the wide ditch.
 He began making the wall of needles.
 The glass palace was made ready,
 And the Râjâ and the Princess dwelt in it.
 Jâdo the Ambassador gave an order to the army:
- 1035 " Râjâ Pârag has made his arrangements; (but)
 By some means do ye slay him."
 Jâdo the Ambassador's army advanced,
 And looked for a way into the palace.
 No chance came to them.
- 1040 All the Nâgs came to Jâdo the Ambassador:
 (And said), " Râjâ Pârag is very clever.

- Shîshe ke mahil banwâe, jî:
 Kumbhâr khâi khudwâi, jî
 Sûi kâ sanjâr lagâyâ, jî.
- 1045 Wabhân Nâgân kâ dâû nahîn lage, jî."
 Itnî sunke Jâdo Vakîl gabharâyâ, jî.
 Dil meñ soche bichâre, jî:
 Jîwan Nâg ko samjhâve, jî:
 "Bhâi, merî 'izzat rakh le, jî!"
- 1050 Jîwan Nâg ghussâ khâke Naulakkhe Bâgh meñ âve, jî:
 Dharke kâyâ paltî, jî:
 Berî ke darakht meñ phal banke lage, jî.
 Mâlî bâgh meñ phire, jî.
 Phal, lîmû, anâr torke dâlî lagâve, jî.
- 1055 Dâlî Râjâ ke nazar kare, jî.
 Ber ko Râjâ hâth meñ uthâke dekhe, jî:

- He has built a palace of glass.
 He has dug a wide ditch.
 He has made a wall of needles.
- 1045 There is no chance for the Nâgs there."
 Hearing this Jâdo the Ambassador was puzzled.
 He thought and pondered in his mind,
 And spake unto Jîwan the Nâg:
 "Brother, save my honour."
- 1050 Jîwan the Nâg in his wrath went into the Naulakkhâ
 Garden*
 He changed his form,
 And became a fruit of the plum-tree.†
 The gardener wandered in the garden.
 Plucking fruit, and limes and pomegranates he put
 them into a basket.
- 1055 He presented the basket to the Râjâ.
 The Râjâ took the plum into his hand to look at it,

* The Nine-lâkh Gârden : meaning by that the garden worth 900,000 rupees, i.e., the splendid garden.

† *Zizyphus jujuba*.

- Us se nâk se lagâkar sũnge, jî.
 Bisiyar ne dang lagâyâ, jî.
 Râjâ behosh ho gayâ, jî.
 1060 Nâg rûp badalke chalâ gayâ, jî.
 Jâdo Vakîl pe jâ khabar lagâf, jî:
 "Main to Pârag mâr ganwâyâ, jî."
 Bole, "Jâdo Vakîl, jî;
 Râjâ Pârag ko phûnkke chalen, jî."
- 1065 Jab Râjâ Pârag girâ, jî,
 Ronâ pîtnâ mahilon meñ parâ, jî.
 Mâtâ us kî zâr-zâr rof, jî:
 "Yeh kaun kare, Srî Bhagwân, jî?"
 Ra'iyat ri'âyâ sab roe thâ, jî.
- 1070 Niwal Daí khabârân sab ho gaf, jî.
 Bolî, "jhanjâ dolî karke yehân lâo, jî."
 Daure khushâmadî anek, jî.

-
- And put it to his nose to smell it.
 The (poisonous) serpent (Nâg) bit him.
 The Râjâ became senseless.
 1060 The Nâg changing his form went away.
 Going to Jâdo the Ambassador he told him:
 "I have slain Râjâ Pârag."
 Said he "Jâdo, thou Ambassador,
 They are taking Râjâ Pârag to the burning."
- 1065 When Râjâ Pârag fell,
 There was weeping and wailing in the palace.
 His mother wept bitterly:
 "O Holy God, what hast thou done?"
 All the people wept.
- 1070 Niwal Daí heard all about it.
 Said she "Get ready the palanquin and bring it here."*
 Running they saluted her.

* "And take me to the corpse." A line evidently omitted here.

- Uṭhâke Râñî Niwal Daî pe lâe, jî.
 Nîm mangâkar jhârâ de, jî.
 1075 Jitne mantar the sab chalâe, jî.
 Jîwan Nâg ke kâte ko ik mantar nahîñ chalâ, jî.
 Tîñ roz meñ Râjâ kî kâyâ sūj gaî, jî.
 Râñî to lâchâr hūî, jî.
 Likhke chitṭhî sânanî sawâr ko dî, jî.
 1080 " Mere bhâî, jî, Dhanthar Baid pe le jâ, jî. "
 Chitṭhî Dhanthar pe gaî, jî :
 " Yehân Râjâ kî kâyâ bahine lagî, jî."

Râgnî.

- Kaprâ uṭhâke dekhe Niwal Daî.
 Kâyâ se pânî bahî, jî.
 1085 Phoṛ donoñ bâṭh kî chūṛî :
 " Râjâ mera sâmp ne khâyâ ! "

- Taking it up they brought it to Princess Niwal Daî.
 Calling for *nîm** leaves she made a charm.
 1075 She applied all the charms (she had).
 No charm prevailed against the bite of Jîwan the Nâg.
 In three days the Râjâ's body began to swell.
 The Princess became undone.
 Writing a letter she gave it to a camel-rider, (saying),
 1080 " Take it, my friend, to Dhanwantar, the Leech."
 The letter went to Dhanwantar.
 " The Râjâ's corpse here has begun to ooze," (said the
 letter).

Song.

- Lifting the cerements Niwal Daî saw
 Water oozing from the body.
 1085 She tore off the bracelets from both her wrists, (saying,)
 " A snake (Nâg) hath bitten my Râjâ ! "

* See line 786.

Galle meñ kesh to lapte :

Nâk kî nath besar tûti : rãñdãpã ho gayã bhãri !

“ Suno, halkãro,* meri bãt :

1090 Is Rãjã kã bamãn banãke phũnk do, jî.”

Halkãron ne, jî,

Bamãn banã dãã, jî.

Bamãn meñ Rãjã ko ÷akãve, jî.

Leke gore le ãe, jî.

1095 Pãrag Rãjã ko chitã meñ ÷akãven, jî.

Lãmbã ãg kã lagãven, jî.

Kãyã Rãjã Pãrag kî jalî thî, jî :

Nãg sãre khushĩãn kareñ the, jî.

Rãjã ko phũnkke mahilon meñ ãe, jî.

1100 Dhanthar Baid bhî ãu pahunchã, jî.

Dhanthar Baid ko khabar hũ, “ Rãjã ko phũnk dãã jî.”

Dhanthar Baid Rãjã kî chitã pe ãve, jî.

She let fall her locks over her neck.

She broke her nose-ring and became a very widow !

“ Hear, ye servants, my words.

1090 Make the Rãjã’s bier and burn him.”

The servants

Made the bier.

They put the Rãjã on the bier.

They took him to the outskirts (of the City).

1095 They put Rãjã Pãrag on the pyre.

They applied the burning torch.

The body of Rãjã Pãrag was burnt :

And all the Nãgs rejoiced.

Burning the Rãjã (the people) returned to the palace.

1100 Dhanwantar the Leech also arrived.

Dhanwantar the Leech heard that the Rãjã had been
burnt.

Dhanwantar the Leech came to the Rãjã’s pyre.

- Ânke sejûn bûti lagâi, jî :
 Râjâ Pârag ko jiwâ diâ, jî.
 1105 Pârag uthke Gur ko sijdâ niwâve, jî.
 Dhanthar Baid Pârag ko thâpî lâve, jî.
 "Jâo, Bachâ, mahil ko jâo, jî."
 Niwal Daî dekhkar bahot khush hûi :
 Râjâ Rânî mahil men rahine lage, jî.
 1110 Jâdo Vakîl pe khabar hûi, jî.
 Jâdo Vakîl kahe, "yehân hamârâ dâû nahîn lage, jî
 Pârag Dhanthar Baid kâ chelâ, jî.
 Yehân se ñerâ cherho, jî.
 Dhartmaᅇdal ko chalo, jî."
 1115 Dhanthar Baid bhî chal parâ, jî.
 Dhartmaᅇdal ko chaleñ faujân, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak pe â gaê, jî.
 Bole Nâg, "Mahârâjâ, 'araz suno, jî :
 Jis waqt ham Shahr Saffidon men gae, jî,

Coming he applied the life-giving herb,*
 And restored Râjâ Pârag to life.

- 1105 Râjâ Pârag sitting up adored the Gnu.
 Dhanwantar the Leech gently touched Râjâ Pârag.
 (Saying) "Go, my son, to thy palace."
 When Niwal Daî saw him she was very pleased :
 The Râjâ and the Princess dwelt in the palace.
- 1110 Jâdo the Ambassador heard of this.
 Spake Jâdo the Ambassador, "Here I have no chance.
 Râjâ Pârag is the disciple of Dhanwantar the Leech.
 Let us depart hence,
 And go to Dhartmaᅇdal."
- 1115 Dhanwantar the Leech also went away.
 The army went to Dhartmaᅇdal,
 And came to Râjâ Bâsak.
 Said (Jâdo) the Nâg, "Mahârâjâ, hear me :
 When I went to Saffidon City

* *Sejûn* = *sij* = *ndgphanî* = Skr. *sikhunda*, the *euphorbia antiquorum*
 or milk hedge. It is used as an antidote to snake poison.

- 1120 Rânî ne khauf khâyâ, jî.
 Shîshe kâ mahil banwâyâ, jî :
 Sûî kâ sanjâr lagâyâ, jî :
 Kumbhar khâî khudwâl, jî.
 Ham ne Nâgon ko hukm dîâ, jî :
- 1125 ‘ Phir-ghirke rastâ dekho, jî !’
 Hamen rastâ nahîn mile thâ, jî.
 Jîwan Nâg Naulakkhe Bâgh men gae, jî.
 Wahân jâke rūp sidhârâ, jî :
 Darakht men ber bane, jî.
- 1130 ‘ Phal mâlî ne tore, jî :
 Mâlî ber ko Râjâ pe le jâve, jî.
 Jab Râjâ ne ber hâth men liâ, jî :
 Uthâke jab ber sînghe, jî.
 Main ne nâk men dang mârâ, jî :
- 1135 Râjâ Pârag mar gayâ, jî.
 Nîm deg main ne sab kîl dîe, jî.

- 1120 The Princess was frightened.
 She built a palace of glass.
 She made a wall of needles.
 She dug a deep ditch.
 I ordered the Nâgs
- 1125 To look hither and thither for a way (into the palace).
 We found no road.
 Jiwan the Nâg went into the Naulakkhâ Garden.
 There he changed his form,
 And became a plum on a tree.
- 1130 ‘ The gardener plucked the fruit,
 And the gardener took the fruit to the Râjâ.
 When the Râjâ took the plum in his hand,
 He took it up and smelt the plum.
 (The Nâg) bit him on the nose,
- 1135 And Râjâ Pârag died.
 I charmed all the *nîm* leaves,

- Gararû bhî sab kîl dîe, jî.
 Kisî kâ jhârâ Pârag pe nahîn chalâ, jî.
 Jab Râjâ Pârag phûnk dîâ, jî :
- 1140 Dhânthar Baid Pârag kâ gurû âyâ, jî.
 Râkh katthê karke Pârag ko paidâ kar lîâ, jî.
 Pârag chalke mahil ko gayâ, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak, ham chalke tere pâs âe, jî.
 Dhartmandal kî lâj gaî, jî ! ”
- 1145 Sunke Râjâ Bâsak roe; jî :
 “ Merî asht kulf ko dâgh lagâ, jî ! ”
 Bhâichârâ bole, jî :
 “ Apne bhânje Tatîg Nâg ko bulâ de, jî.”
 Bâsak Râjâ bole, jî :
- 1150 “ Bare bare Nâg se na sar hûâ, jî.”
 Bhâichârâ bolâ, jî :

-
- And I charmed all the sorcerers.
 No one's charm prevailed for Râjâ Pârag.
 Then they burnt Râjâ Pârag.
- 1140 Râjâ Pârag's Gurû, Dhanwantar the Leech came.
 He collected the ashes and brought Râjâ Pârag to life.
 And Râjâ Pârag went (back) to his palace.
 Râjâ Bâsak, I came (back) to thee.
 Dhartmandal's honour is gone ! ”
- 1145 Hearing this Râjâ Bâsak wept :
 ‘ My eight families are disgraced ! ’
 Said the kinsfolk :
 “ Call thy nephew* Tatîg, the Nâg† ”
 Said Râjâ Bâsak :
- 1150 “ But all great Nâgs have failed ! ”
 Said the kinsfolk :

* Sister's son.
 † Tatîg is for Âstîka. He was the son of Jaratkâru by the *sister* of Vâsuki, i.e., (?) by Padmâvatî or Mânasâ. He plays an important part in the *Mahâbhârata* Legend. He appears in Gurû Guggâ's legend *ante*

- “Woh Nâg bâwan rūpâ hai : yeh kâam us se sarbe, jî.”
 Bâsak pûchhe, “woh kahân mile, jî ?”
 “Bhâichârâ boleñ Gokal nagarî; ’ilm Qurânâ pothî
 parheñ Gokal meñ, jî.”
- 1155 Sunke Râjâ ne Jâdo Vakîl ko hukm dîâ, jî :
 “Dharke dastânâ aisâ bajâ do, jî,
 Sun pâve Bisiyar Nâg, jî.”
 Dastânâ kî âwâz bajî, jî.
 Sunke Tatîg Nâg chal parâ, jî.
- 1160 ’Ilm Qurânî pothîân parh rahâ thâ, jî.
 Larkoñ meñ baithâ, baithâ kharâ hojâ, jî.
 Dharke kâyâ ko sidhârî, jî :
 Chhotâ sâ Nâg ban gayâ, jî.
 Dharke to lâve thâ udârî, jî :
- 1165 Dhartmañdal ko chalâ âve, jî.

“He is a Nâg of fifty-two forms : this business will be
 accomplished by him.”

Râjâ Bâsak asked, “Where will he be found ?”

Said the kinsfolk, “In Gokal City :* he is reading the
 books of the wisdom of the Qurân† in Gokal.”

- 1155 Hearing this the Râjâ ordered Jâdo the Ambassador
 To clap his hands so
 That the poisonous Nâg (Tatîg) should hear.
 (Jâdo) clapped his hands.
 Tatîg the Nâg heard it and came.
- 1160 He was reading the books of the knowledge of the
 Qurân.
 Sitting among the boys he stood up.
 He changed his form
 And became a little Nâg.
 He put on wings
- 1165 And came to Dhartmañdal.

* Gokula, in the neighbourhood of Mathurâ, is the scene of Krishna’s
 boyhood : it is probably introduced merely as being a place famous in
 mythological history.

† The scavenger caste in India generally mix up *all* the religions
 current around them in their beliefs.

- Thoṛê dūr ânke baith gayâ, jî.
 Dharke rūṃ sidhârâ, jî :
 Bâlak kâ rūṃ ban gayâ, jî ;
 Chhoṭe chhoṭe hâth pair bane, jî :
 1170 Sir par ṭopî ṭikâî, jî :
 Hâth meñ sone kî khûñḍî leke, pairon pawwe pâe, jî.
 Chal Kachahrî meñ âve, jî :
 Loe dhore phirke, jî,
 Mâmâ Bâsak kî gode dhore baithe, jî.
 1175 " Ik salâm, Mâmâ, mere ; do salâm, jî,
 Bande ke sât salâm, jî ! "
 " Tere salâm tum ko arjânî ; terî 'umar drâz, jî."
 Bole bole Tatîg mâmâ se, jî :
 " Nangî teghân kyûñ dhari, jî ?
 1180 Pân ke bîre kyûñ dhare, jî ?
 Kis Râjâ pe charhâî, jî ?
 Us kâ nâm batâo, jî.

- Coming a short distance he sat down—
 He changed his form
 And became a small child,
 With little hands and feet.
 1170 On his head he had a cap,
 Golden bracelets on his wrists, wooden shoes on his feet.
 He came into the Court,
 And wandered up and down.
 He went and sat in his uncle Râjâ Bâsak's lap.
 1175 " Uncle, one salute : two salutes :
 Seven lowly salutes (to thee) ! "
 " I return thy salutes (nephew) : be thy life long."
 Chattered Tatîg to his uncle :
 " Why are the naked swords placed (here) ?
 1180 Why the betel leaves ?
 What Râjâ is to be attacked ?
 Tell me his name !

- Nangī teghān ko miyān karūn, jī!
Pān kā bīrā uthāūn, jī!”
- 1185 “ Shahr Safīdon meñ Rājā Pārag ko māre, jī.
Jo koī Nāg us se māre hai,
Dhanthar Gurū us ko jiwā le, jī.
Shīsh ke mahil us ne banwā le jī.
Kumbhar khāī, sūf kā sanjār banwāyā, jī.
- 1190 Nāgon kā sārā bandobast kīā, jī.
Nāgān kā dāt nahīn lage, jī.”
Sunke nangī nangī teghān miyān kare, jī.
Pān kā bīrā mukh meñ pāke Sabhā Kachahrī ko salām
kare, jī.
Dharke kāyā paltī chhotā sā Nāg banā, jī.
- 1195 Sadā-Sibjī ko manāve, jī :
Machhandar Nāth ko dhyāve, jī :

-
- I will sheath the naked swords :
I will take up the betel leaves !”
- 1185 (Spake the Rājā) “ Slay Rājā Pārag in Safīdon City.
If any Nāg slays him
Dhanwantar the Leech restores him to life.
He hath built a palace of glass.
He hath made a deep ditch and a wall of needles.
- 1190 He hath made all (possible) arrangements against the
Nāgs.
There is no chance for the Nāgs (now).”
Hearing this (Tatīg) sheathed the naked swords.
Putting the betel leaves into his mouth he saluted the
Assembly and the Court ?
Changing his form he became a small Nāg.
- 1195 He adored the Eternal Śiva,
He remembered Machhandar Nāth.*

* Popularly the *Gurū* of Dhanwantar Baid. Really he was one of the early opponents of the Bhagats and flourished in the 15th Century A.D. He preceded the more famous Gorakh Nāth and is often coupled with him as here.

- Gurû Gorakh ko manâve, jî.
 Dharke udâri lâve, jî ;
 Shahr Safidon men Râjâ Pârag ke âve, jî.
 1200 Naulakkhe Bâgh men âve, jî.
 Bâghân ke sailâ to kare thâ, jî :
 Nagar men âve, jî :
 Chalke mahilon ko âve, jî.
 Jaga kahîn barne ko nahîn miltî, jî !
 1205 Hâth jorke Srî Thâkur pe 'araz lagâve, jî :
 "Thâkur, barkhâ karo, jî ! merâ lajjâ râkho, jî !"
 Jati-sati kî âwâzân sunte thâ ;
 Sat Jug pahirâ bartâ, jî.
 Indar Râjâ ko hukm karâ, jî :
 1210 Mînh barsan lagâ, jî.
 Dharke rūp sidhârâ, jî :
 Machhlî kâ rūp, jî.
 Jaise parnâlâ giren the, jî ;
 Machhlî kâ rūp sidhârke ūpar chah gayâ, jî.

- He adored Gurû Gorakh Nâth.
 He put on wings
 And came to Râjâ Pârag's City of Safidon.
 1200 He came into the Naulakkhâ Garden.
 He wandered in the garden.
 He came to the City,
 And went on to the palace.
 He could find no place to enter in !
 1205 With joined hands he prayed to the Holy God :
 "Bring rain, oh God ! Preserve my honor !"
 The prayer of the virtuous was heard, (for)
 The Golden Age prevailed.
 (God) gave the order to Râjâ Indar,
 1210 And the clouds began to rain.
 He changed his form,
 And became a fish.
 When the (roof) spout began to pour (down water),
 In his fish's form he went up it.

- 1215 Úpar mahil ke charhke jharoke meñ bará, jî.
 Chhipke mahil meñ baith gayá, jî.
 Ádhî ren kâ pahrá, jî :
 Bisiyar kâlâ phir-phirke dekhe thâ, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag soe thâ, jî.
- 1220 Uchhalke palang par dang lagâ diâ, jî.
 Dang lagâke zamîn pe âve, jî.
 Jis râte ko âyâ thâ, jî,
 Usî râte mahilon se bâhir âyâ, jî.
 Dharke kâyâ bâhir mahilon se sidhârî, jî.
- 1225 Brâhman kâ rûp us ne sidhârâ, jî :
 Tilak, dhotî banâî, jî :
 Pairoñ meñ pawwe, háth meñ brahmchhaî le lí, jî
 Unchî pagrî, nichâ jâmâ pahinke, raste pe baithê, jî.
 Kuchh mahilon kî sâr leke do tîn roz meñ chale
 gacñ, î.

- 1215 Going up into the palace he sat in the window.
 Silently he sat in the palace.
 At the mid watch of the night
 The black venomous (Nâg) looked about him.
 Râjâ Pârag was asleep.
- 1220 Leaping up to the bed he bit him
 Biting him he came down again.
 By the way he came
 He left the palace.
 Outside the palace he put on his (human) body.
- 1225 He put on the form of a Brâhman.
 He put on the sacred forehead marks and a loin cloth :
 Wooden shoes he had on his feet and priest's staff in his
 hand.
 A lofty turban he put on and a long robe, and sat down
 by the road.
 Leaving the palace he went away after two or three
 days.

- 1230 Niwal Daî sotî uthe, jî.
 Apne Râjâ ko jagâve, jî.
 Râjâ marâ parâ, jî !
 Niwal Daî Thâkur se 'araz lagâve, jî :
 " Jâne, kaunse Nâg ne khâ lâ, jî ? "
- 1235 Dharke jantar chalâve, jî.
 Rânî se jantar nâ chale, jî.
 Zâr-zâr roe, jî, Niwal Daî :
 " Yeh kaun kare, Srî Bhagwân, jî ? "
 Sattar kuliyân ko jagâve, jî.
- 1240 Bidiyâ koî nahîn chalî, jî.
 Chitthî Rânî ne likhî, jî :
 " Dhânthar Baid, terâ chelâ Nâgân ne khâ lâ, jî."
 Dandîâ chitthî leke chalâ, jî.
 Nâg Brâhman raste meñ baithâ, jî.
- 1245 Brâhman dandîâ se pûchhe, jî :
 " Jahân se musâfir sach batâ de, jî."
-
- 1230 Niwal Daî awoke from her sleep,
 And awakened her Râjâ.
 The Râjâ lay dead.
 Niwal Daî prayed to God :
 " Who knows what Nâg hath slain him ? "
- 1235 And she at once commenced her charms.
 The Princess's charms prevailed not.
 Niwal Daî wept bitterly :
 " What has thou done, O Holy God ? "
 She awakened the seventy families.
- 1240 No one's sorcery prevailed.
 The Princess wrote a letter :
 " O Dhanwantar, thou Leech, thy disciple hath been
 slain by the Nâgs."
 She gave the letter to the messenger.
 The Nâg (in the form of a) Brâhman sat by the way.
- 1245 Asked the (Nâg) Brâhman of the messenger,
 " Tell me truly whence thou comest ? "

- Bole daṇḍiâ, " Pârag Râjâ hamârâ, jî,
 Us ko Nâgân ne k̄hâ lâ, jî.
 Rânî us kî hai betî Bâsak kî, jî :
- 1250 Us ne lâkhouñ jhâre dîe, jî.
 Koî jhâre nahîn lage, jî.
 Pârag Dhânthar Baid kâ chelâ, jî :
 Rânî ne mujhe dîâ chitthî, jî.
 Jis din se Rânî âi mahilonñ meñ rahe nit-brit sog, jî."
- 1255 Brâhman pûchhan lagâ, jî :
 " Dhânthar Baid kahân rahe, jî."
 Bole daṇḍiâ, " woh to rahe Âbû ban meñ, jî."
 Âbû ban ko daṇḍiâ chalâ, jî.
 Kâle bisiyar ne rûp sidhârâ, jî :
- 1260 Brâhman se Nâg ban gayâ, jî :
 Dharke udârî lagâve, jî.
 Jâke daṇḍiâ ne chitthî dî, jî.

-
- Said the messenger, " Our Râjâ, Pârag,
 Hath been slain by the Nâgs.
 His Queen is the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak.
 1250 She tried thousands of charms on him.
 No charm prevailed.
 Râjâ Pârag is the disciple of Dhanwantar the Leech.
 The Princess (Niwal Daí) gave me this letter.
 From the day the Princess came to the palace have the
 Nâgs been ever at enmity (with us)."
- 1255 The (Nâg) Brâhman asked :
 " Where dwelleth Dhanwantar the Leech ?"
 Said the messenger, " He lives in Âbû forest."*
 The messenger went to Âbû forest.
 The black venomous (Nâg) changed his form,
 1260 And from a Brâhman became a Nâg (again),
 And put on wings.
 The messenger gave the letter.

* Mount Âbû in Rajpûtânâ, the ancient Arbuda, probably here con-
 founded with the classical serpent (Nâg) of that name.

- Chitthî parhke chal parē, jî :
 Shahr Sapîdân chal parâ, jî.
- 1265 Dhânthar Baid ko dekhke, jî,
 Bisiyar ne Brâhman kâ rūp banâyâ, jî.
 Brâhman pûchhe, “ Mahârâj, kahân ko chale, jî ?”
 Man kâ bhed batâ do, jî.”
 Bole Dhânthar Baid, “ Shahr Sapîdân ko, jî,
- 1270 Râjâ Pârag pe jâûn, jî.
 Râjâ Pârag Bâsak ke sâmpoñ ne khâyâ, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak kî betî Pârag kî Rânî: us ke sâmp bair par
 gae, jî.
 Main Pârag ko jiwâne ko jâûn, jî.”
 Yeh kahke Dhânthar Baid chal parē, jî :
- 1275 Pîchhe se ik chelâ Dhânthar Baid kâ âve, jî.
 Bisiyar ne rūp sidhârâ, jî :
 Sone kî lâthî ban gayâ, jî.
 Raste meñ par gayâ, jî.

- Reading the letter (the Leech) started off,
 And made for Safidon City.
- 1265 Seeing Dhanwantar the Leech
 The venomous (Nâg) put on a Brâhman's form.
 Asked the Brâhman, “ Mahârâj, whither goest ?
 Tell me the secret of thy heart.”
 Said Dhanwantar the Leech, “ to Safidon City ;
- 1270 I go to Râjâ Pârag.
 Râjâ Bâsak's serpents (Nâgs) have slain Râjâ Pârag.
 Râjâ Bâsak's daughter is Râjâ Pârag's Queen : on her
 account is the enmity of the Nâgs.
 I go to bring Râjâ Pârag to life.”
 Saying this Dhanwantar the Leech went on.
- 1275 Behind him came a disciple of Dhanwantar the Leech.
 The venomous (Nâg) changed his form.
 He became a golden staff,
 Lying in the way.

- Chele ne lâthî ko dekhkar uṭhâi, jî :
- 1280 " Apne Gurû ko dîngâ, jî."
 Lâke Dhânthar Baid ko dîe, jî :
 " Gurû, raste meñ mujhe milî, jî."
 Gurû, hâth meñ le le, jî :
 Baṛe khûsh hûe, jî.
- 1285 Dhânthar Baid lâthî ko badan meñ phere, jî.
 Jab gardan pe lagâve, jî :
 Bisiyar ne kâyâ palatke dâng mârâ, jî.
 Dâng lagâke rete meñ gir paîâ, jî.
 Ghâs-phûs hoke âge ko chal diâ, jî.
- 1290 Brâhman kâ rûp dhârke darakht nîche baiṭh rahâ, jî.
 Bole Dhânthar Baid, " mere chelo, jî,
 Sumer Parbat pe jâo, jî :
 Darakht ke nîche chirâgh jale, jî :
 Us ke nîche sajûn rakhî, woh le âo, jî."
- 1295 Chele chale sajûn ko, jî ;

-
- The disciple saw the staff and picked it up: (saying),
- 1280 " I will give it to my Gurû."
 He took it to Dhanwantar the Leech (saying),
 " Gurû, I found it in the road."
 The Gurû took it in his hand ;
 And was very pleased with it.
- 1285 Dhanwantar the Leech rubbed the stick on his body.
 When he put it on his neck,
 The venomous (Nâg) changed his body and bit him.
 Biting him he fell into the sand,
 And becoming as (a blade of) grass went away.
- 1290 (Then) putting on a Brâhman's form he sat under a tree.
 Said Dhanwantar the Leech, " O my disciples,
 Go ye to Mount Meru.
 Beneath a tree is a lamp burning.
 Beneath it is the life-giving herb.*
- 1295 The disciples went for the life-giving herb.
-

* See line 1103 *supra*.

- Bisiyar ne rûp sidhârá, jî.
 Un se pahile Sumer Parbat ko chalâ, jî :
 Jáke per ke niche hazâron chirâgh jalâ dîe, jî.
 Jo chele áke dekhen hazâron chirâgh jal rahe, jî.
- 1300 Muṛke Gurú se kahren, jî :
 “ Wahân to hazâron chirâgh jalen, jî !
 Tû to ik batâve thâ, jî.
 Ham ko wahân bûṭî nahîn milî, jî.”
 Bole Dhânthar Baid, jî :
- 1305 “ Chelo, ab main nahîn bachne kâ, jî.
 Ik to Râjâ Pârag mar gayâ, jî :
 Ab to merî jân chalî, jî :
 Mujhe sab pakâke khâ lenâ, jî ;
 Merâ mâs sab kâṭ lo, jî.
- 1310 Tum sab Dhânthar Baid ho jâo, jî.”
 Sâri bātân Bisiyar Nâg sune, jî.
 Gâon mein se logon ko bulâve, jî :

The venomous (Nâg) changed his form.

He reached Mount Meru before them.

Beneath the tree he lighted thousands of lamps.

When the disciples came they saw thousands of lamps
 burning.

- 1300 Coming back said the Gurú :

“ There are thousands of lamps burning there.

Thou didst tell of one (only).

The herb we could not find there.”

Said Dhanwantar the Leech :

- 1305 “ Disciples, now I shall not be saved.

First Râjâ Pârag has died

And now my life will go.

Do you all cook and eat me.

Cut up all my flesh,

- 1310 And you will all become as Dhanwantar the Leech.”

The venomous Nâg heard all his words.

He called the people from the village, (and said) :

- “ Dekho yeh gâon meñ dâk utare, jî.
Logon kâ mâs kâtkar khâven, jî.”
- 1315 Tatîg Nâg ké sâth zamîndâr hûe, jî.
Un se rukhsat hoke Râjâ Bâsak pe gayâ, jî.
Bâsak bahot khûsh hûâ, jî.
Chhurî châqû leke chele mâs kûten, jî.
Apnî apnî hândî meñ charâven, jî.
- 1320 Zamîndâron ne chelon ko pathar mârâ, jî:
Chelon meñ bhâg pare, jî.
Kawwe chîl mâs le gae, jî:
Gîd barhân mâs le gae, jî.
Dandîâ jâke Niwal Daï pe khabar kare, jî.
- 1325 Bole Rânî se dandîâ, jî:
“ Jis baid pe mujhe bhejâ, jî,
Us ko raste meñ Nâg ne khâyâ, jî:
Chelon ne kât kât kar hândî meñ pâyâ, jî.
Nâg ne chhal kîâ, jî:

- “ See, into this village have robbers come,
Cutting up the people's flesh and eating it.”
- 1315 The farmers went with Tatîg the Nâg.
He left them and went to Râjâ Bâsak,
And Râjâ Bâsak was very pleased.
With knife and steel the disciples cut up the flesh,
And put it each into his cooking-pot.
- 1320 The farmers stoned the disciples,
And the disciples ran away.
Crows and kites carried off the flesh:
Vultures and eagles carried off the flesh.
The messenger went and told Niwal Daï.
- 1325 Said the messenger to Niwal Daï:
“ The leech to whom thou didst send me,
A Nâg bit him on the way.
His disciples cut up his flesh and put it into their cook-
ing pots.
The Nâg practised a deceit,

- 1330 Zamîndâron ko bulâyâ, jî.
Zamîndâron ne pathar mârkar bhagâyâ, jî."
Râni sunke zâr-zâr roî, jî :
"Ai Prabhû, mere lekhan kî likhî, jî ?
Sri Bhagwân, kaun kare, jî ?
- 1335 Mere mân mân gâi ! mere pâh mân gae !"
Râni ro-roke bolî, jî :
"Râjâ ko chitâ men phûnk do, jî."
Sab bhâichâra ne Râjâ ko phûnk diâ, jî.
- Râni Niwal Daî ko châr mâh kâ hamal thâ, jî :
- 1340 Chhah mahîne ba'd larîkâ paidâ huâ, jî.
Dhaunsâ nuqârâ baje, jî.
Ghar ghar khushîân ho rahî, jî :
Mîrâsan bulâke mangalchâr gawâyâ, jî.
Brâhman jotishî bulâyâ, jî :
- 1345 "Dâdâ pâûn lagûn, jî."

- 1330 And called the farmers.
The farmers stoned and dispersed them."
When the Princess heard this she wept bitterly :
"O Lord, what hast thou written in my fate ?
O Holy God, what hast thou done ?
- 1335 Grief is in me : grief hath come to me !"
Said the Princess weeping :
"Burn the Râjâ on the pyre."
All the kinsfolk burnt the Râjâ.
- Princess Niwal Daî was four months pregnant.
- 1340 After six months a boy was born.
Drums and gongs were beaten.
There was rejoicing in every house.
They called for dancing-girls and sang songs of rejoicing.
- They called priests and astrologers, (saying),
- 1345 "Father, I fall at thy feet."

- “ Sukhī raho, jujmān, jī.”
 “ Pushtak bāncho, Bed sunāo, jī :
 Laṛke ke lekh nasīb sunāo, jī.
 Kaisī mahūrat laṛkā jamā, jī ?
 1350 Kaise lāyā bhāg, jī ? ”
 Pushtak bānche, Bed sunāve, jape Kishn kâ nām, jī.
 “ Achhī mahūrat laṛkā jamā, achhe lāyā bhāg, jī :
 Is kâ nām Janmejī.”
 Dān, jahez, sarwān gawwān Brahman ko dilāe.
 1355 Dōm, Bhāt bulāe, Turkī Tāzī kâ dān karāe, jī.
 Sab lāgī log bulāke chāndī sone kâ dān karāyā, jī.
 Ik din kâ laṛkā do din kâ ho gayā, jī :
 Pānch, sāt, das roz kâ ho gayā, jī :
 Ik mahīne, do mahīne kâ ho gayā, jī :
 1360 Baras, do baras kâ ho gayā, jī :

- “ Be at peace, my client.”
 “ Read the books, expound the *Vedas*.
 Tell us the fate and fortune of the boy.
 In what kind of moment was the boy born ?
 1350 What fate is his ? ”
 He read the books, he expounded the *Vedas*, he repeated
 the name of Kṛishṇa .
 “ The boy was born in a lucky moment ; fortunate is
 his fate.
 His name is Janmejī.”
 Gifts and alms and splendid cows were given to the
 Brāhmans.
 1355 Calling bards and genealogists they gave them Turkish
 and Arab horses as alms.
 Calling all the hangers-on they gave them silver and gold
 in charity.
 The boy grew from one day to two :
 To five, seven, ten days :
 To one month and two months :
 1360 To one year and two years :

- Tîn baras kâ ho gayâ, jî :
 Châr baras, pânch kâ ho gayâ, jî.
 Sir par bâl rakh dâ, jî.
 Bâhir larakon men khele, jî :
- 1365 Larakon men kheltâ phire, jî.
 Shahr ke larakon ko mâtâ phire, jî.
 Mâr-kûtke kisî larke ko, jî,
 Mahil ko âve, jî.
 Jab bârah baras kâ ho gayâ, jî,
- 1370 Jotishî pandit ko bulâve, jî.
 Joṛ Kachahrî baithe, jî :
 Pândit ne âkar kalyân dâ, jî.
 “ Dâdâ, pâûn lagûn, jî ! ”
 “ Sukhî raho jujmân, jî.”
- 1375 Chandan chaukî, jâzam pattû bichhâve, jî.
 Hâl bichhâ de, jî.
 “ Pushtak buncho, Bed sunâo, jî.

- To three years :
 To four years and five years,
 When they shaved his head,*
 And he played outside with the boys.
- 1365 He wandered about playing with the boys.
 He quarrelled and wandered about with the city boys.
 He quarrelled with some boys,
 And came to the palace.
 When he was twelve years old,
- 1370 He called the priests and astrologers.
 He sat in the assembled Court,
 And the priest came and gave him blessing.
 (Said the boy) “ Father, I fall at thy feet.”
 “ Be at peace, my client.”
- 1375 They (placed) a sandalwood chair and silken mats.
 They spread a carpet.
 “ Read the books, expound the *Vedas*” (said he),

* A customary ceremony.

- Gaddî ka lekh batâo, jî.”
 Pushtak bânche, Bed sunâve, jî :
 1380 Jape Kishn kâ nâm, jî.
 Boltâ Paṇḍitjî Mahârâjâ :
 “Janmejî, tere achhi bhâg, jî.
 Tû to gaddî pe baiṭhe, jî !
 Tû kare yehân kâ râj, jî !
 1385 Chândî sone kâ dân karo, jî.
 Hâthî ghorê kâ dân karo, jî.
 An kâ dân karke, bastar kâ dân karo, jî.
 Jab gaddî pe baiṭho, jî.
 Ikotar sai Brâhman mahil meṅ jamâo, jî.”
 1390 Jaisâ Râjâ baiṭhâ thâ jorî Kachahrî, jî :
 Jaisâ Râjâ gaddî par baiṭhâ, jî ;
 Bârah baras kî ’umar meṅ, jî.
 Jin larḱoṅ meṅ kheltâ phire thâ,
 Woh larḱe kahē, jî :

- “Tell me the fate of the throne.”
 He read the books and expounded the *Vedas*,
 1380 He repeated the name of *Krishna*.
 Said the Priest, the Mahârâjâ : *
 “Janmejî, thy fate is propitious.
 Thou sittest on the throne.
 Thou wilt rule here.
 1385 Give me gold and silver in alms.
 Give me elephants and horses in alms.
 Give me grain in alms, give me clothing in alms.
 When thou dost sit on the throne,
 Collect one hundred and one Brâhmans in the palace !”
 1390 So the Râjâ sat and assembled his Court :
 So the Râjâ sat on the throne,
 In the twelfth year of his age.
 When he played about with the boys,
 They said to him :

* Merely a form of address to priests.

- 1395 "Dekho, ḥarām kâ lar̥kâ gaddî pe baith gayâ, jî."
 Râjâ Janmejî ko khabar hûî, jî.
 Sûtke katâr mahil meñ mâtâ pe âve, jî :
 Mâtâjî mahil meñ baithî, jî.
 Katârâ leke us kî chhâtî pe baith gayâ, jî.
- 1400 Bole mâtâ se, jî :
 "Main lar̥kon meñ khelâ, jî ;
 Ta'nâ mujhe lar̥ke dîn, jî.
 Ab main gaddî pe baithâ, jî :
 Sab lar̥ke mujhe ta'nâ dîn, jî.
- 1405 Mâtâ, mere pitâ ko batâ de, jî !
 Woh to haigâ yâ nahîn, jî ?
 Mujhe sab ḥarâm kâ kahn, jî."
 Bolî Rânî Niwal Daî, jî :
 "Merî 'arâz suno, jî,
- 1410 Jaisî main kabûn, jî.
 Tîn bachan Thâkur ke do do, jî ;
-
- 1395 "Look, a bastard sits on the throne."
 Râjâ Janmejî heard it.
 Drawing his dagger he went to his mother in the
 palace.
 His lady mother was sitting in the palace.
 Taking his dagger he sat upon her breast.
- 1400 He spake to his mother :
 "I was playing with the boys, and
 The boys reproached me.
 Now do I sit on the throne and
 All the boys reproach me.
- 1405 Mother, tell me who my father was.
 Have I one or not ?
 They all say I am a bastard."
 Said Queen Niwal Daî ;
 "Hear me,
- 1410 What I say.
 Give me thy oath (in the name) of God thrice,

- Jab main batlâûn, jî.”
 Râjâ ne tîn bachan Thâkur ke dîe, jî.
 Mâtâ kahe, “ merî chhâtîse utaro, jî.”
- 1415 Chhâtî se utarkar baith gayâ, jî.
 Mâtâ ne kâghaz, qalam, da'wât mangâî, jî :
 “ Mujh se tîn bachan Thâkur ke likh de, jî.”
 Râjâ ne tîn bachan Thâkur ke likh dîe, jî.
 Bolî, “ main Râjâ Bâsak kî betî, jî.
- 1420 Terâ pitâ Râjâ Pârag, jî.
 Terâ pitâ mar gayâ, jî.
 Chhah mahîne ba'd tû paidâ hûâ, jî.”
 Râjâ Janmejî bole, jî :
 “ Bâbal merâ kis maraz meñ marâ, jî ? ”
- 1425 Bolî mâtâ, “ merâ pitâ Bâsak, jî ;
 Us kî kâyâ bigar galî, jî.
 Merâ pitâ ko faujân ne jawâb de dîâ, jî.

- And I will tell thee.”
 The Râjâ gave her his oath (in the name) of God
 thrice.
 Spake his mother, “ Get thee off my breast.”
- 1415 He got off her breast and sat down.
 His mother sent for pen, ink and paper, (saying) :
 “ Write me thine oath thrice (in the name) of God.”
 The Râjâ wrote down his oath thrice (in the name) of
 God.
- Said she, “ I am the daughter of Râjâ Bâsak :
- 1420 Thy father was Râjâ Pârag.
 Thy father died.
 Six months afterwards thou wast born.”
 Said Râjâ Janmejî :
 “ For what reason did my father die ?”
- 1425 Said his mother, “ My father Râjâ Bâsak
 Became foul of his body.
 His servants foreswore him.

- Main sawarran kûên par pânî bharnî âî, jî :
 Jab main pânî bharne âî, jî,
 1430 Tere pitâ ne mujhe gher lââ, jî.
 Tere pitâ se main ne kahâ, jî :
 ‘ Main sahañsar Nâgân kî betî, jî.’
 Main bahot hatâ rahî, jî :
 Us ne mujh se Thâkur ke tîn bachan lîe, jî.
 1435 Tere pitâ ne mujh se shâdî kar lî, jî.
 Kisî ne Râjâ Bâsak ko khabar dî, jî :
 ‘ Terî kañwârî betî rakh lî, jî !’
 Barâ zulam kîâ, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak faujân chaṛhâke âyâ, jî :
 1440 Terâ bâbal ko Nâgân ne khâ lââ, jî.
 Us ke gurû Dhânthar Baid ko khâ lââ, jî.
 Main ne bahot tere bâbal ko samjhâyâ, jî.
 Nâgân ke mâre kumbhar khâî khudwâî, jî.
 Sîshe kâ mahil banwâkar, sîî kâ sanjâr lagâyâ, jî.”

I went to the golden well to fetch him water (to cure him).

- When I came to fetch the water,
 1430 Thy father encompassed me.
 I said to thy father,
 ‘ I am the daughter of a thousand Nâgs’
 I greatly dissuaded him ;
 But he took my oath thrice (in the name) of God.
 1435 Thy father married me.
 Some one told Râjâ Bâsak of it :
 ‘ That (Râjâ Pârag) hath kept thy maiden daughter.’
 (My father) took a great revenge.
 Râjâ Bâsak advanced with his armies,
 1440 And the Nâgs slew thy father.
 They slew also his Gurû, Dhanwantar the Lecch.
 I had warned thy father often, and
 He dug a deep ditch (to keep) off the Nâgs.
 He built a palace of glass and made a wall of needles.”

- 1445 Râjâ Janmejî, jab mâtâ kî bât sunî, jî,
 Paṇḍit najûmî bulâyâ, jî.
 "Dâdâ, pâûn lagûn, jî."
 "Sukhî raho, jujman, jî."
 "Pushtak bâncho ; Bed sunâo ; jape Kishn kâ nâm,
 jî.
- 1450 Pitâ merâ Nâgân ne khâyâ, jî.
 Main Nâgân se larûngâ, jî.
 Un se badlâ lîngâ, jî,
 Nâgân se karke larâi, jî."
 Paṇḍit bole, "tu jît jâve, jî !
- 1455 Tîr tere, Râjâ, nahîn lagegâ, jî.
 Barchhî tere nahîn lage, jî."
 Korâ kâghaz mangâve, jî:
 Likh likh chitthî Dhartmaṇḍal ko bheje, jî.
 Râjâ Bâsak ko daghâ se bulâve, jî.

- 1445 When Râjâ Janmejî heard his mother's words,
 He called the priests and astrologers, (and said to
 them),
 "Father, I fall at thy feet."
 (Said they), "Be at peace, my client."
 (Said he), "Read the books, expound the *Vedas*, repeat
 the Name of Krishna.
- 1450 The Nâgs slew my father :
 I will fight with the Nâgs.
 I will take vengeance for him,
 Fighting with the Nâgs."
 Said the Priest, "Thou wilt win.
- 1455 Arrows, Râjâ, will not harm thee,
 Spears will not harm thee."
 (The Râjâ) sent for blank paper,
 Wrote a letter and sent it to Dhartmaṇḍal.
 With treachery he invited Râjâ Bâsak.

- 1460 Nânâ Bâsak pe chitthî pahunchî, " tum chale ao, jî.
Thârâ bairî Shahr Sapîdân men, jî,
Woh to mar gayâ, jî.
Ast kulî ko leke yehân ao, jî.
Tujhe dohâî Râm Chandar kî, jî!
- 1465 Shahr Sapîdân men chalke â jâo, jî.
Bârah baras kâ main hûâ, jî:
Tû ne merî khabar na lî, jî."
Chitthîân to Dhartmandal ko gaf, jî;
Chitthî ko pahkar Bâsak soch bichâr kare, jî.
- 1470 Bhâichârâ ko bulâve, jî.
Ast kulî ko bulâve, jî:
Jorke Kachahrî chitthî dikhâve, jî.
" Mere bhâîyo, merî 'araz suno, jî,
Jaise main kahûn, jî.
- 1475 Dohtâ merâ bârah baras kâ, jî:

- 1460 The letter reached his grandfather, Râjâ Bâsak,
(saying): " Do thou come.
Thy enemy in Saffidon City
Is dead.
Bring thy eight families here with thee.
The protection of Râma Chandra be on thee ! (so)
- 1465 Come thou to Saffidon City
I am twelve years of age,
And thou hast never yet visited me."
The letter went to Dhartmandal.
Reading the letter Râjâ Bâsak pondered over it.
- 1470 He called his kinsfolk:
He called the eight families.
Assembling his Court he showed them the letter.
" My Brethren, hear me,
What I say,
- 1475 My grandson is twelve years of age,

- Woh to gaddī pe baithā, jī.
 Woh aṣṭ kulī ko milne ko, jī,
 Apne pās bulāve, jī.”
 Bole bhāichārā, jī :
 1480 “ Morī ’araz suno, jī,
 Jaisā hukm do, jī,
 Waisā hī karen, jī.”
 Rājā hukm dīā, jī :
 “ *Main* to nahīn jātūn, jī.
 1485 Jādo Vakīl faujān leke jāe, jī.
 Dān jahez leke jāo, jī.”
 Sunke Rājā kā hukm, jī,
 Jādo Vakīl ne dān jahez līā, jī :
 Chalke Shahr Sapīdān ko chale, jī.
 1490 Chhattīs bājā to baje, jī :
 Shahr Sapīdān meñ āe, jī.
 Dān jahez Brāhman mahil meñ lāven, jī.
-

- And sits on the throne.
 He would see the eight families,
 And called them to him.”
 Said the kinsfolk :
 1480 “ Hear us,
 As thou orderest
 So will we do.”
 The Rājā gave the order :
 “ *I* cannot go,
 1485 Let Jādo the Ambassador take the army and go.
 Go with gifts and presents.”
 Hearing the Rājā’s order,
 Jādo the Ambassador took gifts and presents,
 And went on to Safīdōn City.
 1490 Thirty-six bands were playing, (when)
 They came to Safīdōn City.
 The Brāhman brought in the gifts and presents.

- Jis waqt khabarān hūî thî,
 Janmejî Rājā khūshîān kare, jî.
- 1495 Bole Rājā Brāhman se, jî ;
 “ Merî ’araz suno, jî ;
 Kaun kaunse Rājā âe, jî ?
 Mujhe nām batā do, jî.”
 Bole, “ terā nânā ke paṇḍit, jî :
- 1500 Kālî Singh, Bhūre Singh, nahîn ae, jî :
 Nā Rājā Bāsak wa Nyojî Nâg âe, jî.
 Sûtak, Pâtak, Jâdo Vakîl âe, jî.”
 Sunke Rājā ne hukm ḍaṇḍiā ko dîe, jî :
 Tel kî karāhî dhar dîe, jî.
- 1505 Bhārî bhārî lakkar jorke tel khadh-budh pāke, jî.
 Sub faujān ko mahil meñ bulāve, jî.
 Jab faujen, mahil meñ bar gafn, jî,

- As soon as he heard of this
 Rājā Jaumejî rejoiced greatly.
- 1495 Said the Rājā to the Brāhmans :
 “ Hear me ;
 What Rājā hath come ?
 Tell me his name.”
 Said they, “ The priests of thy grandfather (are we)
- 1500 Kālî Singh and Bhūre Singh came not,
 Nor Rājā Bāsak, nor Nyogî the Nâg :
 But Sûtak and Pâtak and Jâdo the Ambassador have
 come*.”
 Hearing this the Rājā gave orders to the messenger,
 And put a caldron of oil (on the fire).
- 1505 Collecting large logs he boiled the oil.
 He called all the army (of the Nâgs) into the palace.
 When the army entered the palace,

* It is not clear who Nyogî represents. The other names have been alluded to above.

- Râjâ jande kuṇḍe lagâve, jî.
 Do châr Nâgân ke sir ṭore, jî.
 1510 Tel kî karâhî meṅ ger de, jî.
 Nâgân ke zahar chûse, jî.
 Jab sab tel meṅ ger dîe, jî,
 Jâdo Vakîl bâqî kî fauj ko lekar bhâg gayâ, jî.
 Addhî kêlî ko lekar bhâg gayâ, jî.
 1515 Dhartmaṇḍal ko jâke Râjâ ko khabar dî, jî.

- “ Râjâ, tû ne sab faujân marwâ dî, jî!
 Ab dhâî kulî rah gaî, jî.”
 Bole Râjâ Janmejî, jî :
 “ Merî Mâtâ, jî,
 1520 Pitâ kâ badlâ nânâ se lîâ, jî!
 Ab main Dhartmaṇḍal ko jâñ, jî :

-
- The Râjâ bound them with chains and fetters.
 He broke the heads of three or four Nâgs.
 1510 He threw them into the caldron of oil.
 He sucked out the poison of the Nâgs.
 Then he put them all into the caldron.
 Jâdo the Ambassador ran off with the remains of the
 army.
 He escaped with half a family.
 1515 And going to Dhartmaṇḍal he told the news to the
 Râjâ (Bâsak).

- “ Râjâ (Janmejî,)* thou hast destroyed all the families !
 Only two and a half families have remained.”
 Said Râjâ Janmejî :
 “ O my mother,
 1520 I have taken vengeance for my father !
 Now will I go to Dhartmaṇḍal,

* Something is left out here apparently, for the scene abruptly changes in the midst of a conversation.

- Nanâ Bâsak ko mârke âûn, jî.”
 Bolî Mâtâ Niwal Daî, jî :
 “ Apne bachan samâlo, jî :
 1525 Jo tîn bachân likh die, jî.”
 Bolî, “ jaisâ main kahûn waisâ karo, jî,
 Nânâ apne ko na mâro, jî.
 Dhâi kulî un kî rahî, jî :
 Un kê nâm na mitâo, jî.”
 1530 Ghussâ hoke Janmejî Dhartmaṇḍal ko âve, jî.
 Dekhe to Nânâ Bâsak soe, jî.
 Nânî Padmâ Daî pankhâ jhole, jî.
 Râjâ Nânâ ko ahiste se thapar mâre, jî,
 Râjâ Bâsak baithâ ho gayâ, jî.
 1535 Dekhke Janmejî ko, jî,
 Jis ne sâre Nâg mâre, jî ;
 “ Yeh to wahî ghanîm, hai, jî ! ”
 Bole Janmejî Râjâ se, jî ;

- And will kill my grandfather, Râjâ Bâsak, and return.”
 Said Queen Niwal Daî :
 “ Remember thy word :
 1525 The oath thou wrotest thrice.”
 Said she, “ Do as I tell thee.
 And slay not thy grandfather.
 He has but two and a half families remaining.
 Wipe not out his name (altogether).”
 1530 In wrath went Râjâ Janmeji to Dhartmaṇḍal.
 He found his grandfather Râjâ Bâsak sleeping :
 And his grandmother Rânî Padmâ Daî fanning him.
 The Râjâ slightly stroked his grandfather,
 And Râjâ Bâsak sat up.
 1535 He saw Râjâ Janmeji,
 Who had slain all the Nâgs.
 (Thought he) “ This is the very tyrant ! ”
 Said Râjâ Janmejî to the Râjâ (Bâsak) :

- 1540 " Nânâ tujhe jân se na mârûn, jî
 Jis ne merâ pitâ ko mârâ, jî,
 Us Nâg ko batâ de, jî."
 Dartâ dartâ Bâsak batâve, jî :
 " Gokal Nagari men, jî,
 'Ilm, Qurân, pothî pa:he, jî.
 1545 Us kâ nâm Tatig hai, jî."
 Itnî sunke chal pa:â, jî,
 Gokal nagari men, jî.
 Gokal nagari ke rastâ Râjâ pa:â, jî.
 Pândhe kî taksâl* men âve, jî ;
 1550 Larkein se pûchhe, jî :
 " Ik larke ko mujhe batâ do, jî :
 Dhartmandal se yehân â gayâ, jî."
 Larke Râjâ se batlâven, jî.
 Tatig Nâg ko batlâven, jî.

-
- 1540 " Grandfather, I will not slay thee.
 He who slew my father,
 Shew me that Nâg."
 In his fear said Râjâ Bâsak :
 " In Gokal City,
 He reads knowledge in the Qurân and the books.
 1545 His name his Tatig."
 Hearing this (Râjâ Janmeji) went off
 To Gokal City.
 The Râjâ took the road to Gokal City :
 He came to the pedagogue's school,
 1550 And asked the boys :
 Show me the boy,
 Who came here from Dhartmandal."
 The boys showed him to the Râjâ.
 They showed Tatig the Nâg.

* For *patâl*.

- 1555 Râjâ ne us kî gardan pakarî, jî.
 Pakarke le chalâ, jî.
 Raste meñ âe, jî,
 Tatîg ne kâyâ paltî, jî.
 Sadâsibhî ko manâve, jî :
- 1560 Machhandar Nâth ko manâve, jî :
 Gurû Gorakh ko manâve, jî.
 Dharke kâyâ ko sidhâre, jî.
 Nâg ban gayâ, jî.
 Dharke lâve thâ udârî, jî.
- 1565 Kajalî ban meñ Gorakh pe pahunch gayâ, jî.
 Râjâ sût lagâve, jî.
 Râjâ Gurû pe âkar âdes lagâve, jî :
 “ Â, bhâî, âdes ! kimrat Kajalî ban meñ âe, jî. ? ”

- 1555 The Râjâ seized him by the throat,
 And carried him off.
 They went along the road,
 When Tatîg changed his body.
 He adored the Eternal Siva.
- 1560 He adored Machhandar Nâth.
 He adored Gurû Gorakh Nâth.
 He changed his form
 And became a Nâg.
 He put on wings.
- 1565 He arrived at the Kajalî forest* to (Gurû) Gorakh
 (Nâth).
 The Râjâ followed his tracks.
 The Râjâ coming to the Gurû saluted him.
 “ Friend, salutation ! How camest thou to the Kajalî
 forest ? ” (said the Gurû).

* Said to be on the banks of the Ganges in Garhwâl : a memory of the Kajjalatîrtha. (?)

- "Gorakh, merâ chor terâ pās âyâ, jî :
 1570 Merâ chor ko de de, jî."
 Boltâ Gorakh Mahârâjâ, jî :
 "Mere pās chor nahîn âve, jî.
 Mere pās Râjân ke bete pote âven, jî."
 Boltâ Râjâ Janmejî, jî :
 1575 "Gurû Gorakh, jî,
 Tîn bachan Thâkur ke de do, jî :
 Tîn bachan Gurû ke de do, jî.
 Apne main ghar chalâ jâûn, jî."
 Jab Gurû ne bachan sune, jî,
 1580 Tatig ko pakaṛâ diâ, jî.
 Râjâ pakare larke ko, jî.
 Shahr Sapîdân ko chalâ, jî.
 Raste meñ âke, jî,
 Kâyâ palatke hawwâ ho gayâ, jî :

- " (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth), my enemy is with thee.
 1570 Give me my enemy."
 Said (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth), the Mahârâjâ,*
 "No thief came to me.
 Only the sons of kings come to me."
 Said Râjâ Janmejî ;
 1575 Gurû Gorakh (Nâth),
 "Give me thy oath thrice (in the name) of God ;
 And give me thy oath thrice in the name of the Gurû,
 And I will go to my home."
 The Gurû gave his oath,
 1580 And he seized Tatig.
 The Râjâ holding the boy
 Went to Safidon City.
 On the way
 Changing his body he disappeared.

* Merely a title of respect here.

- 1585 Nâg bhagolâ ban gayâ, jî.
 Chalke Sibhji pe âve, jî.
 Sumer Parbat men âve, jî.
 Pârbatî se salâm kare, jî:
 Sibhji âdes lagâe, jî.
- 1590 Zâr-zâr roe thâ, jî :
 " Mujhe biptâ parî, jî.
 Gurû, meri biptâ ko kâto, jî.
 Râjâ Janmeji ne merâ pîchhâ lââ, jî.
 Saran pare kî lajjâ râkho, jî."
- 1595 Bole Sibh Mahârâj, jî:
 " Râjâ, tu âke tîn bachan le le, jî "
 Jaise Sibhji Tatig se bātân karen the,
 Râjâ Janmeji chalke âve, jî:
 Bātân karte ko dekh lââ, jî.

- 1585 He became a flying Nâg.
 He went on to Siva.
 He came to Mount Merû.
 He made his salutation to Pârbatî,
 And saluted Siva.
- 1590 He was weeping bitterly, (saying),
 " Sorrow has fallen on me.
 Gurû, relieve my sorrow.
 Râjâ Janmeji is behind me.
 Preserve the honor of thy worshipper."
- 1595 Said Siva the Mahârâj,*
 " Râjâ,† (by) coming to me thou hast taken my oath
 thrice."
 Just as Siva was speaking to Tatig
 Râjâ Janmeji came up.
 He saw them talking together.

* Observe how Siva is treated all the way through as an ordinary saint!

† Addressing Tatig.

- 1600 Kutiyâ ke bâr men â gayâ, jî :
 Kutiyâ ke pâs âke 'âlakh' manâyâ, jî :
 "Sadâsibhjî, terê kutiyâ men, jî,
 Merâ chor â barâ, jî."
 Sibhjî bole, jî ;
- 1605 "Terâ chor hamâre bâr nahîn âyâ, jî.
 Chor apne ko duniyâ men dekh, jî."
 Bole Râjâ, "merâ chor terâ kutiyâ men, jî.
 Jo Brâhman baithâ, jî,
 Yeh hî merâ chor hai, jî."
- 1610 Boltâ Sibh Mahârâjâ, jî :
 "Yeh Brâhman hamâre ghar kâ hai, jî.
 Tere chor nahîn hai, jî."
 Bole Sibhjî ko, "Mahârâjâ, jî,
 Merf 'araz suno, jî :
- 1615 Jaisî main kahûn, jî.

- 1600 He came up to the door of the hut.*
 Coming to the hut he called out 'âlakh' : (and
 said)
 "O Eternal Śiva, into thy hut
 Hath entered my enemy."
 Said Śiva :
- 1605 "Thy enemy came not into my doors.
 Go and look for the enemy in the world."
 Said the Râjâ, "My enemy came to the hut.
 The Brâhman sitting (there)
 He is my enemy."
- 1610 Said Śiva the Mahârâjâ :
 "This Brâhman belongs to my house.
 He is not thy enemy."
 Said he to Śiva, "Mahârâjâ,
 Hear me :
- 1615 What I say.

* Śiva is usually represented as an ascetic.

- Tin bachan Thâkur ke do, jî.”
 “Tin bachan Thâkur ke main nahîu detâ, jî !”,
 Bole Sibhî, jî ;
 Boltâ Janmejî, jî ;
 1620 “Is ko main bhâgke nâ jâne dîn, jî.
 Apne pitâ kâ badalâ lûn, jî.”
 Bole Sadâsibh, jî :
 “Yeh barâ sûrmâ, jî.
 Is kî jân na mâre, jî.
 1625 Kisî waqt meñ tujhe kâm de, jî.”
 Bole, “main is se mâr gaiwâ dîn, jî.”
 Bole Sibhî Mahârâjâ, jî :
 “Is Nâg kî hatiyâ tûjh ko lage, jî.”
 Bole Râjâ, “is ne merâ pitâ mârâ, jî.
 1630 Main apne pitâ kâ badalâ le lûn, jî :
 Sibhî ne us se âge kar dîâ, jî.”
-

- Give me thy oath thrice (in the name) of God.”
 “I will not give thee my oath thrice (in the name) of
 God,”
 Said Śiva.
 Said Janmejî,
 1620 “I will not let him escape.
 I will take vengeance for my father.”
 Said the Eternel Śiva :
 “He is a great hero,
 Slay him not.
 1625 He will be of use to thee some day.”
 Said he, “I will slay him.”
 Said Śiva, the Mahârâjâ,
 “The vengeance of the Nâg will be on thee.”
 Said the Râjâ, “He slew my father.
 1630 I will take vengeance for my father.”
 Śiva brought (the Nâg) before him,

- Bânh us ke Râjâ pakare, jî.
 Shahr Sapidân ko lâve, jî.
 Shahr Sapidân ko âe, jî.
 1635 Shahr Sapidân ke gore âe,
 Apnâ rûp banâve, jî;
 Kâyâ dharke sidhârî, jî.
 Uran kê Nâg ho gayâ, jî.
 Dharke dârî,* jî, lagâi, jî :
 1640 Indarpurî meñ â gayâ, jî.
 Srî Thâkur pe 'araz lagâi, jî.
 " Nâgon pe aisâ paidâ kar dîâ, jî,
 Nâgân par pâ dîâ dasotâ, jî.
 He Prabhû, yeh biptâ kâṭ do, jî !"
 1645 Jaisâ bâteñ Srî Thâkur se kare thâ, jî,
 Râjâ bhî chalke â gayâ, jî.
 Hâth joṛ daṇḍaut kare, jî;
 Dargâh meñ bandagî bajâve, jî :

-
- And the Râjâ seized him by the arm.
 He took him to Safidôn City.
 He came to Safidôn City.
 1635 He came to the suburbs of Safidôn City.
 He (the Nâg) took his own form :
 He changed his body.
 He became a flying Nâg.
 He put on wings,
 1640 And came to Indarpurî.†
 He prayed to the Holy God :
 "Thou hast created such (a being) for the Nâgs,
 That a scourge hath come upon the Nâgs.
 Remove this trouble, O Lord !"
 1645 As he was praying to the Holy God,
 The Râjâ also came up.
 With joined hands he saluted him ;
 He made his (humble) obeisance in the Court (of God).

* For *udârî*.

† i.e., *Amrâvatî*, see line 362.

- “Rabb Sache, Tere Dargâh men, jî,
 1650 Merâ chor luk gayâ, jî.
 Mere chor ko batâ de, jî,
 Mere Srî Thâkur, jî.”
 Boltâ Srî Thâkurjî, “Mahârâjâ, jî,
 Is chor ko main na dîn, jî.”
- 1655 Bole Râjâ Janmejî, jî ;
 “Tere Dargâh men jalke marûn, jî !”
 Boltâ Thâkurjî, “Mahârâjâ, jî,
 Tum suno jaisî main kahûn, jî :
 Râjâ Janmejî, jî,
- 1660 Tîn bachan mujh ko de, jî :
 Tere chor ko tujhe dîn, jî.”
 Râjâ ne tîn bachan Thâkur ko de de, jî.
 “Tatîg ko to jân se na marîyo, jî !”
 Us ke hâth men hâth pakarâ dîâ, jî :
- 1665 Dhartmaṇḍal kî karî tayyârî, jî.

- “O True God, in thy Court,
 1650 Hath my enemy made him a sanctuary.
 Show me my enemy,
 O my Holy God.”
 Said the Holy God, “Mahârâjâ,
 I will not give thee thy enemy.”
- 1655 Said Râjâ Janmejî :
 “I will burn myself in thy Court !”
 Said the (Holy) God, “Mahârâjâ,
 Hear what I say.
 Râjâ Janmejî,
- 1660 Give me thine oath thrice
 And I will give thee thy enemy.”
 The Râjâ gave him his oath thrice (in the name) of God
 That he would not slay Tatîg.
 He seized him by the hand,
- 1665 And made ready for Dhartmaṇḍal.

- Shahr Sapîdân ko âve, jî.
 Chalke mahilon ko Râjâ âve, jî.
 Mâtâ ko jhuk-jhukke kare salâm, jî :
 " Mâtâ, mere ik salâm, do salâm, jî :
 1670 Bande kî sât salâm, jî !"
 Bolî Mâtâ, " terî salâm tujhe rajânî, jî.
 Terî 'umar ho drâz, jî."
 Shahr men khabarân Râjâ kî ho gai, jî :
 " Jis Nâg ne pitâ us kâ khâ jâ, jî,
 1675 Us Nâg ko Râjâ pakarke lâyâ, jî."
 Sârâ Shahr Râjâ ke pâs âve, jî.
 Jhuk-jhuk karen salâm, jî.
 Tel kâ karhâwâ charhâyâ, jî.
 Bhârî bhârî lakkar jalen, jî :
 1680 Khadh-budh karâhâ men tel pake, jî.
 Râjâ Nâg ko hâth men pakare, jî :
 Srî Kishn kâ nâm le, jî :

- He came to Safîdon City.
 The Râjâ went on to the palace.
 He saluted his mother respectfully : (saying.)
 " Mother, one salute and two salutes,
 1670 Seven salutes from thy servant (son)."
 Said his mothor, " I return thy salute ;
 Be thy life long."
 The news of the Râjâ spread through the City,
 That the Nâg who had slain his father,
 1675 The Râjâ had seized and brought.
 All the City came to the Râjâ,
 And saluted respectfully.
 They put the oil caldron (on the fire).
 They lighted great logs,
 1680 And the caldron began to boil.
 The Râjâ seized the Nâg by the hand.
 He took the name of the Holy Kṛishṇa.

- Us ke pūñch ko tel meñ daboe, jî.
 Dâgh lagâkar chhor dîe, jî.
 1685 Nâg dharke dârî lâve, jî :
 Râjâ Bâsak pe Dhartmañdal meñ jâve, jî.
 Âke Tatîg Nâg māmâ se kâre salâm.
 Pūchhtâ māmâ se, jî :
 “ Kaun kaun Nâg bache ? kaun kaun mâre gae, jî ? ”
 1690 Boltâ Bâsak Mahârâjâ, jî :
 “ Dhât kulî bhâgkar bachî, jî.”
 Bole, “ Māmâ, main to Srî Kishnjî ke bachanon se
 bachâ, jî.”
-

- He plunged the (Nâg's) tail into the oil.
 Marking him (thus) he let him go.
 1685 The Nâg put on wings,
 And went to Râjâ Bâsak in Dhartmañdal.
 Tatîg the Nâg came and saluted his uncle.
 He asked his uncle :
 “ How many Nâgs escaped ? How many died ? ”
 1690 Said the Mahârâjâ Bâsak :
 “ Two and a half families ran away and escaped.”
 Said (Tatîg) “ Uncle, I escaped by the mediation of the
 Holy Kṛishṇa.”
-

No. XVII.

THE GENEALOGIES OF LÂL BEG,

AS RECORDED IN THE PRIVATE GURMUKHÎ MSS., KEPT FOR
THEIR OWN INFORMATION BY VARIOUS SCAVENGERS
OF THE AMBÂLÂ AND KARNÂL DISTRICTS.

[Lâl Beg, whose subsidiary names are Lâl Gurû, Lâl Khân, Sâmâlî Beg, Lâl Shâh, Mirân Shâh, Lâl-o-lâl, and many another honorific title, is the tutelary saint of the scavenger castes of the Eastern Panjâb, and the pivot on which all their notions of religion turn. Owing to the state of complete ignorance in which the scavenger classes of India live, it is only with the utmost difficulty that anything can be elicited with certainty about him. The wildest and most contradictory stories as to his origin are told, but I have long been of opinion that the name should be Lâl Bhekh (*bhikshu*) or the Red (saffron-clothed) Monk, and stories I have recently unearthed confirm this view: (See *Panjâb Notes and Queries*, vol. I., 1883-4). He is probably merely the personification of the priest of the scavengers, who is a "saffron-clothed monk," and all the legends about him emphatically point to this conclusion.]

[Bâlmik, Wâlmik, Bâlnik, Bâlmig, Bâlâ Shâh and Nûrî Shâh Bâlâ are the variations of the name of a sacred personage in the scavengers' hagiology who occupies the place next to Lâl Beg, and who is very frequently inextricably mixed up with him. He is without difficulty and beyond all doubt to be identified with Vâlmiki, the low-caste author of the Sanskrit *Râmâyana*.]

[It is well known that the scavengers, or at any rate a large proportion of them in Northern India, are Lâlbegis or followers of Lâl Beg, and that they have a religion of their own, neither Hindû nor Musalmân, but with a priesthood and a ritual peculiar to itself. This religion may be best styled hagiolatry pure and simple, as it consists merely of a confused veneration for anything and everything its followers, or rather their teachers, may have found to be considered sacred by their neighbours, whatever be its origin. Thus we find in the Panjâb that in the religion of the scavenger castes the tenets of the Hindûs, the Musalmâns and the Sikhs are thrown together in the most hopeless confusion, and that the monotheism taught by the mediæval reformers underlies all their superstitions.]

[After repeated enquiries extending over several years all that I have been able, besides fragmentary tales related verbally, to obtain from the

scavengers up to date about their religion are the few *kursînâmâs*, or shortly *kursts*, here given. The proper translation of the word *kursînâmâ* is genealogy, and the scavengers do mean their *kursînâmâs* to be genealogies of their great saints, but as a matter of fact they contain also their stories and their ritual, as much of them, at any rate, as they ever commit to paper. There is always some *gurû* or spiritual guide, who lives at some town at a distance from the examinee, who has "the whole book," but I have never been able yet to unearth any such person.]

I.

TEXT.

Kursînâmâ Das Autâr Bâlnîk Gurû Lâl Beg Kâ.

Bâlnîk Sandokh Rikh kâ :

Sabad Rikh :

Ansadâ :

Rikhî De :

Bikhî De :

Madâdeo Srî Mahârâj ke :

Akâl Purakh :

Andkaṇḍe Mârkaṇḍe ke.

TRANSLATION.

The Genealogy of the Ten Incarnations of Bâlnîk, the Gurû of Lâl Beg.*

Bâlnîk (was the son) of Sandokh Rikh :

(The son of) Sabad Rikh :

(The son of) Ansadâ :

(The son of) Rikhî De :

(The son of) Bikhî De :

(The son of) Mahâdeo (the son) of the Holy Monarch :

(The son of) the Immortal Man :

(The son of) Andkaṇḍâ (the son) of Mârkaṇḍâ.†

* In obvious imitation of the ten incarnations of Vishnu.

† There is hopeless confusion here. Santosha is Content personified as the son of Dharma (Religious Law) and Tushti (*fem.* Contentment) in the classics. *Shabd* or *sabad* (Sansk. *śabda*) is the dictum of a saint, more especially of one of the Gurûs in the Sikh Religion, from whence it has in all probability been here borrowed and personified. *Ansadâ* may possibly represent the Skr. *anusâra*, a demon. Rikhî De is

II.

TEXT.

*Kursinâmâ Pirân dâ.**

Awwal Pir Asâ :

Dom Pir Khâsâ :

Som Pir Safâ :

Châram† Pir Giljhap:â.

- 5 Hâre kâ mal, jîte kâ pahilwân, Sarjan ummat pâi !
 Sachche Shâhe kalâ tikâi !
 Jis din Mîrân Shâh janamiâ, chaudâh tabaq hoî rushnâi !
 Thâpî milî Muhammadon !
 Bayhâi milî Paighambaron !

- 10 Jhotâ jamiâ ban-khande men ; chhutâ phirâ Dargâh men ;
 maqtûlon bâng sunâi.
 " Kholo bâwan topî-chîrâ," hûrân mangal gâi !
 Tale bage Jindâ Dariyâo, jithe pîre ashnân lagâi.
 Uchhe daliche satranjân, jithe pîre mâl pâi.

Sone kî tokrî ! Rûpe kâ jhârû !

- 15 Kyâ kahtî hai tokrî ? kyâ kahtâ hai jhârû ?
 Tokrî kahtî hai, " pâk dar pâk ! "

Rishabha the father of Bharata and well known in modern times as Rikhab Dev in the Hindî rescensions of the *Bhâgavata Purâna*. The Bikhî De which has been made to jingle with the preceding Rikhi Dê is probably merely the classical *bhikshu*, the Brâhman in his fourth or mendicant stage. Mahâdeo is of course Śiva, and the name Sri Mahârâj is very often applied to him as a title. • Akâl Purakh, or the Immortal Man, meaning God, is a central figure in the Sikh Religion, and the hymn in his praise, the *akâl ustut*, immediately follows the *gurbânî* or chief prayer in Gurû Govind Singh's *Granth* (Scripture): the sect of Akâlîs are his especial followers: hence no doubt his presence here. Andkande I guess to be made to jingle with the more familiar Mârkande following: it may mean Śiva in his character of Anda or Brâhmânda, the egg principle of life. Mârkanja is the reputed author of the *Mârkanjeya Purâna*, one of the most popular of the *purânas*, because the most full of unalloyed folklore. The solely Hindû character of this "genealogy" is to be remarked.

* Clearly a text made up of fragments of longer pieces.

† For the Persian ordinals *awwal*, *doyam*, *soyam*, *chuhâram*: all in common use.

- Jhârû kahtî hai, "khâk dar khâk!"
 Jhârû jharamiân dil kar safâ!
 Le borîâ wâ ke dere ko jâe.
 20 Kâs kî kunjî? kâs kâ tâlâ?
 Kaun-hai kholnewâlâ?
 'Ishq kî kunjî! Prem kâ tâlâ!
 Jibrâil hai kholnewâlâ!
 Wahî ik hai!

II

TRANSLATION.

The Genealogy of the Saints.

- First (is) Pîr Âsâ:
 Second (is) Pîr Khâsâ:
 Third (is) Pîr Safâ:
 Fourth (is) Pîr Giljhaprâ.*
 5 The warrior (in time of) defeat, the hero (in time of)
 victory, the Saviour† hath obtained a following.
 The True Lord hath arranged it!
 When Mîrân Shâh‡ was born, the fourteen regions (of
 the world) were illuminated!
 Muhammad patted him (on the back)!
 The Prophets advanced him (to glory)!
- 10 The strong man§ was born in the wilderness; and
 strayed into the Court (of God) and heard the call
 (to prayer) from the dead.
 "Open (your) turbans (ye) fifty-two (kinds of *faqîrs*),"||
 joyfully sang the angels!

* A confused allusion to Muhammadan saints, &c. Âsâ is for 'Îsâ, i.e., Jesus Christ. Khâsâ is Khwâjâ Khizar. Safâ is for Safi'ullah, the usual title of Idris or Enoch (Akhnûkh). Giljhaprâ is Lâl Beg himself in allusion to the legend of his springing out of an earthen pot (*gil*). The Muhammadan tendency of the whole of this "genealogy" is very noteworthy

† Lâl Beg.

‡ Lâl Beg.

§ *Lit.*, buffalo.

|| I.e., pay respect. There are popularly fifty-two varieties of mendicants

Bencath him flowed the River of Life where bathed the saints.

Above him (were spread) carpets and rugs, where the saints took their ease (swung themselves).*

Golden basket! silver broom!

- 15 What saith the basket? what saith the broom?
Saith the basket; "Clean and clean!"
Saith the broom, "Dust and dust!"
Sweeping with the broom clean the heart!
Take the bag to his house,
- 20 Of what is the key? of what is the lock?
Who is the opener?
Of love is the key! of love is the lock!
Jibrâî† is the opener!
He (Lâl Beg) is the one!

III.

TEXT.

Kursnâma.

- Uth Mâtâ Mainâwantî sutîe! Bâbe Bâle lâ autâr!
Dhamak pañ Paitâl men: chhutî gard ghobâr!
Charân âi Kumbâ se, Khwâjâ kî pukâr!
Kuhân, machh, chirhore, ud ud mänge mäs tandûe!
- 5 Chher chhiñ Ganesh kî Derâ Ghâzî Khân.
Jotân jalen akâs ud ude baithke jagâ lie masân.
Muñh kajiâle sâr ke kakkî kelî ke aswâr.
Ân khare Godhan tapashî Darbâr.
Kunde san ke lagâm die, ankan-sankan kân.
- 10 Ân kharote Godhan tapashî band kharotâ hâth:
Chherân de agwân ubal mänge, hun bal mänge sandeh
dâ.
Dhîân karâhî chûrmâ aur bakre-sakre.
- 13 Wahî ik!

* Describes what he saw in heaven.

† The angel Gabriel: God's messenger in the Muhammadan religion.

TRASLATION.*

Genealogy.

Up, Mother Mainâwantî† sleeping! Bâbû Bâlâ‡ hath
put on the flesh!

A trembling hath come upon Pâtâl: § the dust (of his
coming) ariseth!

The standards are coming from Makkâ and the Khwâjâ||
is shouting!

Falcons, eagles, and birds of prey demand the flesh of
milch animals!

5 The army of Gaṇeśa hath advanced to Derâ Ghâzî
Khân.¶

The fires flame up to heaven and light up the pyre.

Riding on a brown mare with curb of steel,

Godhan** the ascetic standeth in the Court (of God).

(In the mare's mouth) is a muzzle of rope and orna-
ments in its ears.

10 Godhan the ascetic standeth with joined hands.

The commander of the army asketh for might; asketh
for strength for his whole body.

Dhîân†† asketh for sweets and offerings and goats and
sheep.

13 He is the one.

* This song is probably a mere fragment, or rather a collection of scattered and disjointed fragments, at any rate it is quite unintelligible as it stands.

† Mainâwantî (? Avantî or Ujjayinî personified) is the mother of Gopi Chand Bhartari (Bhartṛihari) in the well-known legends regarding that author.

‡ Bâbû Bâlâ is Bâlâ Shâh, *i.e.*, Vâlmîki:

§ Pâtâl is the land of the Serpents or Nâgus: see lēgend of Niwal Dai, *ante*.

|| Kumbâ was explained to mean Makkâ, but (?) should be Kunâba = Madîna, and Khwâjâ to mean Khwâjâ Khizâr.

¶ There is probably some terrible corruption here.

** Godhan might be for Gordhan (Govardhana) often confused with Krishna, or it might be for Gautama = Buddha. But as Derâ Ghâzî Khân is mentioned and also Kakkî (the name of Sarwar's mare) perhaps Sakhî Sarwar is meant. See legends about him, *ante*.

†† Bîbî Dhîânî is often worshiped along with Lâl Beg as his female relative.

IV,

TEXT.

Kursinámá.

B'ism'illâhi'r-Rahmâni-r-Rahîm !

Sir par dast Pîr Murshid kâ ! Sâbit rahe yaqîn !

Karm to Karîmâ !

Râm* to Rahîmâ !

5 Nekî to Nekâhîl kî !

'Azmat to 'Azâzîl kî !

Daur to Isrâfil kî !

Zamîn ke dalîche : âsmân ke samete : simat simat tû !

Bâdshâhat Muḥammad kî, ujm o barkat Deo !

10 Âp i'tqâd ke mâlik ! Zikar sune the sâre !

Khair to Allah Ta'âlâ kî, Nis-Ta'âlâ kî !

Dâman Bibî Fâtîma ke !

Chbatar to Dillî kâ :

Taba' to Makke kâ.

15 Ajmer to Zindâ Khwâjâ Maujdîn kî,

Hazrat Kâtî Katalmîn manukh tan ke.

Awwal amân ik Nastû : †

Dom amân do Nastû.

Tiâram amân ta Nastû.

20 Châram amân lip Nastû.

Awwal Pîr Âsâ.

Dom Pîr Hazrat Khwâjâ Khâsâ.

Som Pîr Safâ.

Châram Pîr Dâdâ Giljhaprâ.

25 Pet ko roṭî ; tan ko kaprâ !

Neza to damâûn !

Sadâ sadâ bânkprâ jāûn !

* For *raham*.

† For *nass*, a certain class of texts from the Qurân.

- Pîr merâ jamiâ : sab pîrân lar pâyâ.
 Jhagâ topî Mâi Gaurjâ leke pahinâyâ.
 30 Yeh mubârakî Allâh Nabbî ko âf.
 Wâh ! wâh ! Jî ! mere Shâh kî sâmalî bel bahot si
 barhâî !

- Bâle Shâh Nûrî :
 Saidar Shâh Nûrî :
 Habbu't-Ta'âlâ Nûrî :
 35 Maullâ Mushkil-kushâ Dâkhdâkh Nûrî.
 Takht-bakht Rabbu'l-'Âlamîn Nûrî.
 Bâlâ Shâh Nûrî kis ke bete ?
 Amîr Shâh Nûrî ke bete.
 Amîr Shâh Nûrî kis ke bete ?
 40 Saidar Shâh Nûrî ke bete.
 Saidar Shâh Nûrî kis ke bete ?
 Habbu't-Ta'âlâ Nûrî ke bete.
 Habbu't-Ta'âlâ kis ke bete ?
 Maullâ Mushkil-kushâ Dâkhdâkh Nûrî ke bete.
 45 Maullâ Mushkil-kushâ kis ke bete ?
 Takht-bakht Rabbu'l-'Âlamîn Nûrî ke bete.

- Wâh ! wâh ! Jî ! Sat Jug men kyâ bhânâ bartâyâ ?
 Sone kâ ghaṭ.
 Sone kâ maṭ.
 50 Sone kâ ghorâ.
 Sone kâ jorâ.
 Sone kî kunjî : sone kâ tâlâ : sone ke kîwâr.
 Dakhan mûnh morî : Uttar mûnh dîwâr.
 Lâo kunjî ; kholo kîwâr :
 55 Le mere Sachche Dâdâ Pîr ke dîdâr !
 Shâhanshâh be-parwâ !
 Wohî Ik Allâh !
 Tere Nâm kâ pallâ !
 Tâ zâhir Nâm Ik Allâh !

- 60 Wâh ! wâh ! Jî ! Dwâpar men kyâ bhânâ bartâyâ ?

- Chāndī kā ghaṭ.
 Chāndī kā maṭ.
 Chāndī kā ghorā.
 Chāndī kā jorā.
 65 Chāndī kī kunjī : chāndī kā tālā : chāndī ke kīwār :
 Uttar mūnh morī : Dakhan mūnh dīwār.
 Lāo kunjī ; kholo kīwār ;
 Le mere Sachche Dādā Pīr ke dīdār !
 Shāhanshāh be-parwā !
 70 Wohī Ik Allāh !
 Tere Nām kā pallā !
 Tū zāhir Nām Ik Allāh !
 Kījo khairsalā,
 Jumlá fuqron kā 'ishq Allāh !
 75 Wah ! wāh ! Jī ! Trete Jug meñ kyā bhānā bartāyā ?
 Tāmbe kā ghaṭ.
 Tāmbe kā maṭ.
 Tāmbe kā ghorā.
 Tāmbe kā jorā
 80 Tāmbe kī kunjī : tāmbe kā tālā : tāmbe ke kīwār :
 Pūrab mūnh morī : Pachhan mukh dīwār.
 Lāo kunjī ; kholo kīwār :
 Lo mere Sachche Dādā Pīr ke dīdār !
 Shāhanshāh be-parwā !
 85 Wohī Ik Allāh !
 Tere Nām kā pallā !
 Tū zāhir Nām Ik Allāh !
 Wāh ! wāh ! Jī ! Kal Jug meñ kyā bhānā bartāyā ?
 Mittī kā ghaṭ.
 90 Mittī kā maṭ.
 Mittī kā ghorā.
 Mittī kā jorā.
 Mittī kī kunjī : mittī kā tālā : mittī ke kīwār.
 Pachham mūnh morī : Pūrab mūnh dīwār.
 95 Lāo kunjī ; kholo kīwār :

- Lo mere Sachche Dâdâ Pîr ke dîdâr !
 Shâhanshâh be-parwâ.
 Wohî Ik Allâh !
 Tere Nâm kâ pallâ !
 100 Tû zâhir Nâm Ik Allâh !
- Wâh ! wâh ! Jî ! Lâl-o-lâl kareᅅge nihâl !
 Ghaᅇî ghaᅇî ke kâᅇenge kâl !
 Lâl ghoᅇâ.
 Lâl joᅇâ.
 105 Lâl kalghî : lâl nishân.
 Lâl tambû : lâl pahilwân.
 Lâl maidân.
 Sone kî tokri ; rūpe kâ jhârû ; gal phûlon ke hâr :
 Jâ khare hote Sachche Sâhib ke Darbâr !
- 110 Kijîye chhutkârâ !
 'Ali Sâhib Paighambar Duldul sangârâ.
 Khabar hûî Dânon ko, kîtâ dilkârâ.
 " Yâ Pîrjî, merâ bhî dil kartâ hai, jang mein chalûngâ
 karârâ."
- Chûngî to niwâlâ,
 115 Sarsabz rahe dumâlâ ;
 'Arash pe kurush* mein dhûnî pâ baithe Nûri Shâh Bâlâ.
 'Arash se utarâ ghaᅇâ wa piâlâ.
 Hukm hûâ Sâmalî Beg ko : pî gayâ ; hûâ matwâlâ.
 Sirariâ, Ugaᅇiâ, sahnâ bidâ karnâ ik kinârâ.
- 120 Sâr kî chharî, Multân kî kumân, iᅇᅇal hastî, zard ambârî :
 Âî Dâdâ Lâl Beg Sachche Sat Gur Wali kî sawârî.
 Ao Mîyân Lâl Khân Darbârî !
 Sattar do bahattar balâ tumhâre panje tale mârî !
 Chhânûnge dûdh kâ dûdh, pânî kâ pânî.

* For *kurst*, heaven as the throne of God.

125 Toshâ wa kalâwâ, bhet hai tumbârî!
Kuchh kîjo madad hamârî!

Shâh ke takht, Multân ké kumân, inḍal hastî, zard
ambârî.

Âi Dâdâ Lâl Beg Sachche Sat Gur Wâlî kî sawârî.

Âo Mîyân Lâl Khânî Dârbârî!

130 Sarwar kî shahîdî, Ḥazrat kâ kalimâ pâk :
“Lâ ilâha ill’illâho, Muḥammadi-r-Rasûlu’llâho.”

IV.

TRANSLATION.

*Genealogy.**

In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.
The hand of the Priest, the Teacher, be on thy head :
Be thy faith perfect !

Mercy (belongs to) the Merciful !
Compassion (to) the Compassionate !

5 Goodness is Michael’s !

Glory is ‘Azâzil’s !

The Message is Isrâfil’s ! †

The earth for thy carpet : the heavens for thy canopy :
be thou under its protection ! †

Empire is Muḥammad’s, by the will and blessing of God.

10 Thou art (now) a master of the faith ! Thou hast heard
the whole secret !

* This is really an initiatory rite into the sect of Lâl Beg. Through-
out it the priest is addressing his pupil. It is eminently a Musalmân
rite.

† The text here is a confused jingle having a reference to the Musal-
mân belief in the angels. Nêkâhîl is for Mikâîl, the Archangel
Michael. Isrâfil is the Archangel who will sound the last trumpet.
‘Azâzil is one of the evil spirits.

‡ *Samete, simat*: the sense given is traditional: the words have
otherwise no meaning here.

Welfare is God's the Most High, the Supreme !

Seize the skirt of Bîbî Fâtimâ ! *

Empire is Dill's :

The law is Makkâ's.

15 Ajmer (belongs to) the Immortal Khwâjâ Maujdîn.

The Holy Qâzî, Slayer of body and soul. †

The first faith was the first Law.

The second faith was the second Law.

The third faith was the third Law

20 The fourth faith was the fourth Law ‡.

First is Pîr Âsâ.

Second is the Holy Saint Khwâjâ Khâsâ.

Third is Pîr Safâ.

Fourth is the Holy Saint Giljhaprâ.

25 May bread be to thy belly, clothing to thy body !

I upraise (Lâl Beg's) Standard !

I wish thee joy for ever and ever !

My saint was born : he was superior to all the saints.

Mother Gaurjâ brought and put on him his robe and cap. §

30 She hath come to congratulate the Prophet of God (!).

Hail! Hail! Lord! My Saint's family hath greatly increased!

* Seek her protection. She was Muḥammad's daughter.

† Khwâjâ Maujdîn is Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'ddîn Chishtî of Ajmer (see p. 205 *ante*), Maujdîn being a corruption of Mu'izzu'ddîn used by mistake. By Hazrat Kâtî Katalmîn is meant the above by mistake for Muḥammad; Kâtî being for Qâzî (compare our Cadi), and Katalmîn being reference to Muḥammad's title of 'Aliu'l-Qattâl. The whole line has reference to the doctrine of *jihâd* or religious war against infidels (crescentade).

‡ The reference here in a confused way is to the four sacred books of the Musalmâns; *Taurât*, the Pentateuch; *Zabûr*, the Psalms; *Injîl*, the Gospels; the *Qurân*.

§ Gaurjâ, wife of Śiva. The whole custom is Hindu be it noted.

Bâle Shâh, the Saint :*

Saidar Shâh, the Saint :

The Beloved of the Most High, the Saint.

- 35 The Lord, the Destroyer-of-difficulties, Dâkhdâkh, the Saint.

(The Sitter on the) Blessed Throne, the Lord of the Two Worlds, the Saint.

Bâlâ Shâh, the Saint : whose son is he ?

The son of Amîr Shâh, the Saint.

Amîr Shâh the Saint : whose son is he ?

- 40 The son of Saidar Shâh, the Saint.

Saidâr Shâh the Saint : whose son is he ?

The son of the Beloved of the Most High, the Saint.

The Beloved of the Most High, the Saint : whose son is he ?

The son of the Lord, the Destroyer-of-difficulties, Dâkhdâkh, the Saint.

- 45 The Lord, the Destroyer-of-difficulties, whose son is he ?

The son of the (Sitter on the) Blessed Throne, the Lord of the Two Worlds, the Saint. †

Hail ! Hail ! Lord ! what were the rites in the Golden Age ‡ ?

Golden pitcher.

Golden shrine.

* *Nûri* of heaven, as opposite *khâkt*, "of the earth earthy."

† The reciter of this genealogy can have no perception of any real meaning in it. It is a mere string of familiar titles of sacred personages very much corrupted. Bâlâ Shâh is Vâlmiki. Saidar Shâh is (?) Haidar, that is, 'Ali. Maullâ is universal in India as a synonym for God. Mushkil-Kushâ is a title of 'Ali. Dâkhdâkh unless it be for *dâgh dâgh*, celebrated, is unintelligible. Takht-bakht Rabbu'l'Âlamîn is, they say, meant for Muhammad, but the latter is an universal title of God.

‡ The reference in this and the succeeding passages is to the conventional four ages of the world in the Hindu cosmogony. The Krita Yuga or Golden Age : Tretâ Yuga or Silver Age : Dwâpara Yuga or Brazen Age : Kali Yuga or Iron Age, the present one. It will be observed that the text has them in the wrong order. It evidently relates the ritual of the scavenger classes.

- 50 Golden horse.
 Golden clothes.
 Golden key: golden lock: golden door.
 Entrance* to the South: (back) wall to the North.
 Put in the key: open the door:
- 55 Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lâl Beg) !
 King of kings and without care !
 He is the One God !
 In thy Name is refuge !
 And Thy Name is openly the One God !
- 60 Hail! Hail! Lord! what were the rites in the Silver
 Age?
 Silver pitcher.
 Silver shrinc.
 Silver horse.
 Silver clothes.
- 65 Silver key: silver lock: silver door.
 Entrance to the North: (back) wall to the South.
 Put in the key: open the door:
 Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lâl Beg) !
 King of kings and without care !
- 70 He is the One God !
 In thy Name is refuge !
 And thy Name is openly the One God !
 Grant us welfare,
 God, the Beloved of all the Saints !
- 75 Hail! Hail! Lord! what were the rites in the Brazen
 Age?
 Brazen pitcher.
 Brazen shrine.
 Brazen horse.
 Brazen clothes.

* Of the shrine.

- 80 Brazen key : brazen lock : brazen door.
 Entrance to the East : (back) wall to the West.
 Put in the key : open the door :
 Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lāl Beg) !
 King of kings and without care !
- 85 He is the One God !
 In Thy Name is refuge !
 And Thy Name is openly the One God !
- Hail! Hail! Lord! what are the rites in the Black
 (Iron) Age?
 Earthen pitcher.
- 90 Earthen shrine.
 Earthen horse.
 Earthen clothes.
 Earthen key : earthen lock : earthen door.
 Entrance to the West ; (back) wall to the East.
- 95 Put in the key : open the door :
 Behold my True Holy One, the Saint (Lāl Beg) !
 King of kings and without care !
 He is the One God !
 In Thy Name is refuge !
- 100 And Thy Name is openly the One God !

- Hail! Hail! Lord! He, the Enricher,* will bring thee
 prosperity !
 Hour by hour will he subdue thy pain !
 Red his horse.
 Red his clothes.
- 105 Red his crest : red his standard.
 Red his tent : red his attendants.
 Red his abode.

* Lāl Beg.

Golden his basket; silver his broom; garland of flowers
about his neck.

Go, stand in the Court of the True Lord!

110 Procure us release.*

The Lord 'Ali, the Prophet, adorned his horse Duldul.†
The Jinns heard of it and gave him challenge:

“Ho, Sir Saint, I too have a mind to make me ready
for the fight.

Eating at his ease,‡

115 Green§ (ever) remained his turban;

Nûrî Shâh Bâlâ sat beside his sacred fire|| on his throne
in heaven.

From heaven descended a pitcher and a cup (to Lâl
Beg).

Sâmalî Lâl Beg received the command: he drank and
was drunken.

O Sirariâ, O Ugaîâ,¶ put aside our troubles afar.

120 Staff of iron, bow of Multân, tuskless elephant, golden
seat.**

(Thus) came the cavalcade of True Perfect Teacher, the
Lord, the Holy Lâl Beg.

Welcome thou Lord Lâl Khân, thou Sitter in the Court
(of God)!

* Probably something has been omitted here.

† These lines no doubt relate to a fragment of some legend about 'Ali. Duldul was the name of his mule. Dânon is for Jân, the first of the five orders of the *genii* in Muhammadan legend, generically known in India as Jinns.

‡ *Lit.* by small mouthfuls.

§ The orthodox colour for Musalmân saints, and in India for men of learning and sanctity.

|| *Dhîni* is the sacred fire of the *Hindu* mendicants!

¶ Sirariâ is, the scavengers say, Bhairon or Bhairava: see *ante*, legends about Sakhî Sarwar. Ugaîâ may be guessed to be Agastya, a central figure in many an Indian legend.

** Multân bows and tuskless elephants are popularly the best of their kind.

The two and seventy and the seventy-two evils* are
under thy hand.

He will sift milk from milk and water from water.†

- 125 The offerings and the *huqqa* are thy present !‡
Give me somewhat of thy help !

Throne of kings, bow of Multân, tuskless elephant,
golden seat.

(Thus) came the cavalcade of the True Perfect Teacher,
the Lord, the Holy Lâl Beg.

Welcome thou Lord Lâl Khân, thou Sitter in the Court
(of God) !

- 130 By the testimony of (Sakhî) Sarwar, (this) is the holy
creed of the Saint :
“There is no god but God, (and) Muḥammad is the
Prophet of God.”

V.

TEXT.

Kursî.

Wohî ik Lâl-o-lâl karegâ nihâl !

Gharî gharî ke kâte kâl !

Lâl Beg Darbârî sattar sai balâ panje se mârf !

Hâre ke mal, jîte ke pahilwân ;

- 5 Jahân pare, mâr wahân pare !

Lalkâro bolo, mominoñ ! §

Wohî Ik Allâh !

Tere Nâm kâ pallâ !

* *i.e.*, all evils.

† Idiom for doing perfect justice.

‡ In allusion to the usual gifts given by the scavengers to their
priests.

§ For *mûminîn*, the orthodox, the faithful Musalmâns.

TRANSLATION.

Genealogy.

He, the one Enricher, will bring thee prosperity!

Hour by hour will he subdue thy pain!

Lâl Beg, the Sitter in the Court (of God) hath destroyed by his hand the seventy hundred evils!

The warrior (in time of) defeat, the hero (in time of) victory;

5 Whereon he falleth there fall blows!

Shout challenge, O ye faithful.

He is the one God!

In Thy Name is refuge.

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A DISSERTATION

ON THE

PROPER NAMES OF PANJABIS,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE

PROPER NAMES OF VILLAGERS IN THE EASTERN
PANJAB,

BY

CAPTAIN R. C TEMPLE, BENGAL STAFF CORPS,

F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., M.A.I., &c.,

CANTONMENT MAGISTRATE AT AMBALA, PANJAB.

BOMBAY: EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PRESS.

CALCUTTA: THACKER, SPINK & Co.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & Co., Ludgate Hill.

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observed at the naming of children, are noticed at some length. Finally the rise of the new class of Indian Christian Names is briefly explained.

The book contains also long lists of names shewing by what classes of the population the various kinds of them are used, and is provided with an Index to over 4,000 Proper Names. It is believed that the subject has never been previously studied.

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A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE, BENGAL STAFF CORPS.

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Such a collection increases our own knowledge of the people, and so enhances our influence over them, and renders our intercourse with them at once more easy and more interesting. But it has a still wider value. Within the last few years the learned have turned their attention to the institutions and structure of Indian society, and the need which they most often feel and express is for a larger supply of well-ascertained facts, and for more

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The periodical also serves yet another purpose. Every Indian official must have often felt the need of some ready means of interchanging information and experience with his fellow-workers. On all matters of principle, and on all important matters of practice, it is to his official superiors that he must look for instructions. But in the every-day routine of administration a thousand petty doubts and difficulties arise which are hardly fit matters for official reference, but which must have been settled many times over in other districts and by other men. And a periodical in which he can state his difficulty and ask for advice affords him a means of availing himself of the experience of others.

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VAKÍL AT THE COURT OF THE MAHÁRÁJÁS OF THE PANJÁB
FROM 1812 A.D. TO THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.

*Translated from the Original Persian MSS. in the possession of his descendants
Lálá Múl Chand and Lálá Harbhagwán Dás, of Láhor.*

EDITED BY

CAPT. R. C. TEMPLE, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., &c., &c.,
BENGAL STAFF CORPS.

*Author of the "Legends of the Panjab," "Dissertation on the Proper Names of Panjabis,"
"Wide-awake Stories," &c.; Editor of "Panjab Notes and Queries,"
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Lálá Sohan Lál, Súrí Khatri, a *vakíl* at the Court of the Mahárájá Ranjít Singh through 27 years of that monarch's reign, and through the entire period during which his successors occupied the throne of the Panjáb till the deportation of his last son and successor Mahárájá Dalíp Singh by the British Government in 1849 to Chandálgarh near Banáras, took advantage of his exceptional opportunities to compile a voluminous manuscript of some 7000 pages relating the events of the very stirring times in which he lived. His habit of noting down what passed seems to have been hereditary, for his father Lálá Ganpat Rái, who before him had been *vakíl* not only to Mahárájá Ranjít Singh, but also to his father and grandfather Mahán Singh and Chart Singh, had kept similar

records of all he saw for some 40 years previously. He died in very advanced life in 1828 A.D., and has left many MSS. behind him, but they are not of any special value, as his son used them all in his great compilation. Sohan Lál's work may be divided into three distinct portions—(1) a chronicle of events of which he was personally cognizant as a contemporary, (2) a chronicle of events that his father recorded as a contemporary, and (3) memoirs of still earlier Sikh History according to the ideas on the subject prevalent in the beginning of the 19th Century. Like all Panjab historians Sohan Lál opens his work with the doings of Gurú Nának, and carries on the record to his own times, but the value of his account of the Gurús and their immediate successors is that it is an earlier one than that in the other native books one generally sees, and he goes into details about minor personages not usually noticed except by name. As to the great value of the rest of his work there can be no doubt, as it is that of a contemporary who was an actual eyewitness of much that he relates. Sohan Lál, who did not die until 1852 A.D., commenced writing in 1812, and his father's MSS. dated back till not long after 1770, for he remembered Adína Beg Khán and Ahmad Sháh Abdálí, and made notes about them, so that we have in these volumes the chronicles of court contemporaries ranging over nearly 80 years. It is difficult to imagine a record of more importance to the history of the Panjab.

The original MSS. are in a very elegant and correct style of Persian, but are written in a rapid cursive hand, which is very hard to read until one is accustomed to it. But this fact enhances their value, as it shows that they have not been 'touched up.' They have had a history to themselves in the curious vicissitudes they have undergone since Sohan Lál died, but this does not affect us now, except in the loss thus of some leaves here and there, notably of some lent to Sir Herbert Edwardes on the Wars between the Sikhs and the English, which were never returned.

The value that the great Mahárájá himself placed on these records is shown by the fact that he more than once rewarded Sohan Lál for them, as detailed in correspondence and *sanads* still in the possession of the family, and by his ordering a copy to be prepared for the use of the British Government between 1832 and 1834, as noted in the original MS., vol. iii., p. 569. Murray, Wade, and Prinsep, all placed a very high value on them and extensively used them, and so did Cunningham in his *History of the Sikhs*, (Ed. 1849, p. 139, footnote,) whose obligations were acknowledged in a letter to the author under date 8th August 1846. Subsequently the

MSS. were submitted to the 5th congress of orientalist at Florence in 1878, who under the signature of Prof. de Gubernatis considered that they ought to be published, and to the Senate of the (then) Panjab University College, who formed a Sub-committee to consider them. They reported that "the book is of rare authority as regards the history of the Sikhs, and records the daily occurrences in the private and public life of Mahárájá Ranjít Singh with such accuracy and detail, that it cannot be surpassed by any other relating to that Prince, and naturally forms one of the most reliable sources regarding the events of his rule."

Lastly, failing a more competent person, the owners of the MSS. offered them to me to edit and bring before the English public in a translation, and all I can say on my own behalf is that I have done everything in my power to give a worthy rendering of so important a work.

Ambala, 4th May 1884.

R. C. TEMPLE.

SPECIMENS OF SOME OF THE CONTENTS.

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SPECIMENS.

Phul nahin pankharī hī sahī.

A leaflet if not a flower.

(A penny if not a pound.)

*Betā huā jab jānye, jab potā
khele bār.*

Know that you have posterity
when your grandson plays
at the door.

(A son only may die.)

Pānī pī-ke zāt pūchhte ho?

First drink his water and then
ask his caste.

(Shutting the stable door when
the horse is stolen.)

*Jite na pūchhe, muē dhar dhar
pīte.*

Alive they cared nothing for
them, dead they mourn
them bitterly.

(Ungrateful offspring.)

*Kiyā sau rupāē kī pūñjī, kiyā ek
beṭe kī-antāl?*

What is one hundred rupees
for capital, what is one son
for posterity?

(So small a sum is soon spent,
an only son may die.)

*Ablī to ser meñ pūñī bhī nahin
katī.*

Of the pound of cotton not a
skein is yet spun.

(Scarce a fraction of the work
is yet done.)

Mahāvāt barsī, sūḍhī sarsī. Agric.

With winter rain the spring
crop thrives.

Ādhe gāon Divālī, ādhe gāon Phag.

Half the village plays Divālī,
and the other half Holi.

(Half the village is at feud
with the other half. As the
Divali and Holi festivals occur
at different seasons of the
year they cannot properly be
held at the same time.)

Jo jive so khele Phāg.

Who lives will play at the
Holi.

(The heir only inherits when
he survives the owner: wait-
ing for the dead man's shoes.)

*Purūā bahal, sūkhal ghāo pha-
phāndal.* Bhoj.

When the east wind blows
healed sores break out.

(When the wind is in the east,
'tis neither good for man nor
beast.)

*Phate meñ pāon, daftar meñ
nāon.*

Mixed up with a quarrel he
gets on to the court rolls.

(He is forsooth an officer of the
court, for his name is on the
rolls—as a witness.)

*Jān na pahchān, 'khālā barī,
salām!* Mah. Wom.

Nor known nor recognized,
and 'Good morrow, aunt?'

(Said of a stranger claiming
relationship.)

Valī ko valī hī pahchāntā hai.

Only a saint knows a saint.

(Set a thief to catch a thief.)

Phar na pharī bagicha ke nāon?
Bhoj.

Nor fruit nor vegetables, and
called a garden.

*Badli meñ din na-dise, phūar
baiḥī pise.* Wom.

Not seeing the day for the
clouds the booby goes on
grinding.

(Women grind only in the very
early morning.)

*Marī kī hūt, aur gārī kā pahiyā
āye hī ko chālā hai.*

A true man's word and a
carriage wheel always go
forward

